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*IN THE PRESS, BY THE SAME AUTHOR,*  
**ON THE CONSTITUTION OF SALTS.**

*Edited, from the Author's MS., by*

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*Charles B. Hamfrell*





# PARAGUAY, BRAZIL, AND THE PLATE.

LETTERS WRITTEN IN 1852-1853.

BY

C. B. MANSFIELD, Esq., M.A.,  
OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN.,  
OF EVERESLEY, HANTS.

With a Map, Portrait, and Illustrations.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

---

SOME explanation is perhaps due as to the title of this work. Why place in the forefront of it the name of the country last visited by the writer, and which supplies only a comparatively small portion of his matter?

I believe the spirit of the work itself is the main answer to such a question. Paraguay is, so to speak, its leading idea. The writer goes to America with no definite purpose; scarcely there, he finds one in the wish to reach "the inland Japan;" and in proportion as he nears the goal, his views and observations grow broader and clearer, until at last they centre in the scheme for colonizing the Chaco, which thenceforth became a part of his life. "Paraguay" is the only word which could for him have expressed the meaning, have summed up the value of that ten months' absence from England.

But lest any should cavil, it seems best to quote

here a short account of the country and of his stay there, supplied by Mr. Mansfield himself, at the request of several members of the Philological Society, in a letter to one of its Honorary Secretaries, dated Weybridge, April 15, 1854. This will show at once, on the one hand, the extent of the writer's opportunities for knowing the country,—on the other, his feelings respecting it.

My dear F——,

I promised to answer your inquiries about Paraguay. I have nothing very interesting to tell you; nothing to put into formal shape. But I will make a plain statement for your benefit, and you may make any use you please of it.

Of course you know that Paraguay has been shut up, like Japan, from the day of the foundation of its capital till last year. The keys of course were kept by the Spanish Government, until the independence of the country was declared in 1813. From that time till his death, in 1840, Francia, the despot elect, locked the world out from within; and from that time till February 1852 the malicious jealousy of Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, closed the river, which formed the only easy channel of communication between Paraguay and Earth. During the last twelve years or so, almost the only access to that country has been by a tedious horse-back journey from *Rio Grande do Sul* on the Brazilian coast. A few foreigners have made that trip.

The only published accounts of the country, in Eng-



lish, are, I believe, the following:—‘An Account of Francia, and his Reign of Terror,’ in three volumes, by the brothers Robertson: an amusing book, got up only to sell, twenty years after the authors had been there trading. The Robertsons visited Paraguay just at the commencement of Francia’s reign, before his rigorous system of isolation was fully enforced. ‘An Account of their Detention in Paraguay by Francia,’ by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps,—from which the Robertsons’ last volume is made up,—dreary, but true. ‘A Memoir on Paraguay,’ communicated to the American Geographical and Statistical Society by Mr. Hopkins, in 1852, which contains not a syllable geographical or statistical, nor anything remarkable, except a seasoning of childish jealousy of everything English. Also a Report, by Mr. Graham, another American, published some years ago in the ‘Morning Chronicle.’\*

After the fall of Rosas in 1852, our Government sent out an Embassy to recognize the independence of Paraguay, and make a treaty with that Republic. The navigation of the Paraná was declared open by Urquiza, who succeeded Rosas in power at Buenos Ayres; so ships went up to Assumption with English goods, to bring down tobacco and Paraguay tea.

I arrived at Buenos Ayres in the August following Rosas’s fall, and went up-stream as far as Corrientes in one of the sailing schooners which ply on the river. Having then applied by letter to the President of Para-

\* Since the text of this letter was written, some interesting communications about Paraguay have appeared in the New York ‘Courier and Enquirer,’ from the pen of an “Own Correspondent.”

guay for leave to enter his country, and to travel by land to the capital, I received permission, and (as is generally accorded also, if such leave is granted, which was then a rare case) had post-horses and every other want supplied gratuitously by the hospitality of the Government.

About a month after I arrived in Assumption, the capital, Sir Charles Hotham, our Envoy, arrived. I remained two months and a half in the capital, and then returned down the river to Buenos Ayres by ship; and a month later the Embassy returned, having made their treaty.

I only went to Paraguay to gratify a whim, which I have cherished for many years, of wishing to see the country, which I believed, and in many respects truly, to be an unspoiled Arcadia.

I was not the first Englishman who had been there, even lately, for I found three young Englishmen in the country, two of them established as merchants. One of these two, and the third, had come up since the fall of Rosas had enabled Argentine vessels to go up, some months before I arrived. The other had come up when, in 1845, the combined English and French squadron forced the passage of Obligado, where Rosas had blockaded the river, and convoyed a fleet of merchantmen to Corrientes. He had remained there ever since. I believe no Englishman had ever been there *to see* the country before I went; and I was obliged to come home without learning a tithe of what I wanted. In fact, I know next to nothing about the country; indeed little more than could already have been gathered from the odds and ends that have been published.

Assumption is a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, beautifully placed on the banks of the Paraguay. These inhabitants are of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, the former pretty pure among the more comfortable class, the latter predominant among the labourers. These latter are of the Guaraní race, and are a noble set of fellows. Guaraní, a very beautiful language, full of nasals, gutturals, and vowels, of which you probably know more than I do, except as to pronunciation, is the language of the country. Spanish is spoken to foreigners in the capital, and is the language of state. Roman Catholic the creed.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Paraguay is the most interesting, loveliest, pleasantest country in the world, I believe. Wishing my yarn about it could give to your members even the edge of the shadow of the pleasure which my short residence there afforded me,*

I remain, yours very sincerely,

C. B. MANSFIELD.

One word more, though perhaps unneeded. Let none forget that this work is a posthumous one,—put together out of letters written with all the careless familiarity of one who is addressing his nearest kindred, his most intimate friends,—materials “home-spun for home use,” to quote some happy words respecting them. Had the writer lived to shape out these materials, who knows how much he might have suppressed, how much added, how much rewritten?

Those only who have had in hand his graver works (such as that on the "Constitution of Salts," now in the press) can tell with what scrupulous, almost painful care he was wont to elaborate the finished expression of his thoughts.

And the task of one editing a posthumous work, unchosen moreover by the dead, differs greatly from that of the chosen editor of a work by a living writer. The latter stands on the author's own footing, and may well deem himself bound to alter or omit whatever might be excepted to. The former should rather seek to preserve all that is capable of being defended, all that the writer might have really wished outspoken. What might have been his last word, we know not; we only know that this was his first. And most especially is one called upon to be diffident in altering the writings of one like Charles Mansfield, in whom so many rare and loveable gifts were so strangely blended, that though one may meet his equal, none who knew him will ever expect to meet in this world his like.

## In Memoriam C. B. M.

THE Author of these pages was one of those rare spirits to whom this life and this world have been, as far as human minds can judge, little beyond a school-house for some nobler life and world to come. Cut off at the very climacteric of his years, just as he was beginning to give the world evidence of his extraordinary faculties, and just as he had acquired the power of using them in an orderly and practical method, he has left little behind but the *disjecta membra philosophi*. His scientific works, many of them fragmentary, all of them (according to the verdict of those best able to judge) most valuable, are in course of publication. This more popular work goes forth as a sort of specimen of his intellect, when employed in more common and general subjects. However colloquial its style may be, the observant reader will find its very jests full of thought and earnestness.

He was born in the year 1819, at a Hampshire parsonage, and in due time went to school at Winchester, in the old days of that iron rule among masters, and that brutal tyranny among the boys themselves, which are now fast disappearing before the example and influence of the great Arnold. Crushed at the outset, he gave little evidence of talent beyond his extraordinary fondness for mechanical science. His desk was full of mysterious fragments of springs, pulleys, wood-work, and what not, and of scientific books, such as came to hand. But the *régime* of Winchester told on his mind in after-life for good and for evil; first by arousing in him a stern horror of injustice (and in that alone he was stern), which showed itself when he rose to the higher forms at Winchester, by making him the loving friend and protector of all the lesser boys; and next by arousing in him a doubt of all precedents, a chafing against all constituted authority, of which he was not cured till after long and sad experience.

From Winchester he went to Cambridge; and none who knew him there but must recollect with pleasure his graceful figure, slight and delicate, yet trained to all athletic sports, and of an activity almost incredible; his forehead full and high, and yet most bland; his fair locks; his finely-cut features, most gentle and most pure; his eyes beaming with thought, honesty,

humour, and a superabundance of genial life, such as I who write have never beheld in any other man.

None can forget the brilliance of his conversation, the eloquence with which he could assert, the fancy with which he could illustrate, the earnestness with which he could enforce, the sweetness with which he could differ, the generosity with which he could yield. Perhaps the secret of that fascination which, even at Cambridge, and still more in after-life, he quite unconsciously exercised over all who really knew him (and often, too, over those who but saw him for a passing minute, or heard him in a passing sentence, yet went away saying openly that they had never met his like), was that virtue of earnestness. Never have I met a human being to whom, as clearly as to him, the thing which seemed right was a thing to be done forthwith, at all hazards and any sacrifice. Even where most mistaken, truth seemed his only goal; and, thank God, he reached truth, and had rest at last, though too late, perhaps, for this his short mortal stay. Such a man would hardly find himself at ease in any of the now recognized professions. And in fact he tried more than one, medicine especially, and after mastering the elements of each sufficiently to show that he might have excelled in any, settled or rather unsettled himself into a purely scientific course. One profession—holy orders—in which I think that



he might have done more and been more, whether among the most cultivated or the poorest congregation, than almost any man I ever met, was closed to him till a comparatively late period by doctrinal doubts, which arose rather from intellectual than from moral difficulties. Those doubts vanished at last: but the scar given in youth was not healed till mature manhood, when his profession in life was fixed, and a noble worker lost to the English priesthood.

From the time of his leaving Cambridge he devoted himself to those sciences which had been all along his darling pursuits. Ornithology, geology, mesmerism, even old magic (on which subject, as on others, he collected a curious library) were his pastimes; chemistry and dynamics his real work. The history of his next ten years is fantastic enough, were it written, to form material for any romance. Long periods of voluntary penury, when (though a man of fair worldly fortune) he would subsist on the scantiest fare, at the cost of a few pence a day, bestowing his savings on the poor; bitter private sorrows, which were schooling his heart and temper into a tone more truly angelic than I have ever seen in man; magnificent projects, worked out as far as they would go, not wildly and superficially, but on the most deliberate and accurate grounds of science, then thrown away in disappointment, for some fresh noble dream; an

intense interest in the social and political condition of the poor, which sprang up in him (to his great moral benefit) during the last five years of his life; and in the meanwhile, as a recreation from mingled toil and sorrow, the voyage to Paraguay described in the following pages;—here were the elements of his schooling,—as hard a one, both voluntary and involuntary, as ever human soul went through.

At last, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, the victory seemed complete. His enormous and increasing labour seemed rather to have quickened and steadied, than tired his brain. The clouds which had beset his path had all but cleared, and left sunshine and hope for the future. His spirit had become purified not only into doctrinal orthodoxy, but also into a humble, generous, and manful piety, such as I cannot hope often to behold again. He had gathered round him friends, both men and women, who looked on him with a love such as might be inspired by some being from a higher world. He was already recognized as one of the most promising young chemists in England, for whose future renown no hope could be too high-pitched; and a patent for a chemical discovery which he had obtained, seemed, after years of delay and disappointment, to promise him what he of all men coveted least—renown and wealth. There is no bathos, as will be seen, in mentioning this the last of all.

In February, 1855, he was at work on some experiments connected with his patent, in a room which he had fitted up near the Regent's Canal. By a mistake of the lad who assisted him, the apparatus got out of order; the naphtha boiled over, and was already on fire. To save the premises from the effects of an explosion, Mr. Mansfield caught up the still in his arms and attempted to carry it out; the door was fast; he tried to hurl it through the window, but too late. The still dropped from his hands, half flayed with liquid fire. He scrambled out, rolled in the snow, and so extinguished the flame. Fearfully burnt, bruised moreover about the head whilst escaping, he had yet to walk nearly a mile, leaning upon a woman's arm, to reach a cab, and was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where, after nine days of fearful agony, he died like a Christian man. His servant died in the course of the same night.

Oh fairest of souls! Happy those who knew thee in this life! Happier those who will know thee in the life to come!

C. KINGSLEY.

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# ERRATUM.

Page 222, in the title of Chapter VIII., *for* "Western South America," *read* "Eastern South America."





# LETTERS

FROM

## BRAZIL AND PARAGUAY.

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### CHAPTER I.\*

#### VOYAGE TO PERNAMBUCO.

BEST OF LODGINGS AT SEA.—WEATHER.—FELLOW PASSENGERS.—ARRIVAL AT LISBON.—SIGHTS THERE.—WHALES.—LIFE ON BOARD SHIP.—THE HORSE LATITUDES.—ST. VINCENT'S.—NEOPHRON VULTURES.—DELAYS IN COALING.—A CONSULAR DIPLOMATIST.—THE THRASHER.—THE REGION OF CALMS.—FLYING FISH.—THE EQUATOR THROUGH A TELESCOPE.—THE SOUTHERN CROSS.—ARRIVAL AT PERNAMBUCO.

May 15, 1852.

MY DEAR —,

WE started from Southampton, May 10th, 1852, at half-past two o'clock P.M., with a pretty strong wind right ahead, which of course very soon shut us up; but I believe that it is much the best plan to have rough weather at first, as one gets off the queasiness

\* The diary of the outward voyage was contained in three letters posted at Lisbon, St. Vincent's, and Pernambuco respectively; they are printed in one chapter, to avoid interrupting the continuity of the narrative.

soon. I did not make any attempt to hold out, as I have always done on former occasions, but retired to my berth, went to bed, and remained there till I was well, which was in about thirty-six hours. Now as to the steamer and my berth. I, having come late, had obtained, as per ticket, as was to be expected, the worst berth on board; but as it has turned out, without any great efforts of diplomacy, I believe I am now better off than any one in the ship, not excepting the Captain. In the first place, you must know that what I paid for was the half of a double second-class berth, according to which I was liable to be chummed with anybody. However my berth was choke-full with parcels (I suppose, because it had not been taken sooner, and was supposed not likely to be taken); so the stewards, almost without my asking them, no doubt for their own purposes, put me into another berth, not a double one, which I have wholly to myself, and for which I should have had to pay, if I had secured it, ten pounds more than I have paid. Of course I accepted the change with very little grumbling.

It is not a first-rate lodgment. The heat (even when it was so cold on deck that a great-coat and plaid were requisite to keep one comfortable) was scarcely tolerable, when I was only covered with a sheet; what it will be under the Equator, I have not yet calculated. Added to the heat, every ill odour that you can imagine about the lower deck of a

steam-vessel floated freely in the air, and hung lovingly about the bed-clothes. Nevertheless I spent thirty-six hours there very pleasantly in a state of sea sulkiness; not suffering at all, I am glad to say, but simply sulky; indulging, according to A——'s advice, in occasional libations of arrowroot, and reproducing the same as soon as possible. By this means I got my brain in good order by yesterday morning, and am now, I believe, ready to circumnavigate. As soon as I got well I managed to improve my condition still further by making the steward carry my bed into Power's berth, which is in the afterpart, not intended for a double berth, but with plenty of room on the floor, and a port in it for the admission of any amount of fresh air. So now I have both a bed-room and a dressing-room, a luxury which not even the Captain enjoys. On the floor then, underneath Power's mattress, I have passed the night. The day passes pleasantly, with eating continually, and talking in the intervals. I cannot say much for the eating, as the kitchen fare is not only not intended for vegetable feeders,\* but for animal eaters of rather a coarse order, so that I am not much tempted to transgress my usual habits. However, having gone without food for two days and two nights, I was rather hungry on the third, and found four meals, after I had eaten them, rather too much.

Next, as to the weather. We had, as I have said,

\* The writer did not eat animal food.—ED.

a head-wind, which lasted us till we had got across the Bay of Biscay. The passengers were all sick ; but I cannot say I thought much of it, but rather consider the terrible Bay must froth of small beer ; for the stewards considered the passage a bad one, and it was nothing like what I expected.

Next, as to my fellow-passengers : most of them are French or Portuguese merchants, one or two English. My great ally is a young Englishman named De Mornay, of French lineage, who has lived in Brazil for thirteen years ; an engineer by profession, and a very gentlemanlike fellow, acute, clever, and very observing, and who seems to know the interior of some parts of Brazil very well. He has already made my eyes itch by his accounts of the wonderful trees in the forests, where he says he has cut down trees six or seven feet in diameter to get the orchises from the top. He says he can give me introductions to sugar-planters up the country from Pernambuco, who will entertain me joyfully, and show me wonders ; and that two of his friends, to whom he will introduce me, having adjoining estates, are at deadly warfare, having been out armed day and night for years, under vow to slay every living being of each other's houses. Pleasant state of things ! However we are talking of making an expedition up the country together, as he will have to go on business to some sugar-plantations soon after he gets there. He has just been over to England about a patent which he has lately taken



out for some improvement in the sugar machinery. His turn of mind coincides singularly with my own in many ways, except that he is a good hand at getting on in the world.

We arrived at Lisbon on Saturday, May 15th. It is a very beautiful place. I was never so agreeably surprised. I expected to find it dirty and miserable: contrariwise, however, it is a very magnificent town: the larger streets very clean, and the houses lofty and handsome. The small streets, nevertheless, were in many instances in a dreadful state of filth: dead dogs lying about here and there. Dogs asleep in the *middle of the streets* anywhere,—a striking symptom of the inactivity and lifelessness of the town. The few carriages to be seen about are of three or four most wonderful species; exactly the same as were in use in England early in the last century; just such cabs as Hogarth would have drawn. That the people are very sober may be inferred from the fact, that in the evening we found in the Great Square men standing about, each with a large pitcher full of water and a tumbler, selling Adam's wine by the glass. The great want of Lisbon, and of the country round, is tree-shade; there are almost no trees in the town, and none on any of the hills in sight from the river. Almost the only trees we saw were those (chiefly cypresses) in the English Cemetery, which is a beautiful little garden; geraniums are climbing up in the cypresses to twenty feet from the ground. We slept on

shore, at an hotel in the upper part of the town; the view from our windows, at the top of the house, was most glorious. It was much hotter there at eight in the morning than we found it at noon in Madeira. What struck me most on going up the river, and on approaching and entering the town, was the utter absence of all the enormous advertisements and notifications of names, trades, and goods, which one sees in every English town, and in almost every other that I have ever been in. So that it is quite evident that whatever other cause may have reduced the prosperity of Lisbon, it is not to competition among themselves that their depressed state is owing. Not a single word of announcement is to be seen on the walls from the river, and scarcely any in the town, except here and there where "Neve" (snow) appears in small letters over a café window, or where a hairdresser (whose trade is the most employed, by all appearances, in Lisbon) has written up his invitation to the lazy Lisboners to come and get shaved or cropped. The banks of the Tagus consist of undulating hills of no great height; but the sweep of the shores and the extent of the town—a large portion of which is built of white marble (a coarse kind)—gives a very splendid panorama. The very mouth of the Tagus (above which Lisbon lies nine or ten miles up the river) has upon its northern side a great pile of mountainous hills of volcanic origin,—the heights of Cintra, of a most barren and rugged aspect. There is said to be

a splendid view from the summit, but we had not time to go there. Quantities of delicious oranges are selling in the streets of Lisbon, some of them with the leaves on, and very large, which gives a foreign look to the baskets which are loaded with them. They are much softer and more ragged than the oranges that come to England; and the rind, which is very thick, is so full of oil, that on peeling them one's fingers are smeared all over with it.

We landed at Lisbon just after sunset, on Saturday, and had to be on board by one P.M. next day; so, as you may imagine, we did not see much of it. Such momentary peeps as we have had of it and Madeira are very tantalizing. So the engines were started again at two P.M. on Sunday (the 16th), as soon as the mails came on board, and we repassed the promontory of Cintra, and were soon out at sea. And so we steamed on till ten A.M. on Wednesday, the 19th, when we dropped anchor in Funchal Bay. The chief variations of the monotony of our voyage have been the seeing of some whales, amongst a shoal of which we passed; we saw their backs and their spoutings a mile or so from the ship; but they did not seem to be very mighty Behemoths; and on Monday afternoon a smart wind (the Captain called it a summer gale), which gave us a taste of what rough weather meant. It was a rough sea, without mistake; the waves were high enough to bound our view by the crest of the nearest one, when the

ship was in the hollow; and when the ship pitched, the end of the bowsprit sometimes descended through a depth of forty feet at least (judged by the eye). But the sun was shining brightly, and it was by no means unpleasant; especially as the seamen assured us the wind would fall at sunset. And so it did, and next day nothing remained but a long swell on the water. It was so rough however on Monday afternoon, that Mr. L——, the Admiralty agent, confessed to being sea-sick, and to wishing very much he was ashore. This, by the way, is the most simple-hearted, amiable man I ever met with, and is great fun, especially when he talks big about how he would blow other nations' ships out of the water if he was in command of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ships, and how he has butchered crocodiles in Nicaragua: only his stories are a little too long, especially when he is upon the Turkish service (in which he was), or his sweetheart, whom he wants to get back to. It is quite refreshing to meet with such a piece of nature; he being too a perfect gentleman, and full of information. The Captain is a capital fellow, very good-natured, and an excellent seaman no doubt. There are some agreeable people among the passengers, who have all now well shaken into their places.

My friend Mr. De Mornay, whom I before mentioned, is very well informed about everything connected with Brazil,—birds, beasts, reptiles, and plants; though he is not scientific about it, which is a great blessing.

I must not omit to mention, that besides there are two more Consuls on board, going to their stations, a Frenchman and an Italian (from Turin). We occasionally enliven the time by a game of Bull, which consists in pitching bits of lead upon a board marked with certain figures: people at sea are easily amused. I am continually making vigorous efforts to read; first Gardner's Travels in Brazil, then Portuguese Grammar, then something else; but my talkative friend puts books to flight altogether, and I have only yet learned two words of Portuguese.

On the 19th, knowing that we were to reach Madeira before noon, we looked out of the port-hole in our berth, and saw an island. So we rushed up, dressed, and went on deck; but we found that it was only one of the Dezertas, a group of rocks like Sark on a large scale, lying north-east from Madeira, which was still some twenty-five miles ahead. We were passing between the Dezertas and Porto Santo, which is another rugged-looking island more to the west. Madeira was ahead of us, enveloped in clouds. We gradually crawled up to it (the 'Tay' only crawls), and as we reached it the mist cleared away, leaving only a veil of clouds hanging over the tops of the mountain. I need not say how beautiful the view was. The bay itself was very lively: an American frigate was lying there, and a large English man-of-war steamer, and two or three yachts. We went on shore by the first boat after the mails went off; but as we only had

two hours and a half leave, we had no time to rush up the mountain on pony-back, according to custom. Altogether our visit to the island was a failure, for it ended in our hurrying from one part of the town to another, and spending an hour of our two hours and a half at the grating in the reception-room of the Convent, waiting till the old fat nun had done talking, and would bring us the sweetmeat we wanted. I wished to get up on the hill outside the town to see something of the vegetation, but was disappointed, and obliged to content myself with looking at the bananas in the gardens, and noting the prickly pear cactus on old walls, and a sort of potato, with a very curious leaf, with lots of thorns on its ribs, and large, tempting-looking fruit, which I was told were deadly poison, and called the *Devil's tomatas*. This was growing everywhere in the outskirts of the town, and no end of little lizards were cutting about in the sand among their stems. Immense branches of bananas were imported into the steamer: those who are accustomed to them say they are delicious; I do not above half think them so at present. At Lisbon and at Funchal we took in great fat green peas nearly over-ripe; likewise a small bean, which comes up to table *jet black*, and is very good. Mr. De Mornay, who is suffering from Brazilian liver complaints, is turning vegetable eater, in imitation of me, being fully convinced it is the right plan.

We got into the trade-wind soon after leaving

Madeira,\* and had a beautiful run to Teneriffe. I have been much surprised at the coolness of the air. One day the wind, which affected us only as a light breeze from the east, was quite cool, and the same evening I found two coats desirable on deck. However Friday the 21st was piping hot, there being for some reason or other no wind. We have seen just nothing at all of Teneriffe, which I wanted to see more than any of the places we stopped at. We arrived there at ten P.M. We saw nothing of the Peak, though we had seen the island for five or six hours before we came close to it: this, as we were running about nine knots, and the weather was cloudy, will give you a notion of the height of the land. All that we saw of it was the rugged outline of the mountains, towering up into the clouds. When we came close to it, all we saw was the black mass of cliff and mountain, under which we ran, after rounding the Cape at the eastern extremity of the island. We seemed to be close under it, but as it turned out, when we had to go on shore we were about three miles off, so deceptive is the height. There were a number of fishermen's boats all along the coast, each with a beacon-fire burning at the bows, for the attraction of the fish. They looked like big fire-flies or suns, while the water under the bows and paddle-wheels of the ship was just like the Milky Way, not shining with a feeble phosphoric light, as the water about our coasts often

\* No, we didn't—it was not the Trade.—C. B. M.

does, but spangled all over with bright dots of brilliant light, exactly as if the stars were reflected in the water. I have never seen this in our seas, but it seems the regular amusement here, as I have observed it ever since we crossed the Bay of Biscay; and the blobs of animated moonshine seem to get bigger as we get more south. Then as we drew near the town (Santa Cruz, on the south side of the island), to which we were guided by the few lamps in the streets, a blue light or two were burned on board, and some rockets sent up from the ship to give notice of our approach, which enlivened the scene.

We did not anchor at all at Teneriffe, but the engines were stopped, and the ship lay on her paddles, while we went ashore. "We" means the Admiral (as we call the good-natured Lieutenant, who says he was an Admiral in the Turkish service), and the three Consuls who are on board, and two other passengers whom the Admiral asked to accompany him, of whom I was one. None of the other passengers landed. It was rather good fun, for we could not find the landing-place at once, and it was quite dark, the sky being clouded. The Admiral had to deliver and receive his mails, so we went to the Consul's house; and while business was being transacted the idlers looked at the exquisite drawings of his good lady, whom however we did not see, as she was at their country-house. The town (Santa Cruz) is a very nice one, with wide streets, and, so far as we saw in one



half-hour's wandering about it (with a lantern, which the French Consul *would* have to light him), very clean; the houses substantial, and (judging by the Consul's house) beautifully planned: a hall in the centre, which however forms a court, being open above, with balconies all round it at each story, and some banana-trees growing at the bottom. We spent a couple of hours on shore, helping to stamp the letters and seal the bags, and then returned to the ship at one o'clock this morning, and went supperless to bed (the Consul forgot to feed us!), and having only just satisfied ourselves that such a place as Teneriffe does exist; and started again instantly on our course.

We asked one of the middies to call us in the morning if the weather became clear, and the Peak became visible, when one got to a distance. (The Peak is never visible from the sea *near* the island, at least in the part where the steamer comes, for it is hidden by the other high land.) But we were not called, and we have heard this morning that the Peak was not seen by any one. In clear weather it may be seen at sea a hundred miles off. Teneriffe must be a magnificent island: it is sixty or seventy miles long, and has another town inland, besides Santa Cruz. I am sure people had much better come to it than to Madeira, for there is every variety of scenery, and much more scope for excursions. Of course, as English people do not flock thither at present, there is a

dearth of society. Lord Nelson lost his arm and his colours here: the colours are kept in the churches, and shown with great delight by the Spaniards (who possess the island) to the English. I wonder they do not show his arm also.

May 22.

We are now out for three days' steam to St. Vincent's, off the Cape Verd Islands. They say it is the most dreary, uninteresting place in the world,—all sand, and devoid of *verdure*, being much misnamed; but as we have to stop there a whole day, I shall have the opportunity perhaps of telling you what I think of it. We only stop at St. Vincent's to take in coal. I wish the Company had found it convenient to coal at Teneriffe.

The Captain calls these parts the “horse latitudes,” not because it is a bad style of latitude of inferior degree, but because in former days, when they used to send horses to the West Indies, the ships were often becalmed, and they had to pitch the horses overboard. The sea has been like a sheet of glass all day,—not a breath of air stirring, not a ripple on the water beyond the agitation caused by the steamer,—so smooth indeed that a petrel, which was flying three or four hundred yards from the ship, was quite plainly seen reflected in the water. Nothing surprises me so much as the total want of visible life. This petrel is the only bird I have seen today; and

the only other signs of life that have shown themselves have been about half-a-dozen black lumps floating in the water a few hundred yards from us, which people said were the heads of turtles, and two or three little jelly-fish. The heat is by no means oppressive; yesterday indeed it had been quite cool, but we found the heat *on shore* at Teneriffe very great. I suppose we shall cross the Tropic of Cancer tomorrow, and next day the sun will be vertical over our heads at noon, it being now within four weeks of the solstice, when it reaches the Tropic. I do not suppose it will be much hotter at sea anywhere than it was today to us, as of course the sun was nearly vertical. A flying-fish was seen today by one of the passengers, but I was not so fortunate; however we shall have plenty of them soon. We do not get any sharks for our money, as the paddle-wheels drive them away. A day in a tropical sea-calm is a wonderful dreamy bit of life; and at the end of it the sun drops hard and bright behind the clean, sharp edge of the horizon, as if it were eclipsed by the edge of a knife; the fringe of clouds at the very verge seeming to rise like solid rocks out of the water, which is of the most magnificent deep ultramarine blue colour, different from anything we see about our coasts.

May 24.

The calm only lasted one day, and we were soon

fairly in the trade-wind,—a steady, gentle breeze, just enough for us to run before it, making about two knots more than we should by the paddles only, without ruffling the sea much, so that there was no more perceptible motion in the vessel than in the perfect calm: the speed of the engines however was slackened, that we might not reach St. Vincent's (Cape Verd Isles) too early, *i.e.* before daylight. We crossed the Tropic yesterday, and the sun was almost exactly vertical over our heads at noon, not throwing any shadow at all. Today the little shadow our bodies cast, when standing in the sun at noon, fell on the south side of us,—a new sight for northern eyes,—as we were about two degrees south of the sun. Of course it is very warm, but not oppressively so. My plan is, not to go to bed till the night is pretty far advanced, and to take a nap in the early part of the afternoon.

May 25.

We anchored in St. Vincent's harbour (Cape Verd Isles) this morning about half-past six o'clock, finding there a French frigate, an American war-brig, and the English transport steamer 'Megæra,' missing some time ago. A French officer soon came on board, to learn news about the 10th of May, and as to whether he was the servant of an Emperor or not. We however could not tell him, as the news had not reached Lisbon when we were there. We

went ashore at seven o'clock, by the first boat that left the vessel, wandered about for two hours, and returned quite disgusted with the state of the place. The whole island is as barren (except, I am told, on the top of one of the mountains, where there is some green grass) as a London street. Nothing grows but a few tamarisk bushes in a valley or two. They say that the other islands of the group are rich and verdant; but the side of the nearest island (San Antonio, I believe), which landlocks the bay here and makes a harbour of it, is as barren as this one. There is a miserable village on the shore, which has been collected by reason of the anchorage, which is first-rate. Its aspect is the most miserable you can conceive. Its inhabitants are—the American and English Consuls, the Steam Company's coal agent, and about five hundred poor wretches, Negroes, Portuguese, and Mulattoes, chiefly the former. Some of the men are tall, handsome fellows, with beards, and some of the women very pretty. The village had its population reduced one-half last year by ague and starvation; *i. e.* an epidemic ague came and killed them all off, because they had not food enough. The Consul said he had his whole family, servants and all, ill, but lost none, simply because they had food. The houses are the extremity of wretchedness; and these miserable Portuguese, by way of improving the island, have built one fort, and are building another! However it must be confessed, the people do not seem anything

like so badly off as some of the poor wretches in the London alleys, and they have fresh air.

All round the village were perched on the ground, and flying about, white birds with black tips to their wings, which I at first thought were gulls, but soon found were vultures; they seemed to be very tame, allowing us to come within a stone's throw. They are not Turkey buzzards, but I think Egyptian neophrons, which, you may see in any book of British birds, are the only vultures ever taken in England. A big lazy eagle, a little hawk, and some wild Guinea fowls, formed the rest of the population.

The whole of this island is a lump of lava, basalt, and other such dreariness; but there can be no doubt that if it were planted with trees, and the men who have it did their duty, it might become a verdant place.

May 29.

We were detained at St. Vincent's about twenty-eight hours by the curious gusty wind which was blowing, and which prevented the process of coaling. The only use at present served in the economy of the universe, so far as we know, by the isle of St. Vincent, is that of a coaling station for the Brazilian steamers. A very nice fellow, who is going to Rio Janeiro as Chargé d'Affaires from the Sardinian Government, picked up a lot of shells there, and gave me some of them. They are not beauties, nor large, and can, I think, be matched from our coasts. I am

sorry I did not wander about a little more at St. Vincent's; but there was something so uninviting in the island, that I did not feel tempted to prolong my stay, when Power, who was quite disgusted with the place, returned on board. So we spent the remainder of the time we were in harbour on board.

The principal game that day (Tuesday) was a comedy enacted by a silly vulgar fellow from Corsica, who is going to Pernambuco as French Consul. A French frigate was anchored in the harbour, with an Admiral on board, and he went to pay his respects in full dress,—a most magnificent uniform, bran-new, with the buttons done up in silver paper. He insisted on putting it on, notwithstanding the advice of everybody, and, having been very shabbily dressed before, strutted about exactly like a pert peacock. Of course he got his uniform damaged, for the sea was very rough; and in the evening he went again to dine with the Admiral in his undress uniform; and when he came back, told us how the Admiral at dinner had held forth about the English, saying that English influence was felt everywhere, and that France never could prosper till England was put down altogether, and that all the nations in Europe ought to combine to crush us. What a diplomatist for a Consul! and, worse still, he took with him as his companion a young Englishman, and did not tell the Admiral that he was other than a Frenchman, for which any one would take him.

The wind was blowing so hard that the coal barges could not come off from the shore; and one of them, after unloading, as well as one of our boats, got adrift and was blown across the harbour, and it was some hours' work to pull them back again against the wind; indeed it took the men half an hour to row from our ship to the Frenchman, which was not three hundred yards from us. The force of the wind was no doubt owing to the high land of the islands forcing the trade-wind into a narrow channel; and the gusts owing to the eddies formed by the shape of the hills round the harbour. However it lulled a little at night, and next morning the coals were got on board. We got under weigh at about half-past eleven on Wednesday morning, the 26th of May. The amusement for the few hours before we left harbour consisted in a small shark, which came near the vessel for a few minutes (the only one I have yet seen); in some small spermaceti whales, which came in for a lark (luckily for them, after the American and French vessels had left, who would assuredly have walked into them); and chiefly in a monster which the sailors and doctor said was a "thrasher," and which is very rarely seen. The form thereof was that of a huge ivory paper-knife, sabre-shaped, apparently about ten feet long, perfectly white, which was occasionally protruded perpendicular out of the water, and then suddenly brought down with a tremendous thrash into the water. The Captain and sailors say



it was a fish which attaches itself to the whale's body by its teeth, and then amuses itself by belabouring him in this way. But my opinion is that the thrasher is nothing else than one-half of the tail of the whale, which is pushed up by the animal throwing itself on its side (whales' tails lying usually horizontally), and is then suddenly brought down again by the animal righting itself;\* but I cannot convince people that I am right.

June 1.

For the first four days after leaving St. Vincent's we had nice weather, the north-east trade-wind blowing steadily and helping us on well, but the next three have been very different. On Saturday we got out of the trade-wind into the "region of calms," as the wise men who write books and have never been at sea call it, the "variables" as the sailors call it, and the "squalls and water-works" as I should call it. Saturday had been very hot, the thermometer at 83° in the shade; the wind had fallen off and then risen again, shifting a little, and the sky had become cloudy. Suddenly, at half-past seven P.M., torrents of rain came down, and a squall, and then commenced life in an oven for the passengers; skylights all down and ports shut, with an equatorial atmosphere, and the furnaces of a 350-horse-power engine. I rushed on deck in a shirt and pair of trousers, of which super-

\* See *post*.

fluities I soon divested myself, and enjoyed a good shower-bath; it was not a cold bath by any means, for the rain was warm enough to have made tea with, and so we have had it ever since.

Sunday was spent between decks. It was impossible to have service, which was read on the previous Sunday by the Captain on deck,—a very beautiful ceremony. I relieved the monotony of the day by reading one of Kingsley's sermons to a few of the passengers, to their great delight. We have seen very little of the sun for the last few days, the sky being generally clouded, squalls, showers more or less violent, and calms alternating. We have seen very little of the calms; we perhaps have run through in an hour a calm or two which might have detained a sailing vessel for a week. The only real calm we have had, which was of sufficient extent and duration to still the sea completely, was between Teneriffe and St. Vincent's.

Soon after leaving St. Vincent's we began to see some flying-fish. I have not been so fortunate as to see many, never more than one at a time; some of the passengers have seen several at once. However, I have seen enough of them to satisfy myself that their flight is a real flight, and a very beautiful act of aerial navigation. They twist and scud over and among the waves, just like swallows, with every appearance of the most perfect ease. The flight is not for a long distance, it is true. I have not seen

any near enough to satisfy myself whether they flap their wings to propel themselves, like birds, but I do not think they do. I imagine they leap with their tails like salmon, and then steer their course at pleasure with their wings. But a steamer is not a good ship for seeing the wonders of the deep from, as the paddles frighten the creatures away. We saw dolphins one day playing under the bows, but nothing else worthy of note.

On Monday, May the 31st, about eight P.M., we crossed the Line. That afternoon we persuaded the French Consul that he saw the Equator through a telescope, we having previously put a hair across the glass; he was quite charmed, and said that he saw it like a bar of iron. I was in hopes that he would have reported it to his Government; but unfortunately he found out, or some one told him, the trick; but he confessed that he was quite taken in, and I fancy still believes the Line is visible. He is so ignorant that he actually asked yesterday whether Louis Philippe was a Protestant.

We did not see the Line at all (not being so 'cute as the old Corsican), it was so cloudy. We got however out of the rains and squalls soon after getting south of the Equator, and after a short time the clouds became whiter and less ragged, and higher up, and we found ourselves in the steady south-east trade-wind. The last two days were very beautiful, and their nights were magnificent,—the moon being just

full, and nearly in the zenith about midnight; the light so bright that we could easily read by it; and the stars scarcely visible. By the way, the stars of the south hemisphere are by no means so striking as those of the north. The Southern Cross, as it is called,

a group of four stars placed thus  $\begin{matrix} & * & \\ * & & * \\ & * & \end{matrix}$ , is the only

one that attracts attention at all; the long line of the Cross points nearly to the south pole. About the Equator we see the Southern Cross on one side, and the Great Bear on the other, at about the same altitude. The sunsets at sea were very poor, not at all equal to those in England in the autumn. Altogether the voyage has been pleasant, at least not very unpleasant. I have however come to the conclusion that a sailor's life is not a pleasant one, and that no sailors really like the sea; also that the human race is a great fool for travelling by sea, when it might so easily go by air; and for carrying its goods by sea in such absurd vessels as our present infant steamers, which are certainly no more like the ships of the future than an egg is like an eagle.

We came in sight of the coast of South America about ten o'clock on Thursday morning; a long low line of gently undulating ground, covered, as we saw on near approach, with vegetation; the hills, or slightly rising ground (scarcely hills), fringed with cocoa-nut trees, especially as we approached Pernambuco. We anchored about a mile off Pernambuco

at half-past one P.M., on Thursday, the 4th of June. The steamers cannot enter the harbour on account of a bar, which only allows vessels of smaller size than the English steamers to pass over it. The weather being very fine, the transit to shore was very pleasant (it is often very disagreeable). On landing we were received by our friends: I say *our* friends, for even I found three acquaintances on the beach whom I had previously met in London. One of these, Mr. Poingdestre, who is now my host, I had seen several times, and, I think, had entertained him at breakfast once or twice, so that I felt somewhat at home at once.

## CHAPTER II.

## PERNAMBUCO.

SCENERY.—THE REEF.—NEGROES.—CLIMATE.—SITIOS.—LIFE IN THE TOWN.—THE SINGING LADY AND PRAYING MANTIS.—BUTTERFLIES.—ANTS.—CLIMBERS.—PALMS.—THE ENVIRONS OF PERNAMBUCO.—PROJECTED EXCURSION.—FROGS.

WHAT a Paradise is, or at least might be, this country if it were possessed by the English! I do not feel at all sure that I am not dead, and have not recommenced another life. Everything is so utterly un-European,\* I should be pretty certain that I was not in the earth-world, but in some other planet, if I had had a sound sleep lately to cut the thread of consciousness. But

\* Extract from a letter of the Author's to a friend, June 5.—After shortly narrating the voyage, and describing St. Vincent's, "an awful desert, inhabited only by a Consul or two and some Negroes. . . . What a contrast here! this place is, even in the hands of these wretched, undeveloped people, an Eden of beauty. What a Paradise it would be made by Englishmen of this century! what a heaven it will be made by the brother-men of the age that is to come! I need not pour out my rapturous admiration of the works of the Great Poet-Father, as you have seen such, and have worshiped in similar scenes. The beauty is almost bewildering. The glorious cocoa-nut trees, bananas, and several kinds of palms, breadfruit, etc. etc., and the magnificent green oranges. . . . I am too giddy to write soberly about anything. I feel inclined to cut capers under the trees till I

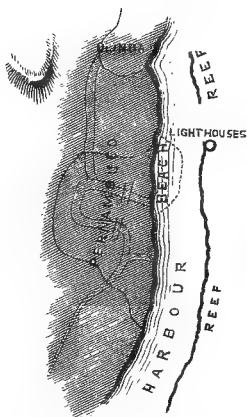
latterly, on board the steamer, I have not seemed to want sleep at all. The heat, the wet, the fine weather, the discomfort, and the amusement, altogether utterly prevented my sleeping. So, as I can pretty well remember each stage of the process of life lately, I cannot help thinking that I must still be on earth, and that you will receive this some day by terrestrial post.

The view of Pernambuco from the sea is very fine. The houses are lofty, and prettily built in the Portuguese style, with channelled tiles and turned-up corners; they are generally whitewashed, but some are tinted. The land is for the most part quite flat, but about two miles from Pernambuco to the north there is a hill, on which stands Olinda, the old town of this harbour. This hill looks very well, dotted with white houses among the dark green foliage, and fringed with cocoa-nut trees. They say that Olinda is quite decayed, and that, notwithstanding its beauty

am tired, then sigh like a hippopotamus for some one to pour it all out upon, and then lie down and dream. As for studying the botany of the country, it is impossible. Nothing is possible but to photographize everybody and everything: cameras cannot get giddy with wonder.' To another friend he writes, June 4:—"How I wish you were here, with your head, and camera, and eyes, and, better than any, your heart, to fall down and worship, and to sympathize with me in my admiration of the scene, even of the little glimpse I have had of it! Yet I suppose there is scarcely any one here who values the glorious imagery of the Mighty Poet who has made all this. Negroes, Mulattoes, Portuguese, Brazilians, all have pigs' eyes, I suppose, by virtue of Adam's fall, and the English for the same reason are all absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and so cannot enjoy."

when seen from a distance, it is very dirty and deserted-looking within. Now you must understand how the harbour of Pernambuco is formed, for it is certainly among the wonders of the world, though there is nothing very striking about it in appearance. I do not yet know much of the geography of the place, but I can give you a rough notion of it.

The top of my small map is the north, the bottom south. The shaded part on the left is the mainland. The black line that runs parallel to the beach is a narrow reef of rock, which just rises above the top of the water at high water, at low water is exposed about six feet high. This reef, which seems to be about five or six feet across, runs along the coast for some three hundred miles, leaving a



navigable channel from a few hundred yards to a mile or so in width, between it and the beach, all the way. I do not know what the geologists think of it; it is formed of sandstone, full of pebbles and shells, and stands up just like a wall. The harbour of Pernambuco is formed by this acting as the breakwater, and the entrance to the harbour is through an opening in the reef. I suppose that an engineering nation would make the whole coast a harbour from end to end.



Pernambuco might be made, without building an inch, simply by cleaning and tidying, a magnificent town. The houses are very solidly built, and elegantly designed; there is a beauty about them all, and the dabs of colour here and there give them a very picturesque appearance. But it is a dreadfully dirty place; there is not a drain of any sort, and all imaginable filth lies in the streets: yet it does not smell bad: to Lisbon it is sweet, and to Cologne it is a rose in comparison. An arm of the sea (into which two rivers run) winds through the town, with a long bridge over each reach. Two-thirds of the population seem to be naked Negroes, in cotton drawers. They are, generally, splendid specimens of muscular development, at least about the chest and arms, with skins shining like velvet; most of them are slaves. Now the first thing that strikes me about these slaves, so far as I have seen of them, is the dignity and independent look which they preserve. There is something Achilles-like in the stride of the Nigger as he brings a dish to table; I only wish such cheerful faces were to be seen among our English poor. If what we see here is anything like a fair specimen of slavery, my opinion is that the cry against slavery, as raised in England, is a vile sham, and lip-worship; for I do believe we English are fully as real slaveholders as these people.\*

\* Extract from a letter to a friend, June 5:—"Nominal slavery is bad enough, God knows, with poor, half-developed, half-educated

Now to resume my narrative. We were conducted by Mr. Poingdestre to a storehouse, or factory (which is much like similar places in England, except that the rooms are loftier and cleaner), where we dined. I fared sumptuously on mandiocca farinha, and great green oranges. After our meal, we started for his *sítio*, or country-house; he and I on ponies, Power and a young American in a four-wheeled trap. And such a ride! along a road, or rather lane (of sand and mud), through one continuous garden of all sorts of marvellous beauty. The sun just setting, the sky just like one of Danby's pictures,—the rich deep green of the trees, of all imaginable forms except such as you see in England, just visible, and their outlines all sharp against the sky. Bananas, palms, etc. etc., with the glorious cocoa-nut trees towering over all, everywhere, filling just the same part in the landscape that the elm does about Rowner.\* This is now the winter, as of course you know, but with very few signs of anything like our notions of that season. A few trees are shedding some of their leaves, but none are bare. There are very few birds. I have made barbarians as masters. But real slavery, with competition for its name, and highly cultivated followers of Christ for lords, is worse. . . . I should not be a bit surprised to see slavery put down by a colony of Englishmen, establishing themselves on the Sertão, and gradually absorbing all Brazil by their industry. . . . Brazil must come to be tenanted by English or Americans; the degraded people who hold the land here now must follow the forests and be swept away, for I suppose they will never submit to be educated." (See however *post.*)

\* The Author's birthplace in Hampshire.

the acquaintance of one or two: a beautiful little snow-white wagtail with black wings, which runs about near the house in the country, and a little wren that sings a short song, the only singer, they say, of the Pernambuco district.

I sleep at Mr. Poingdestre's country-house, riding or driving out in the evening,\* and returning in the same way in the morning. I find the climate most delightful. We drove in today at noon, and I did not find the heat the least oppressive. Power says it makes him feel sick to be in the sun; I don't feel it otherwise than health-infusing. The effect of the heat is so much less parching than that of the English summer sun, that the palms of my hands, which are there always dry, are here delightfully soft and moist. I am sure some invalids might get set right, and that in no time, by coming here. Depend upon it that little W——'s husband will have his country-house in Brazil, and that Englishmen of the next generation will go out of town hither, as they do now to their usual dwellings.

Mr. de Mornay has just been here, and tells me that

\* "A glorious drive, lit up by fireflies, and ringing with the quaint music of the frogs." (Letter to a friend, June 5.)

"You cannot call the thing a road, but a sandy lane, through six miles of gardens and villas, fringed with wonderful shapes of every kind of vegetative beauty. The air is so full of vocal music,—not of birds, but of frogs,—that one can scarcely hear oneself speak, and the fireflies flit about in every direction like shooting stars. But it is useless attempting to describe. . . . Nor should I have time now to wiredraw it for you in prose." (To another friend, June 4.)

he is going up into the country to make a survey for a railway, which he is projecting ; so I said I would go with him, and help him. This will be a new bit of life at any rate, though undoubtedly not very luxurious. I don't see how I am to spend any money. It seems to be a rule that strangers are guests everywhere : I am enjoined, whatever I do, to offer money to no one, as it is a great insult. I suppose I shall have to buy a hat and a horse, and shall be able to sell the latter again at a small loss, when done with. The Yellow Fever has been here. You must know that, to the astonishment of every one, it suddenly appeared among the shipping a few years ago, not having affected many people on shore. It has just been here again, but has disappeared, but is said to be still at Rio rather severely.

Nothing can be more delightful than the climate at this time of year, and I suppose the heat in the summer is not much greater than it is now, to the sensations of a person who has been gradually acclimatized by arriving in the winter-time. This is of course the winter, or, as it is called, the rainy season, according to theory, but in fact it is the height of summer. The country is clothed in the richest green you can conceive, and the most delicious oranges in the world are in profuse abundance on the trees in all stages of ripeness. It is about as hot as in England in the two or three hot days we have in August ; but the days are short, the sun setting about

half-past five P.M., and rising about half-past six A.M. The mornings and evenings are deliciously cool, and nearly all day long the direct heat of the sun is mitigated by a soft breeze. There is a regular gentle monsoon blowing up the coast from the south all day, which cools the town, and night and morning the land and sea-breeze refresh the air. The temperature, by the thermometer in the shade, is generally about 80° Fahr. at midday, but not nearly so high to one's sensations. As it happens, too, it is no more a rainy season than it is a winter just now, for it has not rained in the daytime more than twice since I have been here. There has been an unusual quantity of rain during the last three or four months, which are generally dry. It appears as if the weather has been as wet here, as it was dry in England before I left. Perhaps the "rainy season," which, according to custom, should be just commencing now, is to be less rainy than usual; if so, it is a hedge for me. It has however rained very heavily once or twice in the evening and at night; the showers came on very suddenly, a cloud coming up over the clear sky, pouring down a torrent for a few minutes, and then passing off. I have not been at all annoyed by mosquitos till last night, when I slept in a house near the river, where I was stung a little, but not to any severe extent.

I am staying at present with Poingdestre, who lends me one of the nicest horses, or rather ponies,

in the place, as good a one as I ever rode. All the horses at Pernambuco, you must know, are ponies : they do not trot, but skip or canter at a great pace. All the roads about Pernambuco are lanes, which are entirely of sand, except where they lie lowest, and there they are of mud. There is however one road, which commences a few miles from the town, and runs straight away into the country among the *engenhos*, or sugar-plantations, which is macadamized in the middle. All the merchants here have their *sítios*, or country-places, where they dine, sleep, and breakfast, and leave their wives, if they have any; they themselves spending their days in their counting-houses in town.

The Mc Calmonts' counting-house is on the shore of the harbour, which it overlooks, as some of those precious holes in London overlook the Thames. But the view is very different from the windows of his house (whence I am now writing, in a sitting-room above the office). There is the open Atlantic before us, from which the long harbour, full of ships, is just cut off by the long, narrow reef, which rises above the surface. I have nearly every day hitherto come into town, and made this room over the office my headquarters during the day; partly because I have left all my luggage there, partly because I wish to know the town well before I get up the country, partly to get some things I want, and partly to see people.

In the evening I either go to dine with some of the

people, or go out to Poingdestre's *sitio*, and then perhaps to make a call, and spend the evening with some family in the neighbourhood. All calls are made in the evening. The ladies must have a miserable time of it during the day, as it is too hot for them to go out; so they keep at home all by themselves among the blackies. In the evening doors and windows are all open, and insects and visitors drop in as they feel inclined. Two or three evenings ago I was at a merchant's house; a lady was singing at the piano-forte something about "Spring is coming, insects humming," etc. Just as she was shaking out the "humming" in fine style, a jolly great "praying mantis," which had been dashing about the room, flew in her face, and fastened on her neck: so the next note was a scream, and the chorus was a shout of mirth. I never saw anything more ludicrous. You must know that a "praying mantis" is a big thing, something between a locust and a dragon-fly; a kind of walking leaf, about three inches long, with claws in proportion.

There are a great number of insects here, of course. Some of the butterflies are magnificent; whacking great swallow-tailed fellows, as big as sparrows in expanse of wing, are dashing about in every direction. The ants are very numerous: the commonest is a white one, about the size of the common English black ant; it builds great nests of earth on the branches of trees, some of them as big as two or three men's heads, and constructs covered ways for

runs up and down trees, and on walls of rooms, in every direction. It eats up everything, books, furniture, beams of houses, etc. One clever black creature of this kind builds large palaces underground, which it fills with leaves of trees. I saw several small trees in a garden yesterday which had been quite stripped of leaves by these black ants in a day or two, exposing to the gaze of day the nests of three birds, to their great discomfiture: one of them, the nest of a humming-bird, left unfinished, and deserted by reason of the exposure. The ants walk up the tree, and cut off the leaves; these fall, and other ants remaining below receive the leaves, saw them into small pieces (many times bigger than themselves however), shoulder them, and carry them off to their nest. There was a long line of these fellows marching along at double-quick pace, with a great piece of green leaf towering over their heads, just like Birnam Wood going to Dunsinane. Macduff or Shakespeare must have taken the notion from these ants.

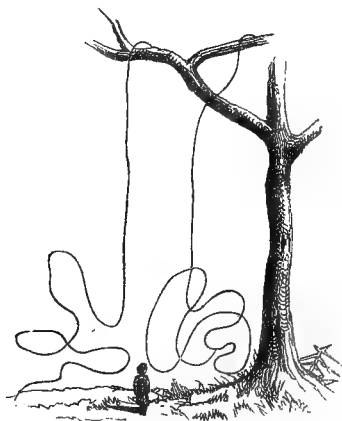
Yesterday I wandered about in a wood about eight miles from the town; not a part of the virgin forest, but still very magnificent. All the large timber has been cleared away there, except the trees of one or two kinds, which have wood that is too soft. One of these is, fortunately for the scenery, a most superb tree: it is one of the mimosa kind (which abound here, of all sorts and sizes); it rises forty or fifty feet without branches, and then throws out great limbs,



which spread their branches out just like a cedar, in flat plate-like masses. At a distance they look like magnificent cedars ; near, they look like a cross between an oak and an acacia. They tower high above everything else in the forest. From the branches of some hang climbers in long thin ropes, just like the cordage of a ship's masts, seventy or eighty feet long, without any perceptible taper, without a leaf or a branch, and about as thick as three or four fingers pressed together. It seemed a puzzling question, whether they grew down from the trees or up from the earth to the branches, which were covered with the foliage of the climber. However, though I at first felt quite certain they were parasites growing on the tree, and throwing down trailers to the ground, I found that they were not, for with much difficulty I traced two of them among the underwood, where they wound and twisted about in every direction for hundreds of feet, to a common stem from which they branched. Now they cannot have grown up to the branches, for they hung wavering in the air twenty or thirty feet from the stem of the tree, which had not a single creeper on it, nor had they any tendrils for climbing with ; so the conclusion remained, that they must have clung to the young twigs of the tree when it was a sapling, close to the ground, and growing with its growth must have been gradually pulled up to their present lofty attachments.\* This will give

\* See however *post*.

you a notion of the magnificence of the vegetation. I have sketched on this sheet a rough diagram of the way these things were grown.



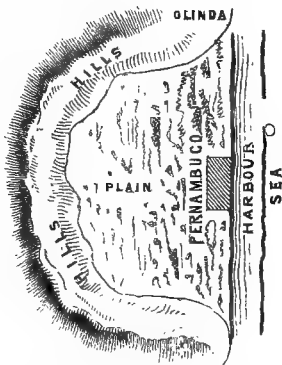
But few plants, comparatively, are in flower now; which is the only evidence, and that a negative one, of this being the winter season. However there are flowers about: I have only found one of any striking beauty,—a pea, of which I mean to send some unripe seed-pods, and shall hope to get some good ripe ones some day. I intend, before I leave the country, to get some blotting-paper and boards, and squash some plants, when I see what are worth keeping, and to collect all the seeds I can, good, bad, and indifferent, for my sisters to amuse themselves in trying to grow.

I find the people here (at least the English to whom I have spoken) know very little about the natural productions; I could not even get any information from them about the palm-trees, as to the number of kinds. There is a general notion that there are one or two kinds of palm-trees besides the cocoa-nut. I have made out seven kinds of palms altogether; of some I have only found a single tree of each species. There is, first, the "cocoa-nut;" second, the "palm" (for which the people seem to have no other name); third, the dendezeiro; fourth, the cabbage palm; fifth, a little thorny-leaved one in the woods; sixth, the date palm; seventh, the carnauba palm. All these except the last have for leaves immense feathers about ten feet long, all very much alike in general appearance.\* The last (of which, as well of the "date palm," I have only seen one specimen) has a beautiful fan-shaped leaf. This carnauba palm, though rare

\* A somewhat different and larger list is given in one of Mr. Mansfield's note-books. "Palms seen near Pernambuco:—Cocoa-nut; Macaiba (*Acrocomia sclerocarpa*); the common Palm, bulging at stem alone; Palmeira imperial; Dendezeiro (*Elæis Guineensis*); Carnauba (only one, by the roadside in a cocoa-nut grove); Date (only one, in a *sítio*); Maiara, or Maraia, short feathery thorny Palm (in woods); Coquinho, or Coquin, little palm with a long trunk and feathery leaves, covered at base with small thin prickles, bears a bunch of red berries like holly-fruit; Jurara (under high forest-trees, in stony wet ravines; very elegant little nuts); Articum (in woods at Pantova); Barba de bode, exquisitely delicate palm with tall thin stem, regular feathery leaves, and no thorns." He mentions elsewhere, as seen near Pernambuco, a "Pindoba" palm, similar to the "Piassaba" of Bahia.

here, is (I am told) the common palm of the country in some places not very far distant. Here palms are by no means characteristic of the country. All along the coast the cocoa-nut tree is, certainly, the most marked feature in the scenery; its long thin stems towering up everywhere, with their crown of leaves at top, above everything else; but the cocoa-nut is not, I fancy, a native of this place, but has been introduced. I suspect all the other palms have been brought here also, except the little thorny-leaved one that I find in the woods; for all the others seem to be in the gardens and orchards.

The country, you must know, about Pernambuco, is an extensive sandy plain, bounded by a semicircular range of low hills of red clay. The view from the tops of these hills is magnificent in the extreme: it lies stretched out before you, like a vast panorama of the brightest green. You can imagine it from the scratch on the margin. The hills come down to the sea at Olinda on the north (the old town built on the hill), and at a cape (whose name I forget) on the south. Pernambuco lies on the seaside, at the centre of the semicircle. All round the town, in



its nearer vicinity, the plain is cut up into gardens and orchards, each with its country-house; in fact it is all one great garden, not much taken care of. Beyond this, as you get further from the town, the houses become thinner; and then there are only the small houses of the poorer people, with a few large houses of the sugar-planters. On the outer part of the plain, near the hills, the gardens disappear, giving place to fields of sugar-cane, interspersed with maize and mandioca. The whole, nearly, of this plain is loose sand, and poor as it looks, it is on this that all the fruit-trees, and other rich productions of nature, are growing. The hills that bound it consist of red clay. It is obvious that, at no very distant time, the whole was covered with the sea, and that the beach was along the base of the hills. The town of Pernambuco stands at the mouth of a river which winds across the plain, called the Capibaribe, or river of the Capybaras. The capybara is a creature sometimes called the water-hog, a kind of small hippopotamus; however I believe there are none in the river now.

I have told you that the De Mornays are getting up a project for a railway to Rio de Janeiro, and they require to ascertain which is the best line to take, at a point some thirty or forty miles south of this place. They have very kindly asked me to accompany them. As soon as I said I would buy or hire a horse to go with, De Mornay said he would get me one; and as he assured me that he was neither going to buy nor

hire it, I very gladly accepted his offer : he has borrowed one for me from some friend of his. We shall go with five or six blackies in our train, and shall put up at the sugar-planters' houses.

I have written to Maskelyne to ask him to send me out a camera and photographic apparatus ; I want to take a good set of Talbotypes of the trees here. I do not get on much with Portuguese yet : I make an occasional dig into an old newspaper with the dictionary ; but my conversation does not yet extend much beyond "thank you."

There are immense numbers of frogs here ; in the evening the whole air is full of their music : all sorts of notes ; some work on an anvil, like blacksmiths, others whistle like a man calling a dog, some bark like a dog (but this I have not heard). I caught one beautiful one yesterday, of a bright pale grass-green, with suckers on his toes instead of nails ; he takes a header and clings to the wall like a fly, and goes up a window-frame as easily as along the floor. There are a lot of very jolly birds here, but I have not heard of any very rare species in these parts. All the wonders are said to come from Pará and the parts about the Amazon : I hope to get there before I return.

## CHAPTER III.

## ENVIRONS OF PERNAMBUCO.

TRIP TO THE ENGENHOS.—MANGROVES.—MATUTOS, OR SUGAR-CARRIERS.—THE ROAD AND ITS (INNER) LANDSCAPES.—ATO-LEIROS.—ENGENHO SUASUNA.—ENGENHO CARRAUNA.—FOREST SCENERY.—CREEPERS.—THE THREE KINDS OF FOREST.—THE CAPOEIRA AND ITS IMBAUBA TREES.—PARASITES.—PALM TREES.—LIFE ON AN ENGENHO.—MATE, OR PARAGUAY TEA.—ENGENHO MACUJE.—ENGENHO NOROAGA.—RETURN TO PERNAMBUCO.—A NEGRO BABY CURED OF CONVULSIONS.—HOW SMALL BLACKS EAT FARINHA.—PAST GOOD FORTUNE.—PLANS.—ST. JOHN'S DAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.—ARRIVAL AT RIO.

I MENTIONED in my last letter that I was about to make a little expedition into the country with the two De Mornays. Now you must understand that these two gentlemen are engineers, twin-brothers, exactly of my age, and so exactly alike that many people do not know them apart. My acquaintance with them has been extremely fortunate; indeed I consider the presence of one of them in the 'Tay' as my fellow-voyager, to have been a special dispensation of Providence, to help me in seeing something of the country here. I find that not only are they, as I had been told, the persons best able to put me among the forests and sugar plantations; but they are the only

persons (it seems to me) in Pernambuco who could do so. For the English merchants are kept by their employment in and about the town, and all they seem to know of the country is derived from an occasional expedition, which a few of them have made, once in their lives, in pursuit of debts, into the interior. On the other hand the De Mornays are the only English engineers here, and their profession necessarily takes them into the country among the planters, for whom they superintend the repairs of the *Engenhos* (mills). The consequence of this is that they know the country very well; besides this they seem to be very popular with the *Senhores d' Engenho* (mill-owners or squires), and have the additional advantage of being on the most intimate terms with the excellent owner of the estate where I am at present writing (June 19th). By common consent of every one, this estate (Carrauna) is said to be the best managed in the province, the house the best of all the *Engenhos*, and the owner the best educated and most estimable man. And so far as I have yet seen, report speaks truly; but man and place might be the best without being good; nevertheless they are both excellent. Our host is a most amiable person, a perfect gentleman, well-educated, well-informed, very handsome, just my own age, though he looks much older, and as great a trump altogether as I have met with for some time. But I am anticipating.

Under the auspices of the De Mornays I started



on Monday morning last, about five A.M., from Recife (which is a part of Pernambuco, the name being often applied to the whole town). They had failed in borrowing a pack-horse to carry our trunk, a letter having miscarried, so we started three alone on horse-back. The trunk, a good big one too, was given to a Black to carry on his head to this place (about ten miles by the road from Recife), and it came before evening. My friends put me on what they said was the best horse of the three, but he was a miserable brute, rather lame, and could not go the pace at which travellers always go in this country, a kind of double-quick walk, called a skip. His imitation of this was a jog-trot of the most execrable description, and he could not canter without effort; so that my only method of keeping near my companions, was to let them go ahead while my horse walked, and every now and then catch them up, when the road became such as would admit of a trot. This, I dare say, seems rather an unsociable mode of travelling, but it is not peculiarly so, for the roads or paths here are such that it is very rarely possible for two persons to ride abreast.

On Monday then we rode out of town, along a road (this is *really* a road, though not a very good one, macadamized in the middle in some places) leading about south-west from the town into the country; it lies a few miles across the sandy plain which surrounds Pernambuco for some distance, on all sides,

except where the sea bounds it. This is not so pretty a road as those by which I had left the town before, as it does not pass along the country places and gardens of the comfortable classes, but through some villages of poorer people, and, for some distance, along a marshy tract covered with mangroves. You must know (what I never could learn yet from any book, or from any traveller) that a mangrove is a sort of bush very like the alder, both in its situation (except that the water which it affects is salt, not fresh) and in appearance; it grows on the shores of all the inlets of the sea, where the water is quiet, and along the banks of the rivers, as far up as the salt tide reaches.


After these five miles of plain, which is chiefly sand, the road enters the hills, which consist of clay, white in some places, in many places deep red, and of all intermediate shades in others. And these hills, from the character of all this part of the country, are perhaps the best suited of any kind of surface to give beauty and variety to forest scenery. The hills are not high or extensive, the whole of the country being sawn out by water into undulations. The hills are not above three or four hundred feet from the bottom of the valleys to the top; and the valleys being not more generally than half a mile apart, the sides of the hills are for the most part rather steep. The whole country seems to be made of clay; every here and there, on the hill-side and in the valley-bottoms,

great masses of rock jut out or are lying on the surface: whether they are protruding pieces of a great underlying mass, or are boulders deposited on the surface, I am puzzled to make out.

The road ran on, and we with it, along the valley bottoms, pretty nearly straight, with no visible branches, passing here and there magnificent pieces of forest, interspersed with marsh, half-cleared land, fallow land, and fields of sugar-cane and mandioca. This road is a sort of artery, by which the sugar from the Engenhos in this direction reaches the town. Accordingly we met continually droves of horses, carrying each two small sacks of sugar, slung like panniers, with barefooted drivers running at their sides or mounted on other horses. The drovers or carriers are, for the most part, owners of their own horses, and make a living by carrying the sugar from the estates to the town; they either purchase it of the growers, to sell again, or sell it on commission. They are called *Matutos*, which is, being interpreted, countrymen, or rather foresters. Sometimes they sit on horseback in a very peculiar way: a load of some kind is slung on each side of the horse, where their legs ought to hang, so they sit cross-legged, with their feet not under them like tailors, but before them on each side of the horse's neck. However, when their horses are not burdened, as is often the case, on their return journeys they do sit astride, and then those of them that are not swells have, by way

of stirrup, a rope-loop, into which they insert their big toe. All the sugar of the province comes up to market on these horses; for you must understand, that except the main roads in certain directions, the things called roads, by which the produce leaves the farms, are absolutely impassable to wheel-carriages.

After two or three hours we began to feel inclined for breakfast, so we pulled up at a baker's shop, in a village through which we passed, called "St. Amaro." Here we had set before us a sumptuous repast of farinha, eggs, cake, oranges, bananas, biscuits, etc. etc., for which the proprietor refused to take any payment. The De Mornays had assured me beforehand that it would be the only time we should have to pay for anything in all the journey. Soon after leaving this village, we came to an actual branch of the road, turning off to the south over a neat bridge, which was built under the superintendence of my guides; but very soon it ceased to be a road, and became a *track* through the forest.

Now I must just explain to you what kind of a thing such a track is in these parts. It consists of alternations of these two kinds of surface. The first consists of deep ridges and furrows, of this kind  lying at right angles to the course of the road, directly across it; the ridges being banks of stiff clay, the furrows being valleys, half, and sometimes quite full of mud and water. These present such a regularity, that it seems as if the corduroy

pattern had been made on purpose. The furrows have, in fact, been dug out by the regular tread of the pack-horses. The ridges are of such height that the horses can just lift their legs over them. In some places the mud in the bottoms between is so thick that the horse's foot, in being drawn out, makes by the suction a *flthop*, just like a loud pop-gun. In others, where they have favoured one part of the road (middle or side) more than another, the road is also



dug down into longitudinal valleys, like ruts,—not like English ruts, but great chasms, in which the horses walk, while the rider can just see, perhaps, over the top of the road. Indeed the landscapes *in the* road itself are often of the

most romantic description. The other kind of diversion which the road affords, which is chiefly in the valleys, is that of mud holes, or *atoleiros*, as they are called. Where these prevail, the road is generally less confined than on the hills, and there is some choice of line. The bottom consists of clay, with occasionally sand; and sometimes the road passes through a brook, which during the heavy rains is a swimming matter for the horses. The *atoleiros* occur where the bottom consists of a certain white clay, of a very-tempting-to-ride-over-because-it-looks-so-smooth appearance, through which the water springs

up from below. If you ride into this, your horse and you are apt to disappear, and many a horse has been abandoned, as inextricable, in the mud. The horses seem to know where these holes are perfectly well, and it is very amusing to see them pick their way, and go round to avoid a suspicious place. My animal, notwithstanding his ill paces, shows great sagacity in picking his road, and climbs just like any goat,—an accomplishment which is very desirable here, for the hills are so steep sometimes that it is quite climbing to get up them; and sometimes there arises in the path a big rock, which would require considerable education in a chamois to surmount it.

Now, as you understand the track we have to follow, we can proceed. The De Mornays commenced their operations,—which, you must know, have for their object to make out how a railway should run southwards in this part from Pernambuco to the Rio San Francisco,—by making inquiries of some men at work on the road (for they do attempt to repair the roads sometimes, making them rather the worse thereby) as to the directions of the valleys, etc. We then proceeded through the forest by one of these wonderful tracks. After some time, and the inspection of several valleys, we met a man on horseback, whom my friends knew (they seemed to know everybody). He was the son of the owner of an Engenho, towards which we were proceeding; he told us that he had had a messenger sent to him (by the men of

whom we had asked information), to say that three men on horseback were surveying his territory, and he had come to see what was up, because some law-suit is pending with him about his boundaries, and he thought we were probably surveying for his enemy. However his mind was soon set at rest; and he asked us to come and dine and sleep at his house, and showed us the paths that were required, to the great satisfaction of the engineers.

Accordingly we put up at his house, which is called Suasuna; his father being a Baron, of the C—— family, who are big folk in these parts. The house was not very baronial, bearing a very decayed appearance, but seemed as if it had been a fine place in bygone years. Its interior aspect is very similar in point of elegance to a third-rate farm-house in England; the sugar manufactory was not at work, the season being over, and seemed to me a very dirty, ill-ordered affair. Of the several Engenhos I have visited, I have only found one at work, at present. However we dined and slept well.\* I fare splendidly, for the farinha is very nice, and sometimes there are several sorts of vegetables; and there are excellent *doces* (sweetmeats) at most of the Engenhos. The chief sweetmeat is guyaba jam or cheese, which

\* The following singular memorandum occurs at this place in the Note-book:—"Macuca: bird of which every part (*e.g.* feathers, ordinarily burnt) cures snake-bites in man or beast. The gentleman at this Engenho has tried it over and over again."

is more like preserved quince than anything else. But I have not met with anything like the guava jelly, so famous in England, which, I suppose, comes from the West Indies. They call the fruit guyaba here, and put such quantities of sugar to it, that the taste is almost nothing but sweet,—but still very nice.

Next day, after breakfast, we started again, first riding back towards Pernambuco for a few miles by another route, to examine another valley, and then returning to Suasuna, which we passed again. We continued our course south-west to this place, Carrauna. The track runs through most beautiful scenery, as indeed does the whole of the course we have taken. There is a very general similarity in the features of this part of the country, so I will just give you a notion of it without endeavouring to enter into detail. I have said before that the whole surface consists of undulating hill and valley,—chiefly steep, low, round-topped hills, with narrow valleys between. Every here and there a wide valley, stretching out to form a small plain, occurs. Now the general aspect of the whole country is forest; by which, of course, you understand a very different kind of arrangement from the New Forest or Windsor ditto. The forest consists of the most magnificent timber-trees, rising, for the most part with straight trunks, to a height of sixty or seventy feet without a branch, the stems being at bottom from one to five or six feet in diameter (there are no monstrously huge trees—they have



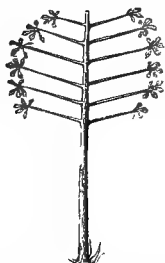
all been cut out and removed) ; and all under these trees the soil is overgrown with smaller ones, most of which have the same character of tall thin stems, with leaves chiefly at top,—of all sizes, and with leaves of all forms, the mimosa, the laurel-shaped, and the chestnut-shaped leaves prevailing, with a few low palms interspersed ; and the whole intertwined with creepers, climbers, parasites, epiphytes, and all kinds of miracles in every possible direction.

In some places we have had to ride right through the wood, where there was no track, or the timber-road (by which the trees are drawn out of the forest) had been overgrown. Here there are two ways of getting executed ; either by having one's throat cut by the stray edges of a climbing grass, which hangs about the trees in great profusion in some places, and both clings to everything and cuts like a knife,—or by being hung in the creepers. In these places we have either had some Blacks to precede us, armed with bill-hooks at the end of long handles, or the foremost of the party has carried a sword to cut the way. But once or twice I have been obliged to have recourse to a knife, to sever the creepers with which I have been entangled, to avoid being pulled off my horse, and suspended, to the great glory of turkey-buzzards and the laughter of red ants.

Well, this forest gives the general aspect to this part of the country. But the whole land is not covered with the wood anywhere here ; the valleys seem

to have been all cleared. Scattered about in this forest lie the Engenhos, marked by a bright spot of light green verdure (grass and sugar-cane) among the dark green of the woods. Each Engenho, large or small, is surrounded with a fence, which separates (where the estates are large) a sort of park from the forest; this is clothed with grass, and forms pasture for the oxen and cows, which are prevented by the fence from straying into the forest, the sugar-cane plantations, or the neighbouring estate. Here, at Carrauna, the pasture-land might be made into a beautiful park, as it extends over several low-lying, gently-undulating hills, which have been entirely cleared of wood; the position, of course, has been chosen on account of the less steep character of the hills. Thus, then, stretching away along the valley-bottoms, and up the sides of the hills (never to the top, and rarely very far up the sides), lie the sugar plantations, of a bright pale green, with generally some fields of mandioca, of a darker green; and mixed with these are valley-bottoms and hill-sides covered with rank grass, with a few straggling sugar-canes, in a meagre condition, informing one that such ground is lying fallow, having been planted three or four years with cane, and now taking rest, till its turn comes again. In this sort of way, all the valleys that are not mere narrow gorges seem to lie clear, either as pasture, fallow, or in cultivation, while all the hill-tops are covered with trees or forest.

Now the forest consists of three kinds:—First, the *mato virgem*, which has never been cleared, but from which the forest-trees have, in these parts, been removed; this is the part to see the magnificence of God's work. Secondly, the *Capoeiron*, which is coppice-wood, that has been cleared entirely, but has now become again covered with tolerably large trees. Thirdly, the *Capoeira*, which is where the cleared ground is beginning to be covered with trees again. This last, with which the former two kinds of forest-land are almost always fringed on the hill-sides, is marked by a very peculiar appearance, from the great quantities of a particular tree, the *Imbaüba* (whose



leaves are the food of the sloth), which spring up everywhere.

The trunk grows up perfectly straight, having generally but very few branches, but throwing out on all sides a raiment of leaves, like large horse-chestnut leaves, on very long stems.

The stems are hollow, and are used for water-pipes; they grow with immense rapidity at first, but never reach any great size. I was assured by several persons that a part of the wood where a number of these trees were growing fifteen and twenty feet high, with trunks as thick as my arm at the shoulder, had been cleared to the ground only four months ago. The wood is of course not very

strong ; indeed I was quite surprised at the ease with which it breaks ; but it is real wood, and not a mere juicy stem. This Imbaüba towers up above all the underwood in the *capoeira* ; but when the other trees grow up, it shrinks into insignificance, and, I imagine, disappears altogether very often. There do not seem to be any of them in the primeval forest, though there is another species somewhat similar which grows therein.

There are no, or almost no flowers to be seen in the forest now, though I am told that this is the greenest time of the year. Nothing indeed can exceed the beauty of the verdure. I find it very difficult to learn the names and characters of the forest-trees ; for, first, their variety is so great ; and secondly, they are so immensely lofty, that their foliage cannot be distinguished. Their leaves are generally very small in comparison to the magnitude of the trees, and there are generally none whatever within sixty feet of the ground. The only way to get their leaves and flowers will be (except by cutting the trees down) to have recourse to gun and chain-shot. But the verdure of the underwood is exquisite. The herb-  
age plants have many of them immense leaves, as if to make up by their size for the delicate foliage of their gigantic neighbours. Some of the parasites have very large leaves, like immense arums. Some of these wind up the trees like ivy, with a big leaf at regular distances ; others cling on to the side of the

trees by a thick root, which looks as if it were cut off just below the plant, with a blunt end, a rich crown of big leaves at top, and a single little fibre of root stealing down the side of the tree like a bell-wire to the earth, some twenty or thirty feet below. Then there are great aloë-like things, sitting in the forks of the branches, and hooking on to their sides, some trees seeming quite covered with them. I suppose this is not the season for the orchids, for I have seen no plants that I fix upon as being such; at any rate none are in flower now. Then again there are climbing grasses and climbing ferns, and one plant, which I am told is a climbing palm, with long barbs like fish-hooks at the ends of the leaves, to hook on with.

There are no large palm-trees in the forest. It seems to me that all of great size have been imported and planted, except perhaps one (called the *dendezeiro*). There are several kinds of little ones which grow among the underwood, all of them with feathery leaves, with some distinction in the mode of their arrangement, most of them covered with thorns or long pin-like prickles. The different plants seem to grow in patches in the different woods. We rode yesterday through one, the whole of which was a perfect hothouse of the most beautiful of all the plants. All the little palms were there; one of them, which I have observed nowhere else, was the most beautiful and elegant plant I have ever seen; it had a long thin stem, about thirty feet high, nowhere thicker

than my arm at the elbow, gradually tapering, and apparently covered with green grass-like sheaths, with, at the top, a few exquisite delicate feathery leaves, curving in the most graceful forms conceivable. The commonest palm in the woods has no stem at all, the leaves growing up from the ground; it is called *Maiara* by the people: every plant has its name with them. Another very beautiful little palm is called *Coquim*; it has a straight, long, thin stem, generally as thick as a holly whip-handle; the biggest I have seen was as thick as my wrist, with wood as hard as *lignum vitæ* on the outside, as black as ebony, and quite inflexible, but breaking with a sudden snap if very strongly strained; with a soft white wood in the inside. This kind, too, has a beautiful head of feathery leaves, and bears a little spike of red nuts, like holly berries. I have not yet observed any tree-ferns, and but few ferns of any remarkable beauty. But what I have seen has been for the most part from horseback, when I have been desirous not to stop at all, lest I should delay my companions; so you can imagine that what I have seen is but a mere skimming of the surface of the cup of riches. Having thus given you, or tried to give you, a general notion of what the forest in this part of Brazil is like, I will continue my account of my trip.

On Tuesday we came hither (to Carrauna) from Suasuna, the track passing by two large Engenhos, called Macujé and Jardim. The owner of this place

is, as I said, just my age, and speaks about as much French as I can, so that we can get on together. He has a little Spanish wife (his second), from one of the Argentine States,—and a brother of his lives with him, a very handsome fellow, about five years younger than himself. He is a member of the Provincial Assembly of Pernambuco, and also of the Chamber of Deputies of the General Government at Rio. Great part of the country around is held by members of his family, who migrated hither from the Sertão (the high land of the interior) in the last generation. Two of his brothers have estates adjoining. It is the fashion in this house, apparently, that the lady does not dine with the gentlemen, but, after dinner, she comes in and makes tea for us.

Once or twice we have had, just after dinner, Paraguay tea, or *maté*, as they call it, served ; it being the beverage of our hostess's native country, and she having great skill in making it. The mode of administering this preparation is somewhat odd, but it is certainly the most social mode of taking refreshment I have ever seen. The *maté* as kept for use consists of a quantity of little bits of stick, mixed with green powder (of leaves, I suppose). It smells very like fragrant tea. The beverage is drunk out of the teapot by all the guests in succession, and lastly by the lady herself. But the tea-pot is rather a peculiar one : it consists of a little thin black calabash, shaped like a pear, the thin end serving the purpose of a handle.

It holds about as much as a large coffee-cup. It has, in the top, a round hole about an inch across: into it through this is placed a little silver pipette for drinking through; this consists of a small tube six or seven inches long, with a bulb at one end, which is perforated with small holes. This bulb is just big or small enough to slip through the hole in the top of the calabash. When the pipette is put in, some sugar and a little hot water is poured in, and then the *maté*—a good lot of it; the bits of stick first, to keep the holes clear, and the powder afterwards. The calabash is then filled up to the brim with boiling water or milk (kept hot by a spirit-lamp), and handed to the person who is to drink it. This is accomplished by sucking at the silver tube; each person sucks until the air begins to come in with the liquid, and causes a rattle, a sign that the pot is nearly drained. He then returns it to the lady, who fills it up with hot water or milk (according to whatever is in use), and hands it to the next, and so on.



So we passed the evening very pleasantly, and next day rode over to the Engenho Macujé, where we were entertained at dinner by the proprietor. Here his wife, a very goodnatured-looking old lady, and her three daughters, dined with us. The style of this place is about that of the best class of farm-houses. There is not so much refinement in any of the En-



genhos as in that at Carrauna, where everything (except the spittoons on the floor) is elegant. One of the sons of the proprietor, who talks French a little, rode with us to the top of a high hill in the neighbourhood, where our way being cut by Blacks through the forest, we climbed up a tree, and had a most magnificent view, over hill and valley, of the country towards Pernambuco, which we could distinctly see, with the sea beyond it, some fifteen or sixteen miles off. Here the one of the De Mornays who remained with me (the other having returned to town) took some observations of the country for the railway scheme, to his great satisfaction.

We returned to Carrauna, to our kind hosts. Next day we had another beautiful ride along some other valleys between these same two Engenhos. On the road we stopped at an Engenho, where the proprietor gave me three oranges, of sorts I had never seen before, one of them a green one, as big as my head,—at least my hat exactly fitted it tightly. We returned again to Carrauna, and next day rode to an Engenho named Noroaga, about twenty-two miles in a direct line south-west from Pernambuco, but more than twelve miles from here by the tracks we followed. This place is a large house; the owner of it an old Portuguese, quite bald, with all his family dead, including two wives. He was a foundling, and made his fortune by managing sugar-estates for others, and then set up on his own hook; he is a miserly old

fellow, but good-natured in his way. He assured me the house was mine, but only gave me one sheet to my bed, which was so dirty that I slept in my clothes, to avoid touching it. Next day, yesterday, we returned here by another route. Dr. D—— has invited me to come over on the 24th to a feast, a sort of housewarming of some new rooms in his house, on the day of St. John, which is a great day in these parts. On June 21st we returned to town from Carrauna. I am in most exuberant health,—burnt so red by the week's sun, that the people here (my old friends of a week's standing) said that they did not know me. I am of course highly delighted with the place, the climate, the people, both English and, so far as I have seen them, the Brazilians (I fancy that the country-folk are almost a different race from the townspeople), and *the weather*. It has not actually rained once upon me all the time I have been out in the country, and I have been on horseback almost from morning till night each day. It happened to rain heavily once or twice when I was indoors.

While at Carrauna a poor little Nigger baby-slave was taken with convulsions, which by the blessing of God I was enabled to cure.\* I was quite delighted by the tenderness with which the master of the house

\* "In the evening a small Negro baby, fifteen months old, belonging to Dr. D——, is reported affected with convulsions. I offer to magnetize it. It is brought up. Dr. D—— holds it lying in his lap. It is said to have had a tumor in its left arm, and to have

treated the little thing : he had him up in his drawing-room, and kept him in his lap ; it was evidently his own kindness, and not the sense of property, which animated him. By the way, I saw at a small Engenho we stopped at, twenty-four little Niggers in a back-room, the eldest not more than three years old, arranged round two tubs of farinha, a dozen round

been otherwise ill ; and suddenly (just now, today) to have been taken with these convulsions, which are a kind of St. Vitus's dance, twitching the left arm, and the muscles of the left side of the mouth, slightly affecting also the left leg with twitchings. Eyes open and fixed, no sign of consciousness. I magnetize it by passes, as it lies in the master's lap, for about half an hour, without visible effect of any kind : but still continue. I then observe that its eyes seem to move very slightly, when I have pointed my fingers to them for some time. So I continue thus, making occasional passes. The head was very hot, and the perspiration very profuse. I now raise it to the sitting posture. Soon, quantities of saliva run from its mouth ; and on returning it to the horizontal position, the saliva rattles in its throat as it breathes. I now take it, after about three-quarters of an hour, into my own lap, lying with its head towards my left hand, which I place under its head, and magnetize it with my right hand, chiefly by pointing the ends of my fingers to its eyes. My prayer is right, and I soon perceive indubitable effects of influence on it. The eyelids begin to droop, and the eyes to shift their position ; the perspiration on the forehead diminishes, and the head becomes quite cool. I go on making occasional passes ; the eyes begin to swim, and at last the eyelids close, then open a little, and so on, and at last, after an hour and a half, close completely, and soon the child is sound asleep. During great part of this time the breathing had been stertorous and rattling ; at last it is quite quiet. After about an hour and three-quarters its mother is called, and I place it in her arms asleep. *Mem.* The baby seemed in good condition, and I did not feel the least exhausted.

“June 21st. I am none the worse for my long efforts on the baby,

each, stuffing themselves with their fists—a wonderful sight, a hint for infant schools.\*

A month has now expired nearly since I arrived here (four weeks exactly), and nearly two months since I left England, and the time has slipped away like an oiled snake, and very pleasantly too; whether or not I am much the better for it, I must leave to the Arranger of these matters to determine. I have altogether been so fortunate in the main, that

who is reported much better this morning,—free from convulsions, and to have slept well, though affected, as it had been before, by slight diarrhoea.

“*Mem.*, that on 17th, while at Carrauna, magnetizing a young man suffering from prostration of strength, moral and physical, I after great efforts for three-quarters of an hour closed his eyes against his will, and produced the appearance of quiet sleep, from which he woke up after a quarter of an hour more, giving an unreliable account of his feelings, and saying he had not slept. I was the next morning quite ‘seedy.’ He seemed like a sieve, into which life had to be poured.”—*Note-book*.

\* The following are loose memoranda about birds and plants belonging to this part of the journey :—“Small black finch (Curió). Black and yellow starling, or mocking-bird (Checheo). Black gros-beak, with white rib on primary quill of wing (Bicudo). Blackbird with thick long beak, between starling and bunting; size of starling; from Sertão; sings low and shrill (Carrauna). Blue tit? with yellow breast, sings; from woods near Pernambuco (Gurinhata). Brazilian woods (Pernambuco):—The queen of trees, Visgueiro. Prijni. Matugaz of Brazil, yellowish, *Amarello*. Pao de ferro; Iron wood, brown. Sicopira, very durable; heart brown. Angico: mimosa, with delicate leaves and rough bark; the leaves very healing for wounds; the most medicinal plant of Brazil; beautiful wood—*Zebra* wood; gum good for pulmonary disease. Brazilian fruits (Pernambuco):—Jaca (*Artocarpus integrifolia*); Bread-fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*); Mango (*Mangifera Indica*); Abagata; Mangaba; Sapoti.”

it really seems as if the Divine hand prospered my travel : first, I met with nice people who have housed me, all begging me to come and stay with them again ; then I met on board the steamer the only person in the whole province who could have put me in the way of seeing the country, and he a person who knows it better than the natives do ; thirdly, the weather, contrary to all custom, held up fine, in the thick of the rainy season, from two days before my arrival here till the very last day of my excursion in the country ; so that it only began to rain just as we were returning to town. You must remember, too, that arriving in fine weather is an immense advantage in getting an idea of a place. The passengers who came today by the 'Severn' will have a very different notion of Pernambuco from that which I have formed, as they will see it first in rain, if any fresh arrivals there be. Fourthly, now, as I have seen all I want to see at present of this part, and am thinking that fine weather would be pleasant, my travelling companion De Mornay is going down to Rio, where this particular season (which is rainy here) is the finest time of the year ; so that I get by going thither a guide and interpreter on first landing, and a companion for odd hours ; of course, as he is on business, I shall not have the advantage of his company in my excursions. I already know two or three people at Rio, and shall have introductions to some more, so I have no doubt I shall get on well.

I hope not to return from Rio without seeing something besides the town and its bay, of which the world is so proud. Whether I go down by steamer to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, and ride across the Pampas, or whether I go into the interior of San Paulo or Minas Geraes, or into Paraguay, which is my chief hope, is at present written in the Unreadable Book. Among all uncertainties, however, I hope to go to the Organ Mountains. The worst of it is, that I have no camera to take photographs of all the wonders. I have written to Maskelyne to send me one; I shall have to work this on the forests of the north, and shall hope to bring home a correct representation of that part of the equinoctial line that passes near Pará: I dare say it will seem something like *une barre de fer*, as the old French Consul saw it in the telescope. (By the way, this man is so ludicrously ignorant, that he asked the English Consul the other day, with an incredulous air, whether we are within the tropics here; he was answered, "Un peu"—rather.) I find it quite impossible to sketch: everything is so crushingly new, and there is so much to see, that it would be an insane waste of time to set about making bad representations for nobody's benefit, to the exclusion of good realities from my eyes, which I may be able to describe to you.

All this has been about the future. I will now hark back to the past, and just tell you how I have butchered time since I sent my last letters by the

‘Tay.’ Before she arrived here, on Tuesday, June 22, *i. e.* about five A.M., De Mornay and I started again for the country. We rode some fifteen or sixteen miles to breakfast at an Engenho about twelve miles from town, stayed there one day, and then went again across the country to Carrauna, where we spent two days more, one of which was the feast of St. John—a day much celebrated by Brazilians, seeming to be to them as great a day as Christmas-day with us. Their mode of celebration, in the town, is by an infinity of fireworks and dangerous squibs in the streets; in the country, by bonfires, by eating cakes, and the dullest possible telling of fortunes, out of a book of fate, sold for the occasion. After this, much gratified with the kindness shown to us at Carrauna, I returned to Pernambuco.

Rio de Janeiro, July 13, 1852.

I arrived here last Friday, having left Pernambuco on the Tuesday previous. We stopped a night and half a day at Bahia, which is a fine town, most splendidly situated, like Clovelly, on the side of a cliff looking over a vast bay.\* This Rio is a magnificent place; it is indescribably grand. The scenery is the most beautiful that can be conceived. The most rugged magnificence is blended in the most perfect

\* In his Note-book Mr. Mansfield mentions having seen here a palm called Piassaba, “short and stumpy,” with “cloth on the leaf-roots,” similar in growth to the Pindoba palm, near Pernambuco.

harmony with the most delicate tenderness of form and colour.

I hope to go up to the Organ Mountains next week. I have found a companion in a young English merchant. It is the most delightful weather you can imagine,—cool at night, and in the day about as hot as in our finest summer days. Sir Charles Hotham was here when I arrived: I found that he was in the first hotel I went to, to look for lodgings, so I made bold enough to walk in upon him. He did not give me much encouragement about going to Paraguay with him, but he was very kind. I also called on Admiral Grenfell, who is a great man in Brazil. He is going to give me introductions to people down south, amongst others to Urquiza, who has just established himself as dictator of the La Plata States. I have two or three strings twisting for my Paraguay bow.



## CHAPTER IV.

## BRAZIL.\*

CRIME.—POLITICAL ECONOMY.—COLONIZATION.—SLAVERY.—  
COMMERCE.

By the blessing of God I have learned a deal more about the outside of the country than most people coming here would be likely to have done in the same time. But as to the internal economy of things, not being able to converse with the people, I have not many very definite notions. The only industry, so far as I have learned, among the Brazilians here is sugar-growing, mandioca-eating, and assassination. Murders are being committed continually: capital punishment is the law, but only one execution is in the recollection of an old stager here. All quarrels seem to be settled here off-hand by the knife. A gentleman for whom De Mornay did some work at his Engenho, introduced him at dinner at his table to a person as an assassin of a score of bloody deeds (which was notoriously true), hinting that if his work was not properly done, his payment would be in steel,

\* This Letter, written to a friend, is earlier than the close of the last one, and is dated from Pernambuco.—ED.

not in silver ;—and this man is a Baron of the Empire (created for *merit*, for titles are not hereditary). A man was murdered in open air one morning last week, close to this house. Last year one of the slaves of my host was killed close by the house by another Black, who was never even taken up. A friend writes me word that a notorious assassin (a man who would kill you any one for five dollars) has just been executed at Paraiba,—not by justice, however, but by private revenge,—and yet here it is contrary to law for any one to kill his horse, if mortally wounded or dying by inches, and imprisonment follows the perpetration of such an act.

Corruption, they say, pervades every department of the administration, from Emperor to constable. Verily this is an infant country : there is a vigorous vegetation of weeds in matters of law, giant creepers of customs-duties, parasites on the life of the main trunk of industry ; enormous levies, not only on imports, but on exports. And yet it is said that the Government desires to be very liberal, and to encourage commerce and the industry of its own citizens. So to this end it gets foreigners to establish, for instance, two iron-foundries here : and, to protect them, puts a huge duty on English ironwork. I wonder when Governments will set about Protection in the proper manner. Of course the promotion of home industry ought to be a chief object. I suppose that when we have a Socialist Ministry, we shall do this by setting up, on capital

raised by direct taxation, such enterprises as are most favoured by nature, and most required by our country. But we should not spend our money in iron-factories in Brazil. Brazil ought to be an agricultural country, and notwithstanding the name of its province Minas Geraes, cannot, for a century at least, be a metallurgical one. They ought to be growing sugar, maize, lentils, and all kinds of food for all the world : instead of that, they are actually importing mandioca farinha in large quantities, though it is actually protected against its neighbour provinces of Brazil by a duty.

Of course (the saying is always in my mouth) all this must be done some day by free labour and Anglo-Saxon capital ; and the question is often on my tongue, How is it that English money is not invested in the improvement of this land, where, without the necessity of naturalization, any foreigner can purchase the soil ? However, I am told the difficulty is great, of getting any work done ; white men cannot work, and black men will not : of course they cannot and will not. Wine-bibbing, prawns-by-choice-and-not-by-necessity\*-eating white men cannot work here ; and blacks who have no interest in their work will not do it with a will : and they are quite right, poor fellows ! There can be no doubt that this country is to be the

\* The writer, in spite of his habits of abstinence from animal food, had eaten some prawns at the farewell breakfast off Southampton, when in company with the friend to whom this letter was addressed.  
—ED.

garden of the world, and that Anglo-Saxons are to be the gardeners (associated, I doubt not, with Niggers); but whether Englishers or Yankees are to be the men to do it I must reserve opinion, until I have seen India, as to whether Englishman has done any of his duty there. My impression is, that Englishman having been tried in India, and having refused his duty there, will be found wanting for Brazil, and that North American, when he has seen the error of his ways down South touching slavery, may have his work to do in these parts. I am continually thinking, what would not be made of this place in the hands of Englishmen? and am continually stumped in my speculations by the reflection, that there are 15,000,000 acres of waste land at home; and Heaven knows how many souls waste too, bodies and all. So I suppose God, in His own time, will get this magnificent Paradise cultivated; and that we had better not trouble our heads, until we have paid our debt to the earth in England.

I do not hear any accounts here of cruelty to the slaves, and have rather reason to believe that they are kindly treated, and are considerably better off than labourers in England; but I believe there is the most supreme indifference on the part of the masters to the question, whether or no their blackies have soul or spirit. To my mind one of the most curious conditions of this country is the combination of the Negro element with Roman Catholicism. If anywhere you

can have idolatry, it must be here. I should like to be able to see the inside of the system : it must be the completest degradation of worship in the world. You have the childish, meretricious, gewgaw decoration of the Popish churches here, exaggerated to the last degree ; and the Nigger, just transferring his attachment from his fetish image to the rather more disgusting doll of the European Obi ; or perhaps not transferring, but simply adding the one to the other. And yet I imagine, from what I hear, that our black brother is by nature a very far more pious and innocently reverent animal than we are. I hope I shall be able to learn something of Portuguese, that I may be able to fraternize a little with Blackie ; but hitherto I have found out-of-doors distractions so importunate that I have made no steps in linguism beyond “*muito obrigado*,”—a phrase which black man does not often get from white, I fancy.

I am told that, a year or two ago, a Negro who had got his freedom took to preaching in the Victoria Parks of this place, in back slums and other places where black men most do congregate ; that he mounted his barrel, and spoke with the greatest fervour and eloquence, repeating chapters of the Bible to the people (who of course are ignorant of it) and expounding it with great wisdom,—a real Negro Luther, unmerciful to sins, hypocrisies, and frauds, and telling black man that he was his own slave, as well as white man's. He was followed by great crowds, and began

to be called the "Divine Master." At length the Government got information laid against him, as for fomenting political sedition—which everybody knew was false,—so he got condemned to three years' imprisonment, or banishment, or—nobody knows what, and has not been heard of since. But generally the Negroes care not at all for each other, and as soon as a black man has his freedom, he will no longer associate with slaves, will not sit at table with them :—the gentlemen button-makers ! the old story. They say that the Negroes at Bahia are a finer race than those of Pernambuco, or of any other part of Brazil, coming from a different part of Africa ; and that they are much more united together. They have got up a revolt once, and will do so again some day. There are even among the Blacks here some noble-looking fellows ; and there is a curious air of independence about most of them ; and they have a real independence, for they are contented with *farinha*, and do not require prawns to eat, though they get nasty dried beef three times a week too.

The population of Pernambuco is said to be about 70,000 : a third of these, I believe, are slaves, black and brown, of all shades ; another third are free coloured folk ; the rest Brazilians, Portuguese, French, and English. There are said to be more than three hundred English here. There is an English church, a neat building ; the clergyman maintained by the inhabitants. The Brazilians of the country seem to be

quite different from those of the town ; many of them very handsome ; they look as if they had stuff enough in them to keep a country going, but yet everybody says their business of sugar-growing scarcely pays them at all. There is great want of labour, now that the slave-trade has been stopped, and but little free labour is to be had ; on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that they have much science to fit them for making the most of a bad business. It does seem very wonderful that the growth of vegetable matter out of the soil should not pay in this very metropolis of vegetation ; but the very luxuriance of the vegetation is the enemy of the cultivator, for perpetual weeding seems to be required to keep back the exuberance of the soil-life, and let the cane get ahead. The country wants to be colonized—there is nothing else for it ; and if association is necessary in temperate climates, it is more than ever requisite here, where man requires some stimulus to exert himself ; the hope of improvement is essential to give him animation.

Now touching commerce. This town presents a lamentable sight ; there are, to begin with, a dozen or twenty or more English merchants' houses (not to mention the few other foreign merchants) established here, for the purpose of supplying this province through an army of shopkeepers, who live in the town, with such necessities as England yields. Of course one well-organized merchant-house would

serve all the purposes. It is a sad sight to go into the counting-houses of these gentlemen—real gentlemen, well-educated, fine-hearted men,—and see them lounging about boxes of calicoes and bags of sugar, and fancying themselves of use; each selling the same articles as his next neighbour, at of course the same price. And there are several causes of wonderment too about these friends of mine: first, for some to me incomprehensible reason, they fancy themselves of superior dignity to shopkeepers,—I suppose because they sell larger quantities at a time; scarcely, I conceive, because they sell *to* the shopkeepers; for by that logic a shopkeeper would be of higher grade than the gentleman to whom he sells, which of course is absurd!

#### THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

[A letter which Mr. Mansfield forwarded to his family from Petropolis, describing an excursion to the Organ Mountains, has unfortunately been lost. It was addressed so as to go by a Brazilian coast-steamer to Paraiba (do Norte), and to be forwarded thence by the British Consul to England. Mr. Mansfield refers to it elsewhere as the most interesting of his letters; and writing to a friend from Assumption, December 25, 1852, says:—

“I went down to Rio by the steamer, and spent a month there, in the neighbourhood of the town, and in a trip over the Organ Mountains. The majesty of the forests there is glorious, my heart yearns after them continually.”

The following memoranda are all that can be recovered of this seven days' excursion.]



July 20, 1852.

I left Rio de Janeiro at noon (by steamer) with three friends. Running up the bay we landed at a quarter-past two at Piedade, having touched at Isla Paqueta, and found a carriage, which had been previously ordered, *not* come to meet us, the letter not having been delivered. So a Negro was sent on mule-back to the little town of Majé, three or four miles inland (at the foot of the Serra dos Orgãos, or Organ Mountains), to bring a carriage. We waited meanwhile at a kind of store and packing-house at the landing-place, and dined on some filthy fish and rice cooked in lard. At half-past four came the carriage—an old coach with four mules; and we proceeded over a sandy plain with stunted vegetation to Majé, through which we passed, and soon entered the valleys among the clay hills, like the country near Pernambuco. We arrived, at seven P.M., at a rough kind of hotel, a wayside *rancho* called Freichal, kept by an old man named Caetano, with twenty-three children. I supped on oranges and orange marmalade, which put my stomach to rights after my greasy dinner, and we all four slept on beds in the same room.

*July 21.*—I was up at six, and we started at seven on our mules, soon commencing the ascent of the Organ Mountains. At ten A.M. we breakfasted at H——'s, where we met a large party. At one we started again, and descended the mountains, arriving at three P.M. at Mr. H——th's house, Constancia,

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whither our luggage was to be sent. Here we put up, and passed two days on the estate; riding thence over the peaks of the Organ Mountains to the new colony (German) of Petropolis.\*

\* The following summary of this trip also occurs in one of Mr. Mansfield's note-books :—

“ *Data for Rio de Janeiro Journal in mountains.*

“ *July 20.* Steamer to Piedade, T., M., B., S.; carriage to *venda* at Freichal, at foot of mountains, passing through Majé.

“ *July 21.* Up mountains on mule-back. Breakfast at Mr. H——’s. Thence to Constancia.

“ *July 22.* Estate with tea-garden.

“ *July 23.* Capitara limit.

“ *July 24.* Ride to Petropolis, passing the carpenter’s cottage, by the Imbuhy Pass, and a *fazenda*, the proprietor of which left his estate to his slaves.

“ *July 25, Sunday.* The German colonists’ ball.”

(The rest need not be extracted, as it refers to the same date as the letter next following.)

## CHAPTER V.

## RIO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

PETROPOLIS TO FAZENDA BOM-JARDIM.—MILHO-THRESHING.—LODGINGS.—VIEW FROM THE SERRA.—ANOTHER ENGINEER-GUIDE.—THORNY PALM-TREE.—RANCHO ROBERTO.—SLAVE-DROVE.—MULE-DROVES.—FAZENDA BENJAMIN.—AN ENERGETIC CULTIVATOR.—TIMBER-WOODS OF BRAZIL.—THE VIRGIN FOREST.—MONKEYS.—SNAKES.—BIRDS.—TERMITE NESTS.—SECURITY OF THE COUNTRY.—WINTER HEAT.—CROSS THE PARAHYBA.—GIGANTIC ARUMS.—THE PALMITO.—PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE FORESTS.—SAND-FLIES.—A BROKEN CRUPPER.—LARGE FAZENDA.—WASHING FOR DIAMONDS.—RETURN TO ESTRELLA.—STEAMING TO RIO.—PLANS.

I WISH you had a hothouse, that I might send you some of the orchids which grow in such profusion in the woods here; however this is not the season for their flowering, so I am not much benefited by their beauty—I have only seen three or four of them in flower. Well, I will continue my journal from the point where I left off in my last letter.\*

You will be surprised to hear that I have been at Paraiba: however, aerial navigation is not yet accomplished in Brazil, and I have not passed from the south to the north of Brazil in a day or two. This is another Paraiba, commonly called “do Sul” (of the

\* This letter was never received.

south); that which I came to see is "do Norte." This one lies on the banks of a river of the same name, a little to the north of Rio de Janeiro, just as the other is to the north of Pernambuco. The how I came to go there is on this wise.

I had a particular wish to visit this Paraíba, because of its name, because it is on a fine river, because it is in the heart of the coffee country, and because to reach it one travels right across the province of Rio de Janeiro, going over the mountains, and because it is near the borders of another province (Minas Geraes). When we left Rio, it was our intention to go thus far; however we (or rather my companion, for I was quite game, but it is my rule in travelling always to knock under) found that it would not be very agreeable to travel in a country where we knew no one, and do not speak the languages; so we determined to leave Petropolis and return to Constancia.

On Monday morning (July 26th) the mules were saddled and the packs strapped on, and we were just going to ride off from the Hotel Inglez (kept by Mr. Carpenter, a mechanic brought out from England by De Mornay's father) for Constancia, when a gentleman, the only other guest in the hotel, who was standing by to see us off, asked if we would like to go up to the river Parahyba; "By all means," of course I said. So it was soon arranged that we should accompany T—— to a house where he was to stop on

the road to Constancia, and return the next day. Accordingly, we unbuckled our packs and left them behind, and started for Donna Brigida's *fazenda*, Bom-jardim.

The route lay for about two leagues along the high road to the province of Minas, by which we had come to Petropolis; and through a winding valley, part of which was covered with *capoeira*, part with *mato virgem*, and part with the remains of forest, either prepared for burning, already recently burned, or overgrown with fern. The ground was cultivated here and there with coffee, or maize (*milho*), and near a house or two which we passed were orchards of quince-trees, which grow well at this elevation, being planted for the making of *doce* (jam), which is in great request in these parts: (quince jam, by the bye, and *goiabada*, guava jam, have been my meat since I have been in the mountains.) We started at half-past ten, and about half-past two arrived at Donna Brigida's.

Our hostess is an elderly widow, whose husband, the owner of a good estate here, had left her in debt; so she receives payment from guests whom she accommodates. Her house is built somewhat after the manner of an hotel; indeed most of the farm-houses seem to be constructed in the same way, with a kind of reception-room separated more or less from the part occupied by the family, with two or three small rooms or closets opening out of it, in which are

beds for the accommodation of the visitors. The reception-room or saloon here was as dirty a place as I have seen for some time. It was occupied by a turkey and fowl or two, and a few Negro and Mulatto children sprawling about; the floor and tables in a state of glorious unsweptness. At one end was a recess, with locked doors, which proved to be a little chapel,—or rather, I fancy, it is the chancel of the church, the saloon being the body thereof; this I presumed from the appearance of six candlesticks on the wall, looking very much as if they belonged to some sacred apparatus. In two closets opening out of this long room were three filthy bedsteads, on which we were to sleep.

In our saloon we were served with dinner, and afterwards with tea, the latter infusion being made from tea grown on the estate. Of course I drank some, and slept not at all in consequence during the night. The tea is very good, resembling the finest green tea from China; the plants grow in the garden at the back of the house: they only make enough for use in the house. After tea, we were immensely diverted by a dance, which was got up for us among the Mulatto retainers of the household. Their dances were a sort of refinement on the Negro dances, and to my mind some of them quite as sensible as those of an English ball-room. The atmosphere of our saloon became of the most awful description: we were glad enough to escape into the fresh air.

It was a splendid moonlit night; so we walked about the premises, after Donna Brigida had retired with her domestics and, in true Brazilian fashion, locked us out of the house proper, into our church and bed-rooms. We found the Negroes dancing in one out-house, and singing going on in another; so we went into the latter, and found it to be a barn, in which some Negroes were threshing *milho*, singing to their work, and others enlivening the scene by keeping up a fire on the floor with the husks of the corn. Accordingly I joined in, song and all, and threshed away with black brothers. The heads of maize are first stripped of the sheaths which envelope them, and then thrown on a wooden stage ten feet square, and three feet from the ground; this is covered with corn-heads. In front of it stood six Negroes, armed with long straight poles, with which they belaboured the corn, in two sets of three, striking alternately, and chanting a queer monotone in time. We then retired to our beds. I did not dare to take my clothes off, for fear of dirt and vermin; nor did I wash or breakfast next morning for the same reason, but took my breakfast with me, bathed in the first little river we came to, and fed afterwards.

Next morning, then, we left Donna B—— in a considerable state of amusement at the barbarous condition of things, and retraced our steps to Petropolis, by the road we had come the day before. In the evening, just before sunset, I walked from Petro-

polis to the top of the steep road of the "Serra" (mountain-chain), by which travellers come from Rio. The top of this road is about two miles from the village.

The view was most magnificent: I made a rude sketch of it by way of memorial. I should think it must be something like the road down into Italy from the Alps, on a rather smaller scale. The kind of scenery may be imagined from this. On the left is



the side of the mountain-chain (Serra d'Estrella), supposed to be seen in section with the road winding up it, and then sloping slightly down after passing the ridge to Petropolis. Below, it passes over a plain, with hills dotted about on it, represented by the horizontal, irregular line. Beyond this plain, towards the south, lies the harbour of Rio, represented by the straight horizontal line; and the horizon is bounded in the distance by the Tijuca range of mountains, behind Rio. The scale of my diagram is all wrong, like Wyld's big shell, commonly called Globe. The mountain-side on the left is about 3000 feet high, and the top of Tijuca about the same on the right; but they are sixty or seventy miles asunder. From the point where I stood, the peak of Tijuca occupied



exactly the centre of the picture, the Corcovado and the Gavea (remarkable mountains in the same range, the latter flat-topped, and also called Lord Hood's Nose) distinctly visible, and the Sugar-loaf Rock, which forms one of the door-posts of the harbour-gate, just visible on the left, where the view is closed by a mountain in the foreground.

On Thursday, July 29th, we left Petropolis, in the company of our new fellow-traveller, or rather guide, who is an engineer, and is engaged now in surveying for a railway from Rio into the province of Minas Geraes, so that I am to make my acquaintance with this province in exactly the same manner as I did with that of Pernambuco. I am not quite sure of his name, but his initials are C. G., which will do to represent him; he is a foreigner, but speaks English as well as I do. There is a high-road from Rio Janeiro to the district of the mines, which passes through Petropolis and Paraiba. It was on this road that we had travelled for some two leagues on coming from Constancia, and on going to and returning from Donna Brigida's; so, by way of showing us new country, our friend C. G. took us by another route through the forest, which joined the Estrada, about a league and a half from Petropolis. It led through the finest piece of thick forest I have yet seen, along the banks of the little river Piabanha; the forest trees of a large size and great height, and a variety of beautiful palm-trees in the underwood. These woods keep me in a con-

tinual state of ecstatic amazement. I do not know which to wonder at most, the glorious vegetation or the indifference with which every one I am with regards it.

Among all the palms, I must not forget to mention one (called Iri) which is easily distinguished by being covered with long thorns, like porcupine quills or packing-needles, from one to five or six inches long ; the stems are surrounded with rings of them, and some run along the under sides of the leaves. The trees generally grow in clumps, and their stems rise to about fifteen feet high, and occasionally higher. The outside wood is almost as hard as iron : I notched the edge of a hatchet frightfully the other day in cutting one down. I mention this palm because I have cause to remember it. I slipped down one day in a wood, and ran a score or two of the thorns into the palm of my hand, to various depths, from half an inch to an inch. One went into my wrist and broke off at the skin, leaving an inch in among the bones. I got a man to extract it ; but it has maimed my hand a little, and I still feel it when I move my hand in certain positions, though it was a fortnight ago that it was taken out.

After riding through the forest six or seven miles, we joined the high road at a *fazenda*, called Correia, where there were a great number of araucarias. By the way, most of the *fazendas* in these mountains have some araucarias growing near them ; fine trees, about

forty or fifty feet high. There are generally, along the roadside in their neighbourhood, a quantity of aloe-like plants, whose name I do not know, which send up annual flower-stalks thirty feet high, which are at this time of year covered with young plants; for every seed buds and forms a plant before it falls. Our road now was the high-road, all along the valley of the Piabanha, where the railway (a tramway for mules to bring the produce from the interior) is to run. The hills are covered with *mato virgem*, *capoeiron*, *capoeira*, coffee, fern, and maize in turns. The only thing of note which happened was, that as we were going down a steepish hill, close to the house where we were to stop for the night, my mule slipped down, rolling over, and fell upon my leg, without however hurting me in the least, only bending my spur a little. You must know that everybody here rides in the country with long boots that come up over the knee outside the trousers, to protect the leg from river and rain water, sticks, snakes, etc.; and on these boots every one wears spurs, some made of silver, of enormous size; these for the most part come from the river Plate. I have not yet provided myself with long boots, but am content with some India-rubber leggings which I bought at Pernambuco.

So, after a ride of about four leagues, we stopped for the evening and night at a place called Roberto, after the name of a man who has a cottage and *rancho* there. His name is Roberto Malpas. People are

called in this country by their Christian names, especially in the rural parts; and places, it appears, hereabouts, after their owners. Mr. Malpas keeps house in a way which seems frequent here; not receiving all guests as at an hotel, but only those whom he knows, and from them taking a small payment. He is a fat, coarse, good-natured fellow; his father English (he says), but himself quite innocent of that language. He entertained us very hospitably; and his wife and daughter, and a young lady staying with them, seemed as if they would be agreeable to those who could understand what they said. They were much amused, as most of the people seem to be, at the notion of my not eating flesh or drinking wine: they all say they cannot understand an Englishman (who generally prefers beef and beer to everything) having such habits.

We were not the only guests that evening. A drove of about sixty slaves, who were being driven across the country for sale by some miserable speculators, occupied the outhouses. They were not just landed from Africa, for that trade is pretty well stopped now in Brazil, but had been purchased cheap, I suppose, at Rio and thereabouts, to be sold at a profit in the interior. At night I opened my window, as usual, on getting into bed, to admit the fresh air, but the poor Negroes, under a shed about thirty or forty yards off, smelt so horribly that I was obliged to shut it.

I ought to have mentioned the troops of mules

which we meet everywhere on the high-roads, and occasionally on the *caminhos*, or bye-roads, bringing produce from the interior, and carrying back articles required in the provinces from Rio. Each mule carries about eight or nine *arrobas* (an *arroba* is about thirty-two pounds English); about seven are attended by one driver. They all go in a line, the leader generally decorated with a bit of red cloth, sometimes with bells. They travel about ten miles a day in the forenoon, and are turned out in the afternoon to graze in the *capoeira*. The drovers sleep in the sheds called *ranchos*, where the burdens are piled in heaps. Each burden, when on the mule, is covered with an ox-hide to protect it from the weather.

Next morning (July 30th) after a wash in a neighbouring rivulet, which I always take when practicable, and breakfast, we started again, under the guidance of our friend C. G., otherwise called the Colonel. We forded the river Piabanha, close to Roberto's house, and then followed along the course of that river, on its eastern bank, by a *picada*, recently cut. (A *picada* is a path through the forest, made by simply cutting down the brushwood and smaller trees, avoiding the larger trees; these paths are often not wider than just enough for one horse to pass at a time.) Thus we went on, for an hour or two, through *capoeira* and *capoeiron*, passed by a coffee-plantation or two, and then forded the Piabanha again at a point where its course suddenly turns to the east. Here

our conductor took us away from the river to the north-west by a valley, which was almost entirely cleared of forest, and but little cultivated, with here and there a patch of the virgin forest. In this valley we saw standing (some of them were wrecks from the fire, some still vigorous) a few of the largest trees I have seen; one or two of them nearly, I should think, a hundred feet high from the ground to the lowest branch; about six feet across at the root, and three or four feet thick at the fork,—magnificent monsters! Suddenly we came into the thick forest again, and soon turned off from the *caminho* by a small path to the left, through a beautiful piece of forest, rich with the beautiful green bamboos and palms.

After a few minutes we emerged into a clearing, which the Colonel informed us was the *fazenda* of a German friend of his who had settled in this country, and with whom we were to stop for the night. We arrived here about noon. This was a very interesting place, as it showed us the progress which might be made by an industrious, clever man in a short time. It was about six years ago that Senhor Benjamin commenced clearing the forest at this estate, which he had then recently acquired, and now he has a large yearly increasing coffee plantation, in a high state of productiveness. At present he has only twelve slaves, who perform all the work of his coffee. He grows also a small quantity of sugar for home consumption. To his occupation as a planter he adds that of engineer,

making machinery for his own and his neighbours' mills.

In his workshop I had the opportunity of seeing some of the splendid timber-woods of this country under the carpenter's tools. He told me the various qualities of many, such as Pirobá, Garauna, Sicopíra, Ipé, Garapa, Vinhatico, Amarella, Jacarandá (rosewood), etc. etc., of which I remember little or nothing.\* The timber here is as excellent in qualities as it is magnificent in dimensions. There is no property requisite in any wood for any purpose, which is not to be found, in first-rate degree, in some wood or other of these forests. The number of them is immense: it would be the labour of a life, I should think, to become acquainted with them all, and their qualities. It is most melancholy to see the recklessness with which these splendid trees are remorselessly sacrificed in the clearing of the woods. The underwood and the smaller ones are cut down and left to dry, when dry set fire to, and then the giants are

\* The following are memoranda as to these woods, taken from Mr. Mansfield's Note-book:—" *Brazilian Woods*. The Garapa or Garapiapunha is yellow, hard, close-grained, good for tool-handles. Of the Ipé there are two qualities, the white and the dark; it is the best wood of the province of Rio. The Pirobá is a hard wood, of a brown colour. The Jacarandá, which is of a dark black-red, is our rosewood. The Vinhatico is yellow, like mahogany. The Iri, a thorny palm, has very hard wood on the outside, and all through when old. The Garauna is a black wood, good for earthwork; hard, but too easily split for a machine (?). The Sicopíra is a dark hard wood, and excellent."

converted into charred masts, which fall down in process of time. The proprietors say, when you express your surprise at this waste, "The trees are of no value to us, we have more than we can use; we cannot clear the ground without destroying them; we have no hands to remove them."

Mr. Benjamin walked with us, through his coffee plantation, to the virgin forest, which surrounds it on every side, like an island in a sea of verdure. Just as we got within stone's-throw of the trees, I perceived the stillness of their branches disturbed by a rustling in one place, and soon distinguished some dark body moving among them. There were two huge monkeys springing about the tree-tops. As soon as they caught sight of us they swung away into the forest. These were the first and only monkeys we have seen: lots of marmosets came on board the steamer in baskets at Bahia as pets, but they don't count. I have seen no wild quadrupeds in the country at all, except lizards (which don't count) and a few little things like guinea-pigs. I see lots of holes in banks everywhere, which I am told are of or belonging to armadilloes. Of the world-famous snakes I have only seen a green one, the "Cobra de S. João," and a coral one with red rings.

The silence of the forests is most striking; scarcely a bird is seen or heard in the *mato virgem*. Two or three different kinds of parrots are sometimes heard screaming as they fly across the valleys at a great height. In



the more open and cultivated parts, or where the soil is covered with *capoeira*, other sorts of birds are to be seen : *anús*, black birds with thick deep bills and long tails, always in flocks ; little black starlings, which sing very sweetly, and build bottle-shaped nests, hanging in families from some solitary tree in the valley ; lots of humming-birds. Of these I have seen three or four kinds ; the commonest one is a very little fellow, all covered with iridescent green. The flight of these little things is the most wonderful sight : you sometimes see one, as you think, sitting on a twig : when you get a little nearer, you see that there is no twig ; he is sitting on the air, remaining quite stationary, while his wings are vibrating like microscopic steam-engines ; his beak is probing some flower on a bunch. Then he gives a little jerk with his tail, and his position is shifted half an inch to the next flower on the bunch ; there he remains again motionless for a few seconds, and then repeats his manœuvre, or perhaps vanishes, having darted off like a streak of lightning to some other tree. Several different kinds of hawks are continually to be seen, sitting generally on the top of some dead tree-branch : very tame, as are all the birds.

We dined and slept at Benjamin's ; he did not exhibit his family to us, but entertained us very kindly. He told us that he lost once five of his slaves, who died unaccountably. A sixth sickened, and, as he was dying, told his master that another of his slaves had

poisoned him; other evidence brought home the guilt to him, and it was proved that he had poisoned the other five. So he was ordered to be punished,—to be whipped every three days, as long as he could bear it, solitary confinement in the interim. After the third flogging he was found dead in his cell, having suffocated himself with his tongue.

Next morning (July 31st), after an early breakfast, we left Benjamin (so the place is called) in company with the owner, who was to show us a short way through the forest to a point which the Colonel wanted to see. We soon came upon the Piabanha again, followed its torrent-like course (it is sometimes rocky torrent, sometimes sandy-bottomed stream—no fish in it) for a mile or two, and then turned off through a dusty *capoeira*, with very little bright verdure about it. The striking part of this ride was the immense quantity of termite hills (white ant) all along the side of the path, and all over the hill-sides, where, being cleared, we could see them. These nests are from one to seven feet high, not peaked like the Alps, as the tarry-at-home traveller represents them, but round at the top, like the half of a big sausage stuck on the ground. After a few miles through *capoeira* and forest, we came to a *rancho* on the high-road from Petropolis to Parahyba, which we followed, turning (northwards) to the right.

The only places on these roads are houses, and these are all either *fazendas* (farm estates), or *ranchos*

(mule-troop halting-places with public-house). Just beyond one of these, called Ribeirão, there are on the road-side three wooden crosses, each of which indicates the place where a person has been found murdered : in each of these cases the deaths ensued from quarrels. Our friend the Colonel was present at the discovery, a few months ago, of two of them. Robbery and violence is very rare here. The troops of mules coming from the country are never attacked ; some of them of course bring gold and diamonds from the mines, and these, though escorted by a few armed men, would be an easy prey to bandits ; I believe however that they are perfectly safe.

Our road now lay through forest, continually going down-hill, as we had been in the main ever since we left Petropolis. Of course we were very glad when the Colonel told us that the hills we saw in front of us, at no very great distance, were on the other side of the Parahyba. The Parahyba was now our pillar of Hercules, which we longed to see as our boundary for this day, beyond which we should not have to travel ; for the sun was hot, and the mules and ourselves rather tired. As we proceeded, the difference in level became more and more evident at every turn in the road ; the cool mountain air was becoming more tropical, and we were again passing from the European climate into the Brazilian.

At last we got out of the virgin forest ; the *capoeira* soon became of an entirely different character from

any that I had before seen in Brazil. The rich green of the forests had disappeared, and the whole country presented the appearance of a mixture of our summer with our winter. The grass was all as brown as hay, and the trees almost bare of leaves, except a few palm-trees ; but they were few and scarce.

I could not for some time understand the cause of this state of things. This was, it is true, the depth of winter, but the trees could not have been stripped of their leaves by the cold, for the sun was hot enough to roast. Neither did it seem likely that the country should be parched by the heat at this season, the coldest in the year, since it must be green at some time. However, I found that the fact is this : in this part of Brazil the summer is the rainy reason (the reverse of the Pernambuco arrangement), and the winter the dry one ; and here it had not rained for a long time (one person said two months, another five ; but I, not being able to talk the lingo, could not make proper inquiries) ; so that the country really was parched up, for want of rain, by the heat, within cannon-shot of the freshest spring green.

At last the Colonel pulled up at a neat little *venda*, on the left-hand side of the road, and said this was our lodging for the night. We had agreed, in conformity with his advice, not to sleep in the town of Parahyba, as it is a miserable place, but to stop here, about half a mile on the south side of the river near the town. So we took up our quarters at Pacheco's

(such was our host's name) *venda*, and walked out to see the "villa" while dinner was preparing. We had yet seen nothing of the Parahyba. Suddenly, on turning a corner, we found the beautiful river just below us. It is a fine stream here, some three or four hundred miles from the sea. It is about as broad as the Thames at Hammersmith, much more picturesque, but not quite so useful. Like its tributary, the Pia-banha, it is half-torrent half-stream, full of rocks and rapids, with here and there a peaceful reach, of course not navigable here, though it is so lower down; at the town of Parahyba it is full of rocks. The Colonel was very much astonished at my expressing a desire to descend the river in a canoe; which, I should think, would be very practicable, and, with proper precautions, very delightful. The river is intended to be crossed by a respectable bridge here: four stone piers have been standing five or six years in the river, the remains of an unfinished undertaking.

We crossed the river along with a lot of mules returning to Minas, by the ferry-barge, which carries over all the traffic of this part of the provinces. A chain and a rope are stretched across the river, the latter below, the former up in the air. On the chain runs a pulley, to which the barge is fastened by another chain, and two or three men pull the barge across, by laying hold of the rope with their hands. We walked through the town, the most wretched of places. A church, a burial-ground, a *venda* and bil-

liard-table, and a few scores of dirty houses, with a population of Negroes and half-castes, and a few Indians, with their Chinese-looking brown faces and long black hair, compose the town of Parahyba. Verily, if Parahyba *do Norte* is no better than its namesake *do Sul*, her Majesty's Consul there has a miserable berth. I took a bath in the river, and we returned to dinner,—my companions to their greasy pork, I to my bread and *doce*, black beans and rice.

On the morning of August 1st we crossed the Parahyba with our mules in the ferry-boat, and rode to a fazenda called Boa União, the property of Major de Carvalho. Our road, after crossing the river, lay along its northern bank, for about a league through *capoeira*, and occasional coffee-plantations. The country here is far greener than on the other side of the river, not presenting the same parched appearance, though to the eye the soil is the same—sandy. We passed a large fazenda, near the river, belonging to the father-in-law of the gentleman just named. Here we turned northwards, away from the river-bank, and the hills began to be covered with coffee. We then passed through about half a mile of forest, and then opened out on (what I had not seen before in this province) an open pasture,—park-land, where the hills, here low (two or three hundred feet) like those near Pernambuco, were covered with grass, and horses and cattle were grazing. But the grass was not green, though *here* the trees were. Rain had evidently long been absent, and the

pasture was parched in consequence. This was the pasture of the Major, surrounding his house, at which we soon arrived.

The Colonel was now on ground new to him as well as to us. He went to the house, to ask where the proprietor to whom he had a letter of introduction was, as we heard from a Black on the premises that he was not at home ; and found that he was gone to a place called the Serraria (the saw-mill), a mile or two distant, which we understood to be the saw-mill of his estate. The Major's wife sent a servant to conduct us to the place. The man led us northwards among some hills, which seemed to be covered for miles and miles with coffee, into the forest, and then, pointing to a path, told us to go straight on and we should come to the Serraria. So on we went, and came to a fork in the path, took of course the wrong turn, and had to retrace our steps a mile : took the other, and found that instead of a straight path it was a most singularly tortuous one ; however, passing a cottage or two, and asking the way, we got on the track, and on we went, round about among miles of coffee, with a broiling sun, and the Colonel (who is a most peppery fellow) in a towering rage ; till at last, after about two hours' ride, we came again upon a park of pasture, and a fine large house with mills attached. We marched in, and the Colonel found the Major and delivered his letter. It turned out that this was not his saw-mill, as we had expected (we

were only looking out for a thatched shed with a water-wheel at side), but another fazenda, belonging to a Senhor Ilario.

The proprietor received us very kindly, but neither he nor the Major, his neighbour, spoke French or English; so B—— and I could only look on. The family had dined, so they gave us dinner alone; and afterwards amused themselves and us by sending up a fire-balloon, and walking in the garden, where were clove-trees growing, with their leaves as aromatic as the dried spice, cabbages, cauliflowers, tropical fruit-trees (fruit not ripe, except oranges, which are always so), and some beautiful clumps of bamboos, under the shade of which they told us the air is perfectly cool in the hottest days of summer. I think the foliage of one or two of the kinds of bamboo the richest I know; the green is so deep, and the form so graceful. This is a very large fazenda, and the owner a very wealthy man. They had made 16,000 *arrobas* (thirty-two pounds each) of coffee this year. Here we slept,—three beds in a small room without a window in it, the house being rather full. Of course we paid nothing for our accommodation here; when travelling in this country one has to pay nothing, or immensely high, for entertainment. At this fazenda, Serraria, we were very near the river Parahybuna, a tributary of the Parahyba. The Parahybuna is here the boundary of the province of Rio, and the hills which we saw within half a mile of us were in the province of the Minas.

Next morning (August 2) I was up at six, and took

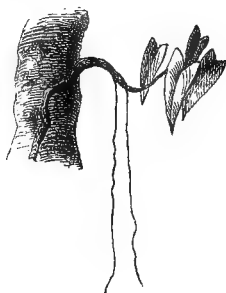


a shower-bath under one of the water-mills ; and then, in company with the Major, rode back to his fazenda (Boa União) to breakfast. It was an unmitigated luck for us that the Major was not at home, as we had a beautiful ride, and saw another Brazilian house, where the ladies (mother and two daughters) were introduced to us. I think the custom which travellers describe, of hiding away the ladies, must be disappearing with the march of intellect in Brazil, for in most of the houses I have been in they have presented themselves. This day's ride was the most amusing, as well as charming, that we had in the whole trip. After breakfast we started, the Major, the Colonel, B——, I, and two negroes, the servants respectively of the two first. Before proceeding, I must tell you that the Major is a very spirited person, remarkable for a Brazilian. He is now one of the richest and most influential persons in those parts. His coffee-plantations are of immense extent ; he is introducing experiments in the preparation of the berry, and is altogether going ahead. Only eleven years ago his estate was all virgin forest, and now he has all those miles of coffee and beautiful pastures, with the best horses and mules in the country upon it. He has only one hand ; one day, at a place which he showed us in the wood, he was shooting, and by some accident blew the other off. A friend of his, who saw what had happened, fainted and fell ; the Major, unconscious of any injury to himself, thought he had shot his friend, and

rushed to his side, when he found blood dropping from himself, and then missed his hand. He is a very clever, energetic fellow, and a good-natured one too. His inquiring mind is going to carry him to England next year: of course I told him to come and see me.

Well, he undertook to conduct us today to a place to which the Colonel wanted to go, and thus we started as aforesaid. In the direction in which we went, about east, his house is on the verge of that part of his estate which is cleared; so we soon passed out of the home-pasture or park into the virgin forest. Our road lay for several miles through the *mato virgem*, and this was the most beautiful wood I have ever seen; it differed from all others I have been through, in lying on a plain with only a slight undulation of the ground here and there. But the chief beauty of the wood was the stuff it was made of. Enormous trees, the largest we had seen anywhere, shooting up skyward, like the masts of Brobdignag ships, with rigging to match, the cordage being either the stems of gigantic vines, or the roots of great epiphyte arums. These arums are one of the ornaments of the forest whenever they occur. They sit round the stems of the trees at a great height, like the capitals of some huge columns, with their bunch of large deep green leaves in rich contrast with the straight brown stem; the older plants have stems which project from the tree, while the heart-shaped leaves of others seem as if

they grew at once out of the trunk. I believe that the stems of the arums are properly creepers, that cling to the tree like ivy, but that they get ripped off, by the pulling of their own roots. The stems throw out long fibres, some which go straight round the tree, horizontally, and tie the plant on; others go directly down to the earth, sixty or eighty feet perhaps below, and then take attachment to the soil. These



roots can be distinguished from the other rigging of the trees by their going plumb down, while the stems of the creepers often wind and twist about, or hang slantwise like rope-ladders of a ship.

By the bye, I believe I was mistaken in a former letter from Pernambuco, in saying that the creeper-stems hanging from the branches of the great *Visgueiro* at Casinga, must have been of the same age with the tree itself. I see there is another way of accounting for their position, which is probably the true one. The vine climbs like ivy or by tendrils up the stump of the tree, and so out upon the branches; then in process of time the clingers get rotted off, and the creeper-stem by its own weight is ripped away from its attachment to the trunk, and so hangs from the branches at a point a long way from the main trunk.

But the chief beauty of this splendid forest was that of the palms. The underwood of this forest does not (like most that I have passed through) consist of bamboos, or of dense shrubs or herbage, but of laurel-like trees, and palms, principally of one species, the most elegant of all that I have seen growing wild; they call it the *palmito*. It is the one of which, more commonly than of any other, the embryo leaves are eaten; and a very nice dish it makes, either stewed or as salad. Countless thousands of this tree studded the whole forest, of all heights and sizes, from one foot to a hundred in length of stem; the stems of the biggest however not exceeding six or eight inches in diameter in the ground, tapering very gently, being almost as cylindrical as a round ruler; the stem as smooth and round, all the way up, as if turned in a lathe, scarcely even marks visible of the places where the leaves have fallen off. At top is the crown of leaves, most delicate feathers, not crowded together as in most palms, but each quite separate; the upper two feet of the stem, below the lowest leaf, as green as grass, the rest of the stem brown like bark; the outside here being in fact the lower part of the leaf-stalk of the lowest leaf, which on this palm (as in the *Casuarina* in the Botanic Gardens at Rio) forms the sheath of the stalk at the top, and encloses the edible palmito. These trees yield very good nuts, on which the economic Major feeds his pigs. The leaves make first-rate thatch. The trunks are very strong, and make splen-

did fences or log-houses, by virtue of their perfect straightness and roundness. The crown of leaves towers up to the branches of the high forest-trees, forming the foliage of the mid-height. They are said to be a mark of good soil wherever they grow well. Below them are other palms, and the shrubby trees like laurels and rhododendrons, all now flowerless. I did not see a single tree-fern in this forest; indeed I do not remember seeing one north of the Parahyba, nor near it on the south side. This was the only wood in which I have seen many of these palmito trees.

I have been very much struck by the difference in the physiognomy of the different forests, or parts of the same forest. Every wood has some particular character which marks it; generally it is the prevalence of some particular palm or cane. I have no doubt the forest trees differ too, but they are so much alike, and the leaf so out of sight, that I am no wiser than you are as to their peculiarities, of which I merely observe some half-dozen in the form and growth of the heads or branches. There is also an immense variety of shades of green to be seen on the hill-sides that are covered with forest; a few trees are bare of leaves (in those parts where the bulk of the forest is as green as a meadow), and very few show tints of fading, like an English autumn. There are no Visgueiros with their immense cedar-like limbs, as at Pernambuco. There is a tree called the cedar, from

the resemblance of its wood to the true cedar in colour, smell, and texture, but it is a broad-leaved tree ; it is very common, much valued, and grows to an immense size.

Thus our road lay for some miles along a wide *picada*, not long ago made by the Major through this forest in seven days, by aid of seventy Blacks. At last the ground began to rise, and we emerged on a cleared space on the top of a hill, with a fine view of the hills in the province of Minas before us in the north-east, on the other side of the Parahybuna, and of the mountains of the Petropolis range in the south, beyond the Parahyba. But neither of the rivers were visible ; being buried in woods and hills in this undulating country, you do not see them until you come close upon them. A mile or two more, through *capoeira* and felled forest prepared for burning, took us to a little fazenda, the property of our conductor, he having lately purchased it ; here we dismounted and looked about us. We found the Parahybuna close at the back of the house, with a large island hill in the middle of it, cleared and covered with dried wood ready for burning, and a coffee plantation on the hill at the other side : and beyond, all round, the virgin forest. Such a beautiful position ! our friend the Major is going to cultivate fiercely, and make a pet of the place, and gardens on the islands. The river is here a torrent rushing over a bed full of stratified gneiss rocks, standing up on edge, only half of it

visible from the house, the other half being behind the island which splits the stream.

We soon proceeded, rode down along the river-bank about a mile, and pulled up on the margin, at a point where a ferry is established. The ferry-boat (belonging apparently to a small farmer, whose house is at the other side of the river, half a mile up) was lying on the opposite shore; there we sat ourselves down, having unsaddled our mules, to wait for the ferryman, for whom a Negro was sent into some mysterious regions down the river. We waited long, so to amuse myself I stripped and swam across to see whether I could bring the ferry-boat over: there was no paddle, and the boat was padlocked to a tree; but the sand-flies were not under lock and key,—alas! my body was soon covered by hundreds of them, so small that I scarcely noticed them at the time, and felt no stinging; but when night came and I was in bed, the torment commenced; I was covered from neck to heel with little pimples, itching like furnaces, and so it was for three or four nights after. The river at this point where the ferry is has a sandy bottom, and runs straight for a mile with wood on both sides, the water about as wide as the Thames at its broadest part opposite Weybridge lock; so I had to swim back, and saw the ferryman in the distance paddling away at a frightful pace up the stream in a little canoe; he loosened the ferry-canoe, which was (as are all the smaller river-boats here) cut out of a single tree hol-

lowed out, about forty or fifty feet long. Into this canoe we put all our bridles, saddles, and traps, which were first ferried over, with the two Blacks, to receive the mules. Then all the mules were driven into the water; as soon as they were fairly immersed, they at once turned their heads towards the opposite bank, and swam across to the landing-place, where they were caught and bridled by the servants; the ceremony concluded by our following in the ferry-boat.

We mounted again, and rode on through the *capoeira*, which is here marked by a considerable quantity of a palm-tree, which I had not seen growing wild before today. It differs from most others in having leaves growing much farther down the stem (which is rather thick and straight) than most of the palms, the stem being covered almost to the ground with the sheaths of the leaf-stalks. This kind of palm bears a nut rather bigger than a walnut, which I believe is eaten by the people. Soon after this, in the low ground near the river, we passed a marsh with a number of Spurwings (a kind of Rail, with a spur on its wing, that walks on the leaves of the water-plants,) and snow-white herons. The latter flew up into the trees when we approached, seeming to be much wilder than most of the birds in this country, which are generally very tame (some of the parrots however are very shy). In this *capoeira*, not far from each other, I found two shrubs, neither of them with any leaves on, with curious great seeds; one a pod covered with down,



the other an indescribable thing like some queer animal's head, full of milk : I mean to bring them home if I can. The worst of travelling through the country in this sort of way on horseback is, that I have no time to examine anything, lest I should detain companions, whom business or inclination hurries on ; so I look upon what I pick up, in these rapid glances at the country, as just a sort of introduction to what may be learned at times when I may have a little leisure in the woods.

After about two or three miles through the same kind of country that we had passed through before so often,—forest, clearing, and ground planted with coffee, castor-oil, and maize,—we came to a little cottage on the banks of a good-sized river,—the Parahyba again, below its confluence with the Parahybuna and the Piabanha, which runs into the former at the same point on opposite sides, the former from the north, the latter from the south, both nearly at right angles to the course of the larger river. However, just before we reached the place, an incident occurred which afforded much diversion to all the party, not the least to the person most concerned in it. A mile or so before we stopped, I had heard a small snap behind me, which I thought was some movement of a cord which tied my bundle on the pack-saddle behind. It turned out that the crupper had broken and fallen off. Soon after, we came to a steep descent, at a point where the road dipped down a little hollow on the hill-side.

In the bottom runs a little trickle of what sometimes may be water, but was then a mass of the blackest mud out of Styx, and of abominable smell. As my mule went down the hill, I felt myself gradually approximating his ears in an unaccountable manner; at last the saddle turned round just as the mule came to the middle of the filth, and down I came into the mire, and rose a delicious figure. When we arrived a few minutes after at the boatman's cottage on the river-bank (where we were to leave our mules for the night), I changed my clothes, so as to be in some degree presentable at the house of the *fazendeiro* on the other side.

We left our animals in charge of the Negroes, and crossed the Parahyba, getting very nearly upset on the passage, by some one moving, just as we entered the most rapid part of the current. These boats are almost as easily upset as the modern outrigger wherries, which occasionally duck Englishmen in the Thames. After landing on the other side, a walk of about a mile brought us to the large fazenda of Colonel Santos, an old Portuguese, who came out with Don Pedro I., and has settled in the country. The Major had come hither to introduce us to the old Colonel. He received us very kindly. We were the first Englishmen who had ever been at his house, and he seemed to take a fancy to us. He begged us to stay at least three or four days with him, and seemed quite sorry when he heard that it was impossible, and embraced

us in the most paternal manner when we went away. He has an immense estate, and upwards of two hundred slaves at work upon it.

His house consisted of two floors, the inhabited part of it being the upper floor. The house faces a large square court or yard, about a hundred yards across, one side of which is occupied by outbuildings, mills, etc.; another, opposite to this, by the owner's house, and by the long row of slaves' cottages. This is very much the way that all the fazendas are arranged, with the Negro cabins close to the house. About eight o'clock in the evening we heard a bell ring; this, we were told, was for all the slaves to wash their feet; soon after another rang, and as we stood on the balcony, overlooking the great square, we saw a Negro walking across the enclosure towards the house with a large torch (a bamboo about twenty feet long) balanced on his shoulder, charged with inflammable matter at one end and lighted. Negroes came pouring out on all sides, and soon a semicircle round the front of the house was formed, with the women on one side, and the men on the other: I counted about one hundred and eighty. In the middle, by the side of the torch-bearer, appeared a white man carrying a whip. He commenced a regular roll-call, singing out a long list of names (all Christian), to each of which "*sum,*" or something similar, was answered in true Winchester style. The inspector then, accompanied by the torch-man, walked round the amphi-

theatre, and looked, or pretended to look, at the feet of each one, to see that they were clean. They were then despatched to supper. I went out to see how they managed this, and found them crowding into an out-house, in which was a large cauldron over a fire, containing a mess of cooked farinha, which was served out into the half-calabash of each as he came up, with a big ladle. The name of this fazenda is Tres Barras (the Three Bars), so called from the neighbouring confluence of the rivers, which I have mentioned.

Next morning, August 3rd, it was proposed after breakfast that we should go up the Parahyba in a boat, to the mouths of the two tributaries; but the Major, whether on account of his one-handedness or for other reasons, was afraid of the possible consequences of an upset of the canoe; so the old Colonel put us on mules of his own, and we rode up along the side of the Parahyba. You will understand that we were now on the south side of the river, in the province of Rio de Janeiro again. This Tres Barras is a very remarkable point; the junction of the rivers is in the midst of the forest, the trees thick everywhere, except at the angle nearest to the fazenda, where Indian corn and the castor-oil plant were growing on the cleared land. A large island, formed by a fork of the Piabanha, where it joins the Parahyba, intercepted from our view the mouth of the Parahybuna. The latter of the two tributaries is a far larger river than the former, being nearly as large as the

Parahyba. We then returned to the ferry, where we left the Colonel's mules in charge of a Negro, and crossed the river to the old ferryman's house, where we found our animals; the poor brutes had had nothing to eat, with a day's work before them.

We returned by the road by which we had come (which for a few miles lay through a bit of Minas), stopping through the heat of the day at Major de Carvalho's little fazenda, near the Parahybuna, which we had to cross in the same manner as before, the mules swimming. Here we dined. A small island in the river, on which the Major means to make a garden, was on fire, in process of clearing. I dare say it would have been a very pretty sight at night: (we were not so fortunate as to see a large forest fire all the time we were out, though we everywhere saw woods felled and dry, in preparation for firing.) My companions amused themselves for a little while by washing for diamonds in the sand in some of the holes in the rocks of the river-bed. The Major said that diamonds were to be found there. I, not being very sanguine of treasure, preferred mooning about the blazing wood. In the afternoon we returned to Boa União, through the beautiful palmito forests.

Next morning (August 4th), after breakfast—(*Mem.* This was the only house I have been in in which we had no bread at all, either on this or on our former breakfast here: I breakfasted on black beans and mandioca farinha),—we rode with the Major to the

fazenda of his father-in-law, which we had passed in coming from Parahyba. We looked round the farm-buildings; I there saw a kind of cask quite new to me; it consisted of two great troughs of wood, each twenty-seven feet long, and about fourteen inches high and broad, hewn out of solid trees, and closed at the ends with pieces of wood let into grooves in the sides of the troughs. The sides and ends were about two inches and a half thick, so you may imagine the immense weight of the whole. The two troughs were of exactly the same shape and size: one was laid on the ground horizontally on its bottom, the other was laid exactly over it, bottom upwards; so that the edges of their sides, which were quite smooth and flat, were in contact. Around the two passed two or three stout frames of wood, which, by driving in wedges, were made to embrace the troughs tightly, and force the *faces of their edges* into close contact. I was told that the pressure thus produced was sufficient to prevent the escape of any liquid from the interior, when it was quite full. I confess I am rather incredulous, for I did not see the cask in use; it was quite new. The purpose of this apparatus was to hold *cachaça*, which is a kind of rum (quite colourless), made from the treacle which flows from the sugar in the purification. On some estates they make the spirit at once from the sugar-cane juice, fermenting and distilling it, instead of preparing sugar from it.

The fazenda is close to the Parahyba, on its north

side, about a league and a half east of the Villa Parahyba. While we were about the premises the mules had been made to swim across the river, as we were to return southwards from this point, without going back to the so-called town. The old *fazendeiro* produced some bottles of Dublin stout, and regaled my friends therewith, under a big Gamelleira tree, which stood near his house. This tree is said to be a kind of wild fig-tree; it is of the same kind as that growing on the road to Petropolis, at the Fazenda Correia. I have, since I saw that one, seen several others: they are planted near the houses for the sake of their shade. So we were ferried across the Parahyba, taking with us a Negro from the fazenda to conduct us some distance, till we should come to ground known to C. G.; and having taken leave of the Major, we passed at first through parched-up leafless *capoeira*, and after some little time got into green forest, the trees however being neither so large, nor so verdant as those we had seen on the other side of the river, or on the higher land on this side. We kept rising higher and higher up-hill from the time we left the river.

After three-quarters of an hour of rather uninteresting ride, we came to a fazenda on the banks of the Piabanha. The owner asked us to stop, but a council of war being held, it was determined that we should push on and sleep at a place on the high-road to Parahyba from Rio, from which we could reach Petropolis

next day. So on we went, a rather wearisome ride, as the poor mules were tired. After two hours or so through forest and wood, passing two or three fazendas and seeing nothing worthy of note, we came out upon the road two or three miles to the north of Ribeirão, near the murder-crosses. We reached Ribeirão just before sunset, and dined and slept there: it was a rancho and venda of rather superior class, remarkable for the immense quantity of pigeons in which its owner rejoices.

Next morning we were up early, and off before breakfast, as B—— and I had a long ride before us, and wished to get over as much as possible of it in the cool hours. Colonel C. G. accompanied us as far as the rancho of Lage, where we had joined the road on coming from Benjamin on our way to Parahyba; this is only a mile or two from Ribeirão. Here our kind conductor left us, with a tender farewell, and struck off for Benjamin W——'s, which was to be his head-quarters for some little time, and B—— and I continued our journey, passing several fazendas. The scenery in some places was very magnificent, becoming continually more and more mountainous, the hills for the most part covered with forest, and frequent fine views of the loftier peaks of the Estrella range, especially of Maria Camprida, a very conspicuous cone.

We were to breakfast at Roberto's, where we had left the road on our outward voyage, and we anxiously



looked ahead at every turn of the winding road, in hopes we were approaching his cottage, as we were getting hungry. At length we met a cavalcade of horse and mule-men. Among these was a consequential-looking personage, in a blue frock-coat, with a soldier behind him; I at once recognized our host Roberto, who seemed very glad to see us. It was evident he was on duty of some kind; so we explained as well as we could that we were going to breakfast at his house, and then rode on. But it was half an hour yet, full eleven o'clock (as we had started at half-past seven), before we reached the little rancho on the banks of the Piabanha. Here I took a bath in a brook that came down the hill-side, while the little Nigger got us breakfast. The ladies, it appears, were gone out, and Roberto himself was on his way, when we met him, to a soldier's funeral. He is Juiz de Paz, or magistrate, of the district. After a feast of bread and treacle for me, and milho for the mules, we resumed our journey at about two p.m., and after a ride of three hours more arrived at Petropolis: here we dined, and slept at Carpenter's Hotel: four milreis a day was the charge for bed and three meals of bread and *doce*.

Next morning we sent our portmanteaus, which had been left here, on by a carriage which was going to Porto de Estrella, whither we were bound; and at eleven o'clock mounted our mules, being informed that it was about three hours' ride to the little port

on the river Estrella, whence the steamers start for Rio. An excellent carriage-road winds down the side of the mountains (or the western side of a gorge which runs up into the Serra), backwards and forwards for about 2000 feet, forming by its sinuosities a descent so gradual, that it is scarcely perceived by the eye that each reach of the road is not horizontal; yet a gentleman told me he had once walked down, and that his knees ached for a week after. We soon found that the three hours we had heard of were not three hours of the mules' walking pace, at which we had been travelling lately, but three hours of steady trot for carriage-animals; so we had to trot nearly all the way down the mountain-side, and along the ten or twelve miles of sandy flat, from the foot of the Serra to the village. The road all down the mountain has the forest above and below it,—great trees and precipices in strong contrast with the very creditable carriage-way. We saw a black snake about five feet long, recently killed, lying in the road. The sandy plain, from the foot of the mountains to the harbour-edge, here seems to be of much the same character as that between the foot of that part of the same range which is called the Organ Mountains and Piedade, across which we commenced our travels; but the shrubs are greener, and there are a great number of houses and a good deal of cultivation. We had not however much time to look about us, for the steamer starts daily at three P.M., and time was going on.

Our poor mules—marvellous models of unwearying patience—had to canter in the last two miles, as we feared being too late.

At Porto de Estrella we found our luggage in a shop, after a little inquiry, and got on board the steamer, where I at once plunged into a pennyworth of bananas and a pennyworth of oranges (more than B—— and I could eat between us); and at three P.M. we started. The little river, about the size of the Cam at Cambridge, runs through the fenny flat, among reeds, stunted palms, and brushwood, winding most eccentrically, and at last joins the harbour near its north-west corner. The steamer found its way among the islands, passing close by the large one of Governorador (about twelve miles long), and at length approached the city and the neighbouring island of Cobras, and stopped to coal at the Ilha das Inchadas. Here we observed two large steamers, the nearest one a Yankee going to California (probably to ply between San Francisco and Panama; these vessels come occasionally, and touch here and at Valparaiso, going through Magellan's Straits); the other the Teviot, still blowing off her steam, only three or four hours arrived, and two days and odd hours before her time. We landed at Rio at six P.M.

I spent Sunday at St. Domingo, a village on the other side of the harbour, near Praga Grande, together with which, I believe, it forms the town of Nitherohy, a name seldom used. Nitherohy is the old

Indian name of the harbour, said to mean "sudden water,"—a very far more appropriate one than the absurd name by which this place is at present known. It is very different from this side—a pretty rural district (reminding me much of Guernsey and Jersey) with undulating hills and beautiful bays entangled among them. Nearer the mouth of the harbour and inland behind, there are low precipitous mountains, one of which, seen in a certain direction, looks very like the Sugar-loaf Rock, to which it forms a kind of pendant,—though seen in the other direction it appears as a long hill.

I understand that the independence of Paraguay is acknowledged by the Argentine States, and that the navigation of the river is open, in which case I shall hope to ascend it. I have just seen a gentleman who tells me that a Brazilian steamer is to sail from Rio de Janeiro, bound for Assumption (the capital of Paraguay), to take thither a new Minister from the Government of Brazil, and that I can get a passage up there from Monte Video in her. If this turns out to be true, it will be great fun. It is said that, the Brazilian steamer having been announced to be about to ascend the river, the English and French authorities, Sir C. Hotham and M. St.-Georges, declared their intention of doing likewise, as having as good a right, and that Urquiza therefore declared the rivers open altogether. This does not seem very likely to me; at any rate it seems pretty clear that the inland Japan of

South America is about to have its ports open, about the same time that the Island of the East is being lanced about the gums, and that I have as good a chance of going up in the first steamer as any one else has, notwithstanding Sir Charles's not very encouraging reply to my semi-application. My health has been absolutely perfect, whatever the temperature has been; I have not yet found the sun too hot anywhere for my comfort. I am more likely to suffer from cold than heat, for I have scarcely any warm clothes, and it will be rather cold, I expect, at the River Plate.

## CHAPTER VI.

## FROM RIO TO BUENOS AYRES.

DEPARTURE FROM RIO.—THE RIVER PLATE.—BUENOS AYRES AND ITS STENCHES.—GAUCHO COSTUME.—PLANS FOR REACHING ASSUMPTION.—JIGGERS.—CARRAPATOS.—IRISH GAUCHOS.—A RIDE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.—DISGUSTING SIGHTS.—THE UMBU TREE.—REGULARITY OF THE TOWN.—BEAUTY OF THE LADIES.—TRIP TO MONTE VIDEO.—THE NINE YEARS' SIEGE.—MATADERO, OR SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.—MISNOMERS.—ENGLISH AND SPANISH CEMETERIES.—RETURN TO BUENOS AYRES.—PROSPECTS ON BOARD THE 'NEPTUNE,' BOUND FOR CORRIENTES.—PARAGUAY AND ITS HISTORY.—A SUNDAY IN THE PAMPAS.—INTERVIEW WITH URQUIZA.—OXHORN FENCES.—OSTRICHES.—BISCACHOS.—SALADEROS, OR SALTING-PLACES.—TRAVELLING COMPANIONS TO PARAGUAY.—OPENING OF THE RIVERS.

I HOPE that the same steamer which carried my last letter will carry home another, which I had sent to P—— to forward previously. I do not feel so sure that you will ever receive that letter, as it was put into the post at Petropolis, and the Brazilian posts are very uncertain and ill-managed.\* After I finished my last letter, I packed up my traps, wrote a note of introduction for Mr. E. De Mornay to take to you, that he may deliver to you verbal report of my visible

\* The missing letter before spoken of.—ED.

existence at that time, went on board the Prince, leaving a portmanteau, with some clothes and books, with a friend, as a sort of link of union with the civilized world, and at half-past four P.M., on August 12th, steamed out of the magnificent harbour, and under the "Sugar-loaf" into the sea.

We had beautiful weather for a month at and about Rio, but the night of the 11th had been a stormy wind-up,—thunder, lightning, pelting rain, and a fierce gale. It rained heavily at Rio in the morning, and I had had twenty *milreis* extorted out of me by the passport minions, on account of some trifling deficiency in my English passport. So I was wroth, and the weather too, and as soon as we got out to sea I turned in and sulked for twenty-four hours. The sea was rough, and the wind blew hard, and the frigate-birds sailed triumphantly with motionless wings, high in the air. And so it went on; gradually the wind lulled, becoming however unpleasantly cold (from south-east). Next day we were followed by lots of "Cape pigeons," as they call a kind of sea-bird, white, with black backs and wing-tops and jaws, and with the most elegant flight of any I have ever seen,—dashing and skimming and whirling about, without visibly moving their wings. I was glad that it was rough weather, too rough for passengers to try to shoot them. On the 14th I was very glad to put on two shirts, and should not have been sorry to have had a thicker great-coat. It was colder still on the 15th, but the sea was not so rough.

On the 16th the wind lulled, and it was almost quite calm, with a long swell; the weather was beautiful, and the sun quite warm at midday, so that lighter clothing was pleasant. Colder again on the 17th; another shirt again, as we pushed down into the winter. Wind fresher again.

At ten A.M. we sighted the Island of Lobos (Seal Isle), a rock-lump standing by itself. Immense quantities of sea-birds were flying about us; no "Cape pigeons," but huge albatrosses, heavy, lubberly-looking birds, just like great black-backed gulls, but not nearly so elegant as any gull. I was much disappointed, for I fancied the stuffed head in our hall belonged to a very magnificent bird. Lobos is at the north side of the mouth of the River de la Plata. At noon we were off Maldonado; long low hills, just indicating that land was stretching along on our starboard side, east to west: a seal or two swimming occasionally showed their noses, to justify the name of Lobos Islands.

So here we were now in the wonderful river, three hundred mortal miles across, with the indigo-blue of the ocean changed for mud-colour,—the dirty pale green of the estuary. We saw scarcely anything more of the land till Monte Video came in sight, and at five P.M. of the 17th we anchored in the bay. I had intended to stop to see the town, but there were a few cases of fever at Rio; so (as we learned on board the 'Prince' there would be) there was quarantine of three or four days to be passed by all passen-



gers from Rio, at a miserable little island in the bay called Rat Island, where they make wretched victims pay hugely for board and lodging. On the other hand, those who go on to Buenos Ayres by the steamer, if kept in quarantine, remain on board the vessels, and feed at the Company's expense. So Boutcher and I determined to go on, and to imagine Monte Video for the present. So off to Rat Island went the miserable passengers to Monte Video, and with them a quack (naval surgeon) going to the Falkland Islands,—sent by the Government to keep the colonists in health, or thin them off, as the case may be. He was to go next day by the 'Amelia' schooner, on her second outward voyage; she has just been established, to carry the mails from Monte Video to the Falklands, in continuation of the steamer-line from England.

Four-and-twenty hours we lay in the bay, looking at the town,—a curious-looking place, with a Moorish, oriental air; all the houses flat-topped, terrace-roofed, and with tall church-towers like minarets. The bay sweeps round with a fine deep curve, enclosing multitudes of ships. On the eastern side lies the town, on very slightly rising ground. A long low bank skirts the bottom of the bay, and a low solitary hill, with a fort at the top,—the mountain by courtesy, which must have given its name to the place. Next day (18th) the time was enlivened by occasional visits from the shore; among them a former acquaintance of mine on board the 'Severn,' who came to inquire for some package; but no visitors dared come on board, for fear of

being put in quarantine by the wiseacres who anointed with vinegar or holy water the mail-bag from Rio and all its contents, as soon as they got it in the boat.

At four P.M. on the 18th we got up anchor, and started for Buenos Ayres. Next morning, the 19th, was foggy and cold. When I went on deck about eight A.M. land was just visible on our left-hand,—a low line of coast,—but there was no sign of it on the other side. A little bird was brought me by one of the officers before I was out of bed, that had come on board in the night; it was a water-rail, exactly like our English one in colour, but not much bigger than a lark.\* I threw it up in the air to let it fly away, but it would not leave the vessel, but ran about one of the boats as if it were quite at home. And the water was really fresh, for, scarcely believing what they told me, I tied a cup to a line and drew up some water out of the *sea*, and behold! it was quite fresh and good, though a little turbid. It was very cold

\* The following more precise description is from a note-book of Mr. Mansfield's:—"About seven inches long from bill to tail. Top of head snuff-brown; back feathers black in the middle, brown on the sides; wing-coverts the same, but paler, and with a white bar near the tips, about one-third from the end of each feather; white border to carpus; tail-coverts dark brown with light edges; throat and breast slate-grey; under tail-coverts black and white barred, so as to mottle; quills all pale brown at the tip, the under sides pale silvery grey, on the outer one a narrow pale whitey-brown border on the outer web; legs, each joint a long inch, and the middle toe the same in length, brown; beak about three-quarters of an inch long, dark grey; the nostrils perforate though rectangular; iris bright scarlet. Runs very fast; not very shy."

this morning, and the wind blew sharper continually. About ten A.M. we anchored in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, some five or six miles from the town, about two hundred yards from the guard-ship, which ought to have sent the visit-boat to us, to see that we were all right, or whatever that mystical function is which is executed by officials in visit-boats; but the guard-ship telegraphed to shore that it was too rough for them to go on board of us. So the captain took the mails ashore, and two or three hours after, when he returned, answered to our eager inquiries as to how long a quarantine we were condemned to, that there was no quarantine for us at all, and we could go on shore as soon as we liked. We did not believe him at first, but you may imagine how we cheered, as soon as we fairly realized the fact that we were not to remain four or five days anchored out in the roads. The captain had landed the mails, for no boat came off, as was the rule, to meet him (officials too timid), and refused to return to his ship, saying it was too rough. So the wise officials, seeing that the captain could stand on their ground without infecting the place with instant fever, and that he would not go, and that they did not dare send him off by force, thought the easiest way of solving the absurdity was to let him off quarantine, and of course us also. So as soon as this was settled, the captain found no difficulty in coming off with the news, and brought with him a shore-boat, manned by four Englishmen, to take off such passengers as would face the wind.

Six of us jumped into the boats, and it is rather to be supposed that we did spin along : a right good boat she was ! It was a regular gale, with occasional torrents of rain. I don't think all our passengers were quite easy in their little souls, but I saw the wind was quite steady, and had no concern for our safety. We spun over the bank that divides the river from the outer roads, passed among the shipping in the inner roads, and after three-quarters of an hour of such a bit of sailing as I never had before, came to anchor about fifty yards from the beach. A cart and horse came out to meet us, and in a few minutes we were safe ashore at Buenos Ayres, and had to pay four pounds for the boat that brought us there.

Buenos Ayres ! What a misnomer ! The first thing that greeted our eyes on landing was the skinless carcase of a horse lying on the beach on one side of the landing-place ; the second, another ditto on the other side ; and the "good air" of the town was the stench thereof. Wonderful to our eyes were the figures of the people around us : scarlet *ponchos*, scarlet jackets, scarlet leg-coverings, of a most puzzling description, halfway between knee-breeches and petticoats, evidently an equestrian edition of the kilt, the mountain costume adapted to the plain,—and underneath these, white trousers of immense capacity ending in a fringe, with bare feet, to establish a connection between the strange figure above and the earth below. Such is a *Gaucha*.

We soon found ourselves in an English hotel, kept by a good-natured little fisherman, and were right glad to put our feet under a roasting fire, burning good English coals in a good English grate. We were not much delighted with our bedrooms, which were of a rather rough description ; but we found, on looking about for other quarters, that the other hotels had no fireplaces ; so we determined to remain.

It is very curious to find how soon travellers drop into regular cosmopolitan habits, and find friends everywhere. I came to Buenos Ayres without a single introduction, and there was not a soul in the town who three months ago was aware of my existence ; but I soon found myself among friends. A young German, who was on board the 'Severn' with us, saw our names in the list of passengers when the captain landed, and sent off the boat for us, which brought us ashore ; and he soon came and found us out at the hotel, and conducted us to the Club,—an institution kept up by subscriptions among the resident foreigners, where reading-rooms, dining-rooms, and the usual etceteras of a Club, in a somewhat more homely style than those about St. James's, but still very comfortable, and with good fires, are provided ; and to this strangers are admitted gratuitously, for three months after their arrival ; if they stay longer they are expected to subscribe. On my way to the Club I met my excellent friend Cerruti, the Sardinian Chargé d'Affaires, who was so delighted to see me that he forgot

to kiss me, and at the first hotel we went to in search of lodgings we were greeted by the smiling face of Madame G——, my probable fellow-traveller, or rather guide, to Paraguay.

Next morning, the 20th, I went to breakfast with Mr. Cerruti, and from him heard all about the politics of these parts, which are to me as particularly interesting now as they always were uninviting, when a few months ago I used to see a column in the 'Times' headed "River Plate," and doubted whether it meant the prize cup of some Thames rowing-match, till the name of Rosas catching my eye would connect the news with some human interests on a somewhat larger scale. I will endeavour to give you some notion of the political state of things if I have time, and of the reason why it is so particularly interesting to me. Of course the principal thing is the acknowledgment of the independence of Paraguay by Urquiza on the part of the Argentine Republic; this being the most important event perhaps in the history of that country, the commencement for it of a new life. However it appears that the navigation of the river Paraná has not yet been declared open, so that no foreign steamer can yet go up the river; secondly, though there can be no doubt that this step will be taken ere long, as a consequence of Sir C. Hotham's mission, yet this will not be done for some two months yet, during which some palaver has to go on; so that neither Sir C. Hotham (who, it is understood, intends to go up in

the English steamer 'Locust,' which is lying here) nor any foreign vessel can ascend yet.

It became important for me to learn, as soon as I could, what other means there were of going; so I went to my friends the G——s to learn their plans. Mr. G—— is a Frenchman, married to an American (U. S.) lady of French extraction; and they have already spent some years in Paraguay, and are well acquainted with the President of that Republic. Madame G—— is a particularly agreeable and clever person, and you will understand that she is a lady of some enterprise, if you will look at the map of South America, and then know that she has twice ridden on horseback with her husband across the whole country between Assumption and Rio Grande do Sul, the passage to Paraguay being at that time blockaded by Rosas, so that there was neither egress nor ingress by the river; and, except for people of such endurance and energy as Mr. G——, there was no access to that country. Well, I learned from them first that they had not yet gone, and were still where I saw them (whereof I was most particularly glad, as so far I had not lost my guides); secondly, that they had not yet made up their mind how they should go; thirdly, that they thought there was no chance of going in any other way than by a sailing-boat; fourthly, that they would be very glad of me as a companion. They had not heard, before I told them of it, that the Brazilian steamer the 'Dom Pedro Segundo' was to have

left Rio de Janeiro on the 14th for Assumption. It appeared however that it was doubtful how long this steamer would remain at Monte Video or at Buenos Ayres before proceeding up the river; that it was even doubtful whether she would be allowed to go up before the formal recognition of the public freedom of the navigation, and of course there was some doubt whether a passage could be got in her.

Well, for the last day or two I have been chiefly occupied with considering how my body is to be transferred from this place to Assumption. There is no difficulty about going in a sailing-vessel. Sailing-vessels, under the Argentine flag, are continually going, and you have only to pay your passage, and go as far as a place called Pilár or Neembucú, many leagues below Assumption, whence you send to the President, and ask his permission to enter, and wait ten days for the answer; whether you go any further depends upon him, and is sometimes very doubtful. But sailing up a river is a long job: a gentleman who returned a few months ago from Paraguay, where he had been on commercial business, told me he was sixty-three days on the voyage from Buenos Ayres to Assumption; and another person, a little later than he, was ninety days about it. Then it struck me, as I know several persons who want to go to Paraguay, that a steamer might be induced to go for the nonce, on passengers being found; and on inquiring, I heard of two, either of which would go, and could



carry people up at about £10 apiece ; but the difficulty here recurred, that both of the steamers are Brazilian vessels, and of course would not be allowed to go. Then I thought of going to Urquiza on the strength of Admiral Grenfell's introduction, and asking leave for a special steamer to go ; but I was advised that it would be better not to do so. Next, it appeared that an Argentine steamer of war was to go up to Santa Fé (the capital of one of the provinces of the Argentine Confederation), to take Provisional Director Urquiza up to the meeting of the Congress, now sitting there to consider a Constitution for the Republic. But then it was doubtful whether a sailing-vessel could be found at Santa Fé, to take us on to Assumption ; or if so, whether the owner would not ask a high price, reckoning on our necessity of taking him. Then again was the alternative of waiting till the navigation is opened, and the taking a passage by some private steamer, sure to go *then*, or begging a passage in Sir C. Hotham's vessel ; but this involved remaining two months probably at Buenos Ayres—not a tempting prospect to me. The result of our deliberations has been that we take a passage in the first reasonably comfortable sailing-vessel we can find, and start ; and that we meantime request a passage in the Brazilian steamer, so that if she should overtake us on the voyage, we may exchange if we please. On the whole, I think the sailing-vessel would be the best way of going (next to going in an English steamer), for

however long the voyage, it is not like being at sea ; and there will be much to see on the banks, and many opportunities of landing, with the additional consideration (a strong one with me), that I should be certain to be a tolerably long time without much demand on my purse.

The second day after we arrived at Buenos Ayres it blew a gale, and rained heavily. Many of the ships in the roads dragged their anchors, and all the boats were sunk at their moorings (N.B. I am sucking *maté* out of a calabash through a silver *bombilla* while I write), and looked like a shoal of porpoises as they put their noses occasionally above water. We were right glad we were ashore.

I had flattered myself I had escaped from Brazil without getting any jiggers into my feet, which I very much dreaded ; I was somewhat dissatisfied by finding a black spot on the end of one of my toes, which I felt sure was one of these curious inflictions. I had to cut the nail of my toe, and dug out a creature with hundreds of little eggs, leaving a hole big enough to put a pea in ; and next day I found another in my other foot, which I could not get at, but fortunately a gentleman was in the house who, having lived in Brazil, had had experience with these wretches, and he took it out for me. Of course they had been in my feet ever since I left Rio, and I had not felt them ; they are unknown in the latitude of the river Plate. Talking of cutting, the day before, on board the

steamer, I got the surgeon to cut a thorn out of my wrist, which had been buried invisibly in the flesh ever since I fell down on the palm-tree, a month ago, at Rio. It was full half an inch large, and the top of it nearly half an inch under the skin, yet it neither had caused any inflammation, nor for a fortnight any pain. And, talking of insect grievances, I must not forget the *carrapatos*, or ticks, which one picks up in the shrubs in the capoeira in Brazil occasionally. I got lots of them about me at Petropolis. They live on some shrubs, and then, having been vegetarians all their life, if human flesh comes near them, they turn anthropophagi, and bury their heads in the skin, leaving their bodies out to fatten. It was many days before I got rid of them.

I sallied forth this morning in the rain to a circulating library, kept by an Irishman, and got a book which I heard was there, and which I had been trying to get at Rio, and which you must immediately get from Mudie's and devour,—Robertson's 'Letters from Paraguay.' A second series of it has been published, called Dr. Francia's 'Reign of Terror in Paraguay,' or something of the sort. There are also 'Letters on South America,' by the same author. The author of it was kept prisoner in Paraguay by Francia, the late President. I have not read it all yet, but it is very interesting, and kept me employed all the rainy day, with the occasional diversion of some talk with a very nice old gentleman,, who came down from

Rio in the 'Prince' with me, and who was himself kept prisoner for five years in Paraguay by the tyrant,—and with a young man who returned from Paraguay two or three months ago, after a short residence there.

The bad weather of these two first days at Buenos Ayres prevented my presenting myself to Urquiza, as I intended. Next day, Sunday, 22nd, was a beautiful day; the wind had lulled, and changed to south-west, a gentle breeze from the Pampas, fresh and clear as crystal. There is something most delicious about the air of this place, notwithstanding the horrible stench from the putrid flesh all about the town. Nothing but the splendid climate can prevent the towns from being perpetually depopulated by plague; yet all such diseases are unknown here. In the morning we went to church,—quite a large building. There are lots of English, Scotch, and Irish, especially the latter, in Buenos Ayres; and there is a Scotch church too. Many of the Gauchos in *ponchos* and *chiripas* are Irish labour-emigrants.

In the afternoon Blakeway and I took horses and sallied forth to see a little of the outskirts of the town. We took the road towards the north, along the shore to Palermo, the residence of Urquiza. If Buenos Ayres is not the most disgusting place on this earth, there must be sickening spots indeed. The roads, from the late rain, were mere belts of mud with occasional pools, with carcasses of horses or oxen lying here and

there, in the middle of the road and along the shore, everywhere ; the air was regularly thick with stench. The only variation from that of putrid flesh was that of burned bones. There are actually carcasses and their remains in every stage of putridity, lying in the middle of the streets and before the doors of the houses in the outer parts of the town. The only vegetation visible was,—hedges of aloes, with huge cactuses interspersed among them, and the leafless branches of a curious tree, called, I believe, “ Umbú,” which looks just like the roots of some big tree, pulled bodily out of the earth and stuck up on end ; very few of them have any leaves on now. The aloes are a totally different species from those about Rio de Janeiro, but like them throw up tall flower-stalks, though not to so great a height. Then came a few orange-trees with fruit on them, and standard peach-trees in flower. My companion, when we returned to the town, found he wanted his dinner ; so I continued my exploration alone, and rode about through the town, a little way into the country on the other side, to see as much as I could before sunset. There are no hills, and scarcely any undulations ; after long search, I only found one place where I could get a view.

Buenos Ayres is a very curious town, quite unlike anything I have yet seen, except Monte Video. It is built with the most perfect regularity in blocks (or *cuadros*, as they call them) of houses, one hundred and forty yards long in the side, so that the whole

town is intersected by streets perfectly parallel to each other, in two directions, at right angles and at equal distance. Every house in the town is flat-topped, and has a terrace on the roof, where in fine weather the people sit or walk, and one or two courts in the middle, with windows looking into them. By far the greater number of the houses are only one room high; some have one story, and a few three. The private houses of the better class have often fireplaces and chimneys in the English style, but most of them have no mode of obtaining artificial heat for the rooms. Urquiza's residence at Palermo is only one room high, and is surrounded with a lot of porticoes. It was built by the wretch Rosas, and lies on a flat close to the river, with a grove of miserable-looking trees between it and the water.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the town is the beauty of the ladies; they are all charming to look at, and are said to be as amiable as angels. Very few of them wear bonnets; they either walk about with heads bare, or with a hood formed out of a part of their shawls thrown over their heads. Then the place is full of Gauchos, and Peons (labourers), and soldiers in the Gaucho costume. The soldiers are not a very imposing set, consisting chiefly of Mulattoes and Indians, with a few Negroes. But the regular Gauchos are noble-looking fellows. There are very few Negroes in the place; when the Spanish colonies declared their independence, many of them at once freed their

slaves, and I believe they have all done so since. There are certainly no slaves in the Argentine States or in Monte Video ; the consequence is that the houses and the people are clean, and there is an air of comfort about the town (notwithstanding the putridity) that one misses very much in Brazil. The people too are altogether a finer race than the Brazilians of the sea-coast towns.

This afternoon had been very fine, with a beautiful fresh air from the Pampas, and clear sky ; it is always fine weather when the south-west wind blows off the Pampas, though sometimes the same wind comes sweeping over the plains like a hurricane ; this they call a Pampero : but the air is always clear. The next day was beautiful. I was occupied in pottering about with Mr. G—— in search of information with respect to vessels going up the river, till just before the steamer sailed for Monte Video, and had to rush on board in a vast hurry.

I had two objects in going back to Monte Video : first, because I wished to see the town ; second, because I wished to learn about the Brazilian steamer that is to go up to Assumption, and if possible to beg a passage in her. Meantime I agreed with Mr. G—— to be bound by any arrangement he might make for our voyage, and to come back by the next steamer, to be in readiness to start with him. At about a quarter past four P.M. the little steamer the 'Countess of Lonsdale' started off from the inner roads ; and as

we passed among the vessels in the outer roads, we were delighted with the most magnificent sunset I ever saw. Mr. Lafone, an English merchant in these parts, very kindly asked me to stay at his house while I was at Monte Video. It was quite a pleasure to meet again with the English hospitality, which made Pernambuco so pleasant. It was a most magnificent night, with a moon like silver. The voyage occupies twelve or thirteen hours, and next morning (24th), at half-past seven, we found ourselves steaming into the Bay of Monte Video, through a dense fog, which enveloped the *Cerro*, as the hill is called, and the shipping. We soon found ourselves snugly lodged in Mr. Lafone's house, which is quite different from any of the merchants' houses that I have seen, inasmuch as it is a very clean place, and he lives in it with his own family when they are at that town.

The general aspect of Monte Video is much the same as that of Buenos Ayres. It is all built in blocks, about one hundred yards square, but not with such perfect regularity as the latter town, for there are two divisions of it, the old and the new, and the streets in the two are not parallel with each other. The houses too are all flat-roofed, with the *azoteas*, or terrace-roofs, just as at Buenos Ayres. Many of them, and indeed all those of the merchants, have flat-topped towers for gazebos, or *miradores*, as they call them, for looking at the shipping. There is only one large church in Monte Video, whereas there are



seven or eight in Buenos Ayres, and some of them with convents attached. The Cathedral at Monte Video has no pretensions to beauty ; the most—to my eye—remarkable object in it is a *Negro* saint image as large as life. I don't know who it is, but there he stands enshrined as the idol at one of the altars in the side of the church,—no doubt a relic of the time of slavery, placed there to captivate the poor Blackies ; but there are very few Negroes now to be seen there. There is an English church, but no clergyman at present. The ladies are as beautiful as at Buenos Ayres. The Gaucho dress is not much seen. The soldiers are clad in European costume ; *ponchos* however are the cloaks usually worn. Perhaps the reason that Gauchos in their *chiripas* are not much seen at Monte Video is, that their occupation has been almost gone by reason of the war.

The most remarkable thing about Monte Video is that it exists at all, at least that there are any signs of vitality about it. I dare say you are not aware that it is not more than nine months ago since it was liberated from a siege unprecedented for duration in history, except by that of Troy. For the nine years preceding last November, that poor town was beleaguered by the forces of Rosas under General Oribe. During all that time the inhabitants had been locked up in the town, cut off from *all* communication with the interior, and for great part of the time blockaded by sea. Last November the siege was raised by

the joint forces of Urquiza and the Brazilians. They say that the scene presented by the town when the news spread that the enemy was gone, was most extraordinary. The poor people rushed about embracing each other in the streets, yet scarcely believing the news. The suburbs still show signs of the siege. The town stands on a promontory, so that it is protected on two sides by the sea; towards the land, on the third side, lines were thrown up for the defence of the town. The strongest battery is known as "Purvis's," after Admiral Purvis, of Bury, who is a great man here. Outside of these lines the houses were knocked about by the besiegers; many of them are ruins, and many bear abundant marks of shot. And, strange to say, about three miles beyond stands a town of considerable size, called Union, built by the Argentine enemy during the siege: here comfortably resided the general, and here he built a school for the children of his officers, which is now the University of the Monte Videans. But the strangest thing is that, notwithstanding all the suffering to which the inhabitants have been subjected, the town looks now more lively and flourishing than Buenos Ayres. It is clean and bustling, and repairs are going on with great rapidity. Of course during the siege the whole of the industry of the country was at a standstill, if industry can be a proper term for the disgusting operation of slaughtering cattle wholesale, by which the people in the River Plate provinces subsist.

I must explain (what I may presume you do not know, as I did not know it in England, or if I had known it one day should have forgotten it the next) that Monte Video is the capital town of a large district, bounded on the west by the river Uruguay, on the north and east by the province of Rio Grande of the Empire of Brazil, from which it is separated by the river Ibiary, which runs into the Uruguay. On the south it is bounded by the estuary of the Rio de la Plata. This territory is that of the Republic of Uruguay (formerly the Spanish province of that name); it is now more usually called the Banda Oriental, as lying on the eastern bank of the Uruguay. This republic, as also that of Paraguay, have desired to be independent of and separate from "the Argentine Confederation" of fifteen or sixteen small republics comprised under that name. Rosas wished to compel the "Orientals" into submission to his tyranny, as dictator of the Argentine Confederation; so he besieged *their* capital, (the Paraguayans were too strong for him, so he let *them* alone, but annoyed them and the rest of the world by shutting up the navigation of the river Paraná,) and occupied their country, ruining all the *estancieros* by carrying off all the cattle of the States for the support of his army. The Banda Oriental is almost one entire beautiful meadow; it might grow corn for the whole world. The climate must be the very finest for wheat; but it has been occupied almost entirely as a pasture, covered

with countless thousands of horses and oxen, while its coasts were reeking with their blood. So it has pleased God to punish them,—whether for not growing corn I cannot tell,—but He has sent upon them war and misery, and put a stop to the wholesale butchery of cattle by the slaughter of men. The plague of the sword is now removed, and it remains to be proved whether corn will grow.

Well, the first day I was at Monte Video was spent in going on board a ship recently purchased by Mr. Lafone as a wreck at the Falkland Isles for £100, which, by expending a few hundred pounds on, he has made worth £8000 or £9000. You must know two things thereanent: first, that the Falkland Isles are being made into a grazing colony by an English Company, who are introducing Gauchos and their lassos for the management and slaughtering of the cattle; secondly, that it is quite a regular occurrence for ships loaded with coal from Baltimore (U.S.) and other places, to take fire by spontaneous combustion in the neighbourhood of the Falklands. The captain of the ship I saw sailed from Baltimore in another ship of which he was then master, loaded with coal, leaving in harbour his other vessel, loading, to follow him in two or three weeks, both being bound for Valparaiso. His ship caught fire in the latitude of the Falklands, hopelessly; so he and his crew took to their boats, and after many days and nights landed on those islands, which they did not know to be inhabited. There they sub-

sisted for many days on sea-birds (not being on the part where the wild cattle are). They were then discovered by the inhabitants, and taken to Stanley Harbour, where the first thing he saw was the other ship which he had left loading at Baltimore, lying scuttled, having also caught fire at sea, and having been run into the shore by the captain, and scuttled. The captain of this second vessel, having lost his own, then took the command of another which came there in want of a captain, and this third vessel took fire at sea, and reached her destination, Valparaiso, in flames. Further, the very day I saw this vessel in Monte Video roads, another American vessel came into this port on fire. So fire is the rule at sea in these latitudes, as if the storms of Cape Horn were not sufficient. I conclude that people are intended to go to Valparaiso not by sea, but either across the Pampas or through the air.

Well, the ship I was on board of is going to sail soon to the Falklands with a cargo of horses and sheep, which do not abound there as kine do. From her we took a boat and rowed across to the "Mount" on the opposite side of the harbour, a low, gently sloping hill called "the Cerro" by the natives, about the height of St. Katherine's, Winton, but not so steep, with an old fort crowned with a lighthouse at the top. The Argentines were unable to take this fort at any time during the siege from the heroic Orientals. You will wonder why the invaders did not bombard the town; and when you hear that the English would not let

them, you will then wonder no doubt why we let them besiege at all, and you may continue to wonder, as probably will all posterity, till Lord Palmerston hands in his account at the Judgment Day.

There is a fine view from the top of the hill over the rolling plain of grass, diversified only with patches of thistles (at present quite short), and by square enclosures of aloe-hedges, surrounding fields of grass, rather greener than that outside. The only elevation there is another gentle rise on the north-west of the town, called the "Cerrito," or the little hill, on the top of which is another fort, to which I rode the next day (August 25th), with an English youth staying at Mr. Lafone's, who has purchased a share in an *estancia* about twenty-four leagues from Monte Video, on which he is going to farm (not only cattle, but I am glad to say corn also). The *estancia* has of course, like all the others in this province, been ruined by the siege.

We left the town by the main street towards the north, and then turned down to the water's edge at the head of the bay. We first passed among an immense multitude of laundresses, with all the linen of Monte Video stretched out on the sand round certain curious little pools, each surrounded with a hedge of aloes (they say these aloes die as soon as they have flowered). A little further on we came upon a horrible scene, one of the slaughter-houses (*mataderos*). Fancy a square enclosure, sixty or seventy yards across,

slightly sloping down to the beach; the three upper sides forming the boundaries of enclosures confining bullocks, the lower side occupied by two slaughter-houses. In the enclosure were several men on foot and on horseback, with lassos; beasts were continually being driven out of the pens through doors in the sides. As fast as each came out a horseman threw or tried to throw a lasso over its horns, and then, with the assistance of the foot-lasso-men, dragged the animal to the sheds at the bottom, where in a minute or two he was deprived of his hide. Previously to taking off the skin, a man plunges a knife into the neck of the creature, so as to injure the spinal marrow and make it fall like a shot, deprived of all power of motion,—whether of feeling or not I cannot tell, neither I should think do the butchers much care. You may imagine the rapidity with which this is done from the fact, that at one or two *estancias*, a gentleman told me, before the war they used to kill eleven hundred oxen a day. I hope never to see anything so horrible again as this. I was just thinking how it would disgust any lady, when I looked round and saw a lady on horseback just behind me, riding along the beach to the town; her handkerchief was up to her nose, but her eyes were fixed on the *matadero*, which she seemed to think very interesting, as her horse was walking very slowly. I believe this place was only providing the town with food. The *saladeros*, or salt-ing-houses, where they preserve the hides and meat

on the large scale, were not yet at work again near Monte Video. There were not so many carcasses lying about here as at Buenos Ayres, but still a good many.

By the bye, please note the curious misnomers which the towns and places of these parts are honoured with, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, which some one will translate for you: Rio de Janeiro, called *par excellence* Rio (the river), where there is no river at all; Rio Grande, where there is *not the great river* of these parts; Monte Video, where there are no mountains at all; Buenos Ayres, where the most horrible stench prevails; and lastly, Rio de la Plata, where there is no silver at all, being just at the opposite side of the continent to the silver district.

We proceeded along roads of mud about a foot deep, market-gardens, now recovering themselves, and fields of grass, to the Cerrito, which is open down. Here we rode into the fort, now occupied only by a very civil sentinel, who requested us not to enter except on foot. Hence we galloped back to town across the plain and among the mud-tracks, passing near the town of Union, built, as I have said, during the siege of Monte Video; but I had not time to go to see it, as I had an engagement in town, to be introduced by Mr. Lafone to Señor Lavalle, father-in-law of the Brazilian Minister, who is going to Assumption, to ask him to ask his son-in-law, Señor Leal, to give me a passage up to Assumption in his steamer, if she overtakes our sailing vessel on the river.



Next day (the 26th), after breakfast, I walked out to the cemeteries outside the inner lines,—the English one, and the native ;—the former said to have been a very pretty place before the siege, now a dreary spot with a few ruined monuments, and the ragged stumps of what had been some very fine umbú-trees (these are most curious productions ; they look like old stubbed oaks, and you would fancy them as hard, but their wood, whether green or dry, is as soft as cork or cabbage-stalks ; you might easily cut down one a yard thick with a penknife). The Spanish cemetery is very curious ; it is a large square enclosure, surrounded with a high wall, which wall *consists* of vaults, built one above the other, containing coffins, only shut out from the open air by a door, in many cases of rotten wood, and loose on the hinges, on which the name is engraved ; these tiers of vaults are about twenty feet high. There are graves about the ground too, and here and there a pond of water with coffins and fragments thereof floating about ; and in one place a large heap of human skulls and bones bleaching in the air. The most conspicuous object in the cemetery is a solitary sculptured monument in marble to a general who had been killed somewhere by the Indians, with a pathetic appeal on each of the four sides : on one side, to the Monte Videan patriots ; on another, to the enemies of the Republic ; on another, to foreigners ; on the fourth, to the Indians, conjuring them to be in a cold perspiration for some time when they think of him.

At five P.M. we steamed out of Monte Video Bay, *en route* for Buenos Ayres, where we anchored in the inner roads at seven the next morning. We got into a boat to go ashore. The landing was rather an amusing affair: as soon as our boat came within about a quarter of a mile of the beach, (she was sailing along at a very considerable rate, and was a large heavy boat too, with fourteen or fifteen persons in her,) she was surrounded by carts and horses, driven by red-poncho'd Gauchos standing with one leg on the pole between the two horses, and one knee on the back of one of them. Furiously they drove, but with wonderful skill; the water was up to the horses' middles, and how they escaped being run down by the boat I cannot tell. Our steersman said he broke a wheel-spoke occasionally, whenever he could. However, we and our baggage were soon transferred to one of the carts, and soon after were landed on the beach.

As soon as I had breakfasted I went to Mr. G—— to learn what was decided. I found that he had not yet seen the vessel, but was determined to go, and she was ready to sail almost immediately. So after much pottering about, and more waiting for the captain, we went to sea again—or rather to river—in a cart; we were driven out this time in a tandem, full half a mile, to meet a boat from our ship, a schooner, or *goleta*, as they call them, of ninety-nine tons. We went from the Custom-house stairs, which are about half a mile from the place where the steamer passengers land,

at the office of the "Captain of the Port." It was a most busy scene here, really a strange sight. The whole beach just above the sands, as far as the eye could reach, for a mile and a half at least, was occupied by laundresses, and linen lying on the ground. The sand-flat, and the water beyond it, was covered with carts, the best built I have seen out of England, conveying goods to and from the ships in the roads, with Gauchos riding about with lassos, made of strips of hide plaited, tied to their horses' girths, to help carts requiring an extra tug; perhaps also there were among them mounted custom-house officers, to prevent contraband landing of goods.

So we went on board the 'Neptuno,' and I confess I did not much envy myself my lot for the next month, or maybe two or three. The ship is to be loaded with salt; so far not bad. But the cabin!—a little hole about twelve feet by eight, and six feet high, with four shelves, in recesses about eighteen inches deep in the sides. Two of these boxes are to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. G——, one by me, and the other by a young Frenchman, going to establish a printing-press at Corrientes. What Madame will do I cannot think: how her husband could think of putting a lady in such a hole I cannot imagine. The captain and sailors are all Italians (as is generally the case on this river), very fine fellows; but how she will like their cookery I do not know,—they are to cook for us. For my part I shall buy a bag of beans and

some dried peaches, and shall not be much dependent on their provisions. They are to take us to Corrientes for twenty-four *patacoons* (or dollars), food included; but I shall only use their bread. The captain says he was only twenty days going up to Corrientes on his last voyage; but I have made up my mind to be two months about it, and will consider it as lucre if we have a favourable wind and do it sooner, or if the 'Dom Pedro Segundo,' with Señor Leal on board, overtakes us and gives us a lift.

This is a great jump out of the world; when I shall receive any news from you I cannot divine, though I shall probably be able to send some of myself occasionally. In Paraguay, Guaraní is the language of the country, the better-educated people speaking Spanish,—two languages of which I have not the wildest notion. Of course I shall work fiercely at Ollendorff, whom I bought in Spanish here the other day; he has not yet attacked Guaraní. I have no introductions in the country, except what I may get through the G——s, who have spent some months, and have friends, there; but I have no manner of doubt I shall fall on my legs, as I have everywhere else hitherto in my travels. I do not know when I shall come back; I take with me a hundred pounds, and mean to stay till either I am tired of the country, or I have only enough left to carry me to Parahyba do Norte, or till the President orders me off, or I find I cannot see any more of the country. I am told that living is very

cheap there, and that fruit and vegetables abound. I cannot learn that any traveller since Azara (about 1800) has gone to Paraguay to see it. Robertson, who wrote the book I mentioned, and Mr. Macfarlane, whom I have met here, were long enough there against their wills, and many Englishmen have been there lately, but only on business. Bonpland, who travelled with Humboldt, was confined there for many years by Francia, but that tyrant is now defunct.

The state of things in Paraguay at present is this : it was one of the first of the Spanish American colonies which declared its independence of the mother country, and declared itself a republic. Not long after this, Dr. Francia got himself made Dictator of the country, and ruled it with the awful severity of which you may read in Robertson's book for a quarter of a century. After him came Lopez, the present President, not a cruel man, but narrow-minded in many things. Meantime Rosas, the usurper of the dictatorship of the Argentine Confederation, has asserted (though he never proved either by law or by force) that Paraguay was one of the States of the Argentine Confederation, and as such subject to Buenos Ayres, which has assumed to itself, or he for it, the supremacy of the Confederation. And he made the Paraguayans practically subservient to him, by cutting them off from communication with the world, by closing their God-given outlet, the glorious Paraná ; so that either by their rulers at home or by their

enemies they have been pretty well secluded. Now comes Urquiza at the beginning of this year, and smashes Rosas' tyranny, and *pro tem.* takes his place as Provisional Director of the affairs of the Argentines, obtaining from the people by a form of vote (compelled by military force) full powers to settle all the *foreign* affairs of the Confederation.

His first act has been to acknowledge formally the independence of Paraguay as a separate republic, and to make a treaty with the President, regulating the relations of the two powers. Of course the natural next step is, to declare the navigation of the rivers by which Paraguay is reached free to all nations: this is not yet done, so no vessels but those under the Argentine flag can go up the river at present. The acknowledgment of the independence was celebrated with great joy at Assumption on the 17th of last month, and a few days ago the treaty was published in the Government newspaper here. Either Urquiza is afraid to open the rivers on account of the jealousy of the Buenos Ayreans, who have hitherto kept the keys of the navigation for their own benefit, or he wishes to appear to defer to the decision of the Congress (which consists of delegates from each of the States of the Confederation) just about to sit at Santa Fé, whom of course he will compel to decide as he chooses. Meantime there can be no doubt, that, even if not inclined to do as he is in duty bound, the presence of Sir C. Hotham, and M. St.-Georges, the French

Envoy sent to arrange this matter, will determine his opening of the rivers. It is understood that Sir C. Hotham will then start up the river in the 'Locust,' and that other steamers will go up also. It is supposed that this cannot take place for two or three months, but that the Brazilian steamer, with the Minister on board, will have special permission to ascend sooner.

Paraguay is of course a totally different country from those at the mouth of the river; instead of vast monotonous plains of grass, there are beautiful woods and every variety of scenery and climate. I suppose that every vegetable product which man uses, except Iceland moss, may grow within its confines. It differs from these countries in being well peopled, and in having a quiet, industrious race of inhabitants, instead of a population of idle, half-wild horsemen, and indolent half-awake citizens. More, with the blessing of God, of its people, its palms, its fruits, and its crocodiles, you shall hear hereafter.

Our sailing has been delayed for a day or two, and we shall probably not start before Tuesday, the 31st of August; after that, everything depends on the wind. Of course I am devoutly hoping for a *pampero* (as the south-west winds of the Pampas are called), or a south wind, to waft us up the river. It was favourable yesterday, but is very changeable. Having made purchases for the voyage, in the shape of a supply of small beans, dried peaches, raisins, a pot of China preserves, and some candles; and having asked Madame

G—— to purchase me a mattress and pillow when she bought her own, I considered myself ready for the voyage, and sallied forth to see what I could do in the way of getting small or great change for Admiral Grenfell's introduction to the Provisional Director.

I happened to have come down in the steamer from Rio with a very gentlemanly-like young man, son of one of Rosas' generals and of the sister of the tyrant himself. He has been in England and India, and speaks English perfectly; he promised to introduce me to some one who would get me access to Urquiza, and would find me an interpreter, as the General speaks no language but Spanish. Accordingly he took me to a certain Dr. Garcia, apparently a legal functionary, who, when my desires had been explained to him, requested me to come to him at one o'clock. At the appointed hour I presented myself; and a young man, with the dandiest pair of silk gloves I have seen here, and a mysterious letter, conducted me to the Government-house (where the great man sits every day, attending to the affairs of the Confederation), and handed me over to a certain Dr. P——, to whom he gave the letter, stating verbally that I wanted to see Urquiza; the Doctor of course said it was quite impossible, meaning that the King (for such is the *fact*) was far too busy, but on reading the note addressed to him he looked blander, and asked me to follow him.



He conducted me to a room, where he asked me to remain outside the door for a minute while he entered; he soon beckoned me in, and I found myself, in an old great-coat and dirty boots, with my wide-awake in one hand and my credentials in the other, in front of a table behind which sat a very respectable English farmer-like, honest-looking man, in a neat blue uniform coat and white waistcoat, with a lot of officials and applicants sitting or standing in a row at the side.\* I did not look at any one but Urquiza, who politely rose from his chair, and when I presented my letter, motioned me to take a seat. He then handed the letter to the Doctor who brought me in, and told him to read it, and having heard it, he told the Doctor (who spoke English very well) to ask me what was the assistance which I required, as requested for me by the Admiral, who had represented me as wishing to travel in the countries of the Argentines for scientific purposes. So I told him that I wished to go up the Paraná, and to visit the Argentine territory on its banks, and Paraguay, and that I should be much obliged to his Excellency if he would give me intro-

\* In a letter to a friend Mr. Mansfield says:—"I like Urquiza's face. I think he is a real man; he looks like an English farmer, and they say he is a teetotaller and vegetarian—a phenomenon in these parts, where the earth is soaked with beast-blood. The Buenos Ayreans hate him, and would make him out to be a second Rosas, because he is taking out of their hands the key of the river, which they have used and would continue to use for their own benefit, to the disadvantage of the other States."

ductions in those parts, and to the President of Paraguay. In reply, I was informed that he had given directions to have letters of introduction written to the Governor of the States of Entre Rios and Corrientes, and to the Argentine Minister at Assumption; and I was then asked if I wanted anything more. I had half a mind to ask for a Government steamer to take me up the river, but I thought that would be too impudent; so I only asked if a steamer was going up the river, on which I could get a passage (it was reported that Urquiza was to go in a few days up to Santa Fé, per steamer, to open the Congress), but was answered *No*. So I thanked the hero, and thinking him really a hero and a trump, bowed myself out. The Doctor told me to come again at four o'clock for the letters.

Now I consider this a great fact in history, and equivalent to the actual opening of the navigation of the river, or at least the first step thereto; for it is an actual formal permission to and encouragement of a foreigner to go up the Paraná to Paraguay. People of course have had passports for that country before, but I do not suppose any foreigner has yet been there, specially recommended by the authorities of Buenos Ayres. I consider that I have got done for myself what Sir C. Hotham has to get done for the world. It is very jolly that I have come in the very nick of time, just as the River Plate Republics seem to be getting into a state of peace, and just as

Paraguay is about to be thrown open to the world for the first time. I shall probably, if I have reasonably good luck, get up to Paraguay just before the freedom of the navigation of the rivers is declared, for it is supposed that this will take place in about two months.

At four o'clock I went to the Government House, and received my letters, which represented that the official was ordered by the Provisional Director to request the Governors to facilitate my travels, and to treat me with such consideration as I deserve!! (how much that is, is wisely left to the authorities to determine for themselves.) The Minister at Assumption is desired to present me to the President of the Republic of Paraguay if I desire it. Of course I shall desire it, for if one is not in the good graces of the President, one is very liable to be ordered out of the country, and there can be no doubt that a recommendation from Urquiza must be very useful with the President of Paraguay, who must look upon him as the best friend of his country, as he has been the first to acknowledge on the part of Buenos Ayres its independence and freedom. What a joke it will be, being taken for a swell by the innocent people up in the country!

As soon as I had got my letters, we sallied forth, a party of five, on horseback, to go to Mr. L——'s *chacra*, or country-house, about fifteen miles from the town. It was a beautiful evening. We passed of

course the most horrible sights in the road,—dead horses and oxen everywhere,—pools of stagnant water in the holes, and sometimes over the road also, where it lay rather low; these holes generally contained a carcase or bones, and one large one was positively full of the intestines of slaughtered animals. The immense quantity of bones is quite wonderful: they are, I am told, used as fuel by the poorer people for cooking and heating ovens. The road is repaired by filling up the holes with them, and in some places you see hedges made of them. I have seen one or two *corrals* (as they call the enclosures into which they drive horses and cattle when they want to catch them) surrounded by fences made entirely of the bones that form the cores of the horns of oxen, and so close and thick that you cannot see light through them. Besides the waste of land (which might grow corn), the cruelty and the disgusting scenes which all this implies, I am annoyed by the consideration of the enormous waste of animal matter, which putrefies in the open air, and which might all make ammonia or saltpetre. The carcases are putrefying all round the houses, almost in them. The people do not seem to smell the horrible stench at all—perhaps they like it; I even fancy that *I* am becoming indifferent to it.

Well, our road lay southwards, in a direction sloping away at an acute angle from the river-shore. It lay for several miles among houses, cottages, gardens, and fields fenced with willow or some other brush-

wood ; poplars and weeping willows fringed the road in some places. We crossed a small river, which runs into the Plata about three miles from the town, by the so-called "Barracas Bridge," up to which it is navigable for small vessels, and at the village there many vessels are loaded with the *carne seca* and salted and dried hides, which form the chief article of export from this country. About a mile and a half beyond this bridge, the road—which nowhere was paved or macadamized, but only a wide belt of the sandy-clayey soil—opened out upon the plain ; we were clear of the houses, and of the trees, which are only found in their neighbourhood, and now it became a broad track of bare soil across the boundless plain of bright green grass. The horses here seem to have scarcely any other pace but a gallop ; so away we went over the plain, at a glorious pace, for about ten miles.

There is something most remarkably exhilarating about the air of the plain. Notwithstanding all the carcasses which one meets everywhere, the air is sweet and fresh in an indescribable degree. Buenos Ayres is indeed no misnomer for the plain, where man has not entirely befouled the clean earth. There are no trees, except where, here and there, hedges of poplars and willows, and small copses of peach-trees have been planted ; the latter are now just flowering ; the people feed their pigs with the fruit, and use the wood for fuel. Here and there stands a great umbú-tree, looking at a distance like a great English oak,

—the veriest sham of a tree that grows. Only the orange-trees, which grow well here, have any leaves on now, but the ground is covered with bright green grass, short and smooth like a cricket-ground. In some places are large quantities of thistles, at this season only a few inches high, having no stalks, but only a clump of leaves spreading over the ground.

I was surprised at the quantity of animal life: there were birds all over the plain in great numbers; quantities of flights of wild ducks were making their way towards the river, high in the air; peewits, very like our English one, but not so pretty,\* were screaming in every direction; little owls got up under our horses' feet, and flew a few yards out of the way; there were black starlings trotting about the cattle's heels; two kinds of big heavy hawks, and one immense vulture—a condor at least, which flew within a few yards of me; and while I was looking at it, an emu, or ostrich, as they are called here, sprang up close to my horse: I had ridden up to him as he walked, with-

\* "The Pampas Peewit.—Legs, bill, eyelid-edges, pale pink; forehead, throat, and breast black; belly white; head and neck-top grey; back grey-green, with metallic lustre; upper tail-coverts white; tail-feathers white at the roots, a black bar all beyond coverts, a pale brown-white tip; upper wing-coverts dull red, of metallic lustre; under-coverts green, of metallic lustre, with red play of colours, dull, the lower row white; quills, first and second black, third and seventh grey; crest of eight thin feathers, black, five inches long. A bird of heavy flight (in this very unlike our peewit); the wings very round at the point. Screams something like kittiwake."—*Extracted from Mr. Mansfield's Note-Book.*

out seeing him. There were two together, but they were not quite wild, being protected and probably fed as pets by the owner of the land ; but there are said to be numbers of them wild not very far off. I never saw such an appearance of immense strength combined with agility as that exhibited by the legs of those birds, as I galloped after them ; their strides were quite prodigious. Then there are partridges, very like our own, infinite sandpipers, and lots of snipes, and a great black-looking curlew in flocks ; and every here and there queer creatures (particularly just about sunset) like enormous rabbits, with tails like beavers' stuck on the wrong way, with hair on the top, faces like a mixture of a badger and guinea-pig, and hair like rats, and as big as a large hare, stand and look at you, and then bolt into holes with which they have tunnelled the ground : they are called *Vizcachas* by the people here.

There was plenty of twilight, and some time after sunset we arrived at our friend's *chacra*. It is a small cottage with four or five rooms in it, surrounded by a small grove of trees, leafless now, as all the trees are (except a solitary palm-tree, a fine one too, which I was surprised to see growing here, planted). On their branches are several queer nests, built of mud, closed over at top with holes at the side, belonging to a bird like a thrush, that chatters horribly ; and in a poplar-tree close to the house is a mass of sticks like a magpie's nest, that they tell me is that of a parrot.

This place was first built as a country retreat for pleasure, but the owner is now beginning to farm,—to grow corn.

This morning three of us galloped over to the Roman Catholic church at a village about four miles off, and there we found a congregation of Irish, with an Irish priest performing; he preached afterwards well and sensibly, till he got off the rails about penance as a sacrament. He comes here once in six months. They say he is always journeying about the Pampas; his mission is in the State of Buenos Ayres, and he suffers much hardship in his labours. There seems to be a very large Irish population in these parts. Many of the poncho'd and chiripa'd Gauchos are Irishmen. By the way, one sees sometimes some magnificent Gauchos,—wild princes, fellows in chiripas and ponchos of fine brilliant scarlet cloth, with girdles and horse-trappings loaded with silver, each button a dollar-coin, and with enormous spurs, overloaded with silver chains; there are many noble-looking fellows too, more coarsely clad.

On August 30th we rode into town, after a rough breakfast; one of the horses having bolted off, its rider had to borrow another. Nothing can be more charming than a gallop over these beautiful plains, the morning air is so fresh; but as we came near the town we changed from our road of Saturday to avoid some large pools in the road, and went round by the *saladeros*, or salting-places and slaughter-houses, near



the Barracas Bridge. Here the stench was too awful : there were ditches filled with blood *instead* of water, actually in all stages of putrefaction ; *miles and miles* of fences, three or four feet high and two thick, dividing off the different establishments skirting the road, and forming *corrals*, made entirely of the bones of the bullocks' horns.

When we arrived in town, our host of the *chacra* (an excellent young fellow, who had never heard of Christian Socialists, and told me that he was a Socialist because he was a Christian, and a Christian because he was a Socialist—a Roman Catholic in belief, whose father fifty years ago was a physician at Manchester) introduced me to an English quack, who has been travelling four months in South America, and arrived here two days ago, having ridden across the Pampas from Valparaiso to Mendoza and Cordova. It ended in his expressing a wish to accompany us to Paraguay. So I have thus a companion, a great acquisition, as he speaks Spanish well and is very lively. Mr. G—— speaks French so indistinctly that I cannot understand half he says, and cannot speak Spanish. His wife is just the reverse, speaks Spanish and English, as well as French, very clearly, so that I can understand her in two tongues ; and I hope soon to be able to do so in the third. I have just learned that we shall have to perform part of the journey on horseback, so I have counter-ordered my mattress, and shall get a Gaucho saddle and appurtenances, which make a capital bed.

A great event took place here on August 31st. A decree appeared in the Government newspaper, regulating the customs matters of the Confederation ; amongst other things, the river Paraná was declared open. This was very unexpected, and seemed at first likely to alter our plans, because if the rivers are open, of course steamers may go up. However, on examination of the decree I found that it was not to come in force before October 1st, and there are several limitations in it ; such as, that, though ships of all nations may go up, no foreign vessels may, except such as are of more than 120 tons burden, and these may only touch at such ports as have custom-houses, and may not even stop at the islands on the river ; so a small steamer could not go, and if she did, could not go as her passengers would like. So we determined to stick to our old sailing-boat, and shall at any rate get some little distance on the way before the steamers can begin their journey. This decree is, though full of limitations, a great beginning, the opening up of a new world.

I went this evening to drink tea with Mr. Lafone, whose family are now living here, having a house here as well as at Monte Video. I learned from him that he had got for me a passage on board the ' Dom Pedro Segundo ' from the Brazilian minister ; if she does catch us up, I shall only have to go and ask to be taken in. While I was at Mr. Lafone's, Sir C. Hotham came in ; he did not recognize me as the intruder on his Excellency at Rio de Janeiro, till being

told I was going to Paraguay, and speaking to me of it, I reminded him that he had discouraged me as to my hopes of getting there; to which he replied, "But affairs are in a very different state now," and asked me to give his compliments to Lopez, the President (whom he knows, having been at Assumption before, when he forced Rosas' blockade of the river, and went up), and say he hoped to see him soon. I took this as a hint that he meant to be there before me; I want to get there first,\* before the first gush of foreigners, and was rather afraid this evening that Sir C. Hotham, and a lot of people who might get passages in his vessel, would beat me by a month at least, for the 'Locust' is going to sail on September 6th, and it is currently reported that she will go up to Assumption. However I learned this evening that he is only going up to Santa Fé, to accompany Urquiza to the Congress there. I suppose his diplomatic duties will occupy him there some time before he goes up further. I hope that reading all this will not bother

\* In a letter to a friend, Mr. Mansfield writes:—"I wish some one better fitted than myself for the task, had the splendid opportunity which seems before me, of seeing the magnificent Mesopotamia of the Paraná. I think I have some work to do up there, and I am occasionally visited by a very strong notion that I am to spend the rest of my life in Paraguay. Have you any friends near enough to the present Government to ask for the appointment of Minister at the Court of Paraguay, or *Chargé d'Affaires*, or Consul, political or commercial, for me? Now that Paraguay is independent, and the inlets of commerce about to be opened, we shall be fancying we want a representative of some kind here, and we may as well have a live one. I mean to be the fittest person for the position before I return to England."

you ; but I cannot help thinking that all these little things which interest me so much will be interesting to you, as I jot them down as they pass through my mind.

The next boating-trip that Robert will have to take will be up the Paraná with me when I return to Paraguay. The Paraná flows only three miles an hour, and may be pulled against ; but there will be steamers there, and the boat may be taken up, and he can pull down.

This is a sort of farewell epistle, a last word before I plunge into regions untraversed by the wings of her Majesty's mails. I expect to sail immediately up this mighty river into the mysterious land of Paraguay ; the nearer I get to this to my mind enchanted land, the deeper is the interest which seems to envelope it, and the more anxious I am to find myself within its bounds. It was always one of my dreams to go to Paraguay, and see the remains of Jesuit socialism among the isolated civilization of the Indians ; and now it seems as if my vision was to be realized. But I must not count my chickens before they are hatched,

## CHAPTER VII.\*

UP THE PARANA, FROM BUENOS AYRES TO  
CORRIENTES.

DIFFICULTIES AT STARTING. — FELLOW PASSENGERS. — BILL OF FARE. — THE ISLAND OF MARTIN GARCIA. — RUN AGROUND. — A BATHE. — APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY. — A FIRE. — FOUR STEAMERS PASS UP THE RIVER. — A HONEY-WASPS' NEST. — TRIAL OF CANOE PADDLING. — OBLIGADO. — ROSARIO. — LOCUSTS. — THE STEAMERS RETURN. — DIAMANTES. — ANOTHER PRAIRIE FIRE. — AGROUND AGAIN. — A FLEET OF VESSELS. — A STORM. — SCENERY. — CHANGE FROM 'NEPTUNO' TO 'ROSARIO.' — VEGETATION. — ANOTHER STORM. — BREADTH OF THE RIVER. — AGROUND AGAIN. — LOCUSTS. — MIRAGE. — ARRIVAL AT CORRIENTES. — NATIVES. — INTERVIEW WITH THE GOVERNOR.

September 2.

I WILL now give you the log of my voyage to Paraguay. After a number of vexatious delays, and a deal of tedious waste of time, being on the point of sailing every day, we actually got on board the 'Neptuno'

\* This voyage lasted from the 2nd of September till the 2nd of October. The letter was written from day to day, and chronicles all the changes of the wind, the passing and re-passing of the different vessels on the river, the heaving and weighing of the anchor, and other occurrences of deep interest to the traveller, during a long and monotonous voyage, but possessing no particular charm to the general reader. Much of this has been omitted.—ED.

this afternoon. The Doctor, who was to have accompanied us, turned out to be so ill that he could not go, and I left him in bed. I am very thankful that he found out that he was not up to it in time, otherwise I should have had to nurse him on the voyage. Getting on board a ship at Buenos Ayres is by no means so simple a matter as it is in England: first, you have to procure a passport, and pay seven-and-sixpence for it; then a "permit" to embark your luggage; then, when you think you are going to step into the cart to be driven out to sea, some one seizes on you, to hurry you off to one office where the passport has to be *visé*, and then some one else to another, for your permit to undergo the same operation. We had gone through all this, and a hundred other worries and bothers, by about four P.M., having received at eleven A.M. the Captain's almost incredible information that he wanted us on board this afternoon, to sail tomorrow morning early. I pity poor Madame G——. I have before described to you our cabin;\* besides our four selves aft, there are four or five French journeymen printers as fore-cabin passengers. I expect our voyage will be a roughish sort of affair.

September 3.

As soon as out of bed I took a header over the bulwarks into the Plate, to the great astonishment of the crew, who are all Italians, and cannot conceive what

\* See p. 151.

an Englishman can want to wash himself for. My bed consists of two or three hides of cow or ox in different states of preparation, and some rough cloths; my pillow of a Pampas saddle, the whole together making a *recado* (pronounced *ricow*), or Gaucho's bed-saddle. I manage to arrange myself between these things somehow or other with a plaid and poncho for additional covering; and, instead of sheets, I envelope my legs in a pair of *calzoncillos*, the enormous petticoat-trousers of the Gauchos. If it was not for the bugs and fleas, I should sleep very well; the mosquitos are yet to come.

After dressing, I pulled in the ship's boat to a French vessel called the 'Harmonia,' a neat schooner belonging to an officer in the French navy, who has come out here on a private exploring expedition of his own. He is going to sell his schooner, which is too large to go up the river, and is building a smaller vessel, with paddle-wheels, to be worked by hand, with which he is going up the Paraná, and its great tributary the Bermejo, which falls into the Paraguay a little above its junction with the Paraná. The Bermejo rises up in Bolivia, and runs through part of the upper provinces of the Argentine Confederation, and through the Gran Chaco, in the heart of the continent. Its banks are infested with fierce Indians, who have a strong taste for white flesh, so that little is known of the country through which it passes. There is a good deal of talk about it now, and of a

colonizing company for navigating it. This Frenchman is going armed with guns for his defence, and presents to win the natives. Unfortunately he was not on board; judging by the name of his ship, and by Fourier's 'Théorie de l'Unité Universelle,' which was lying on his table in the cabin, he must be an ardent Socialist. A few minutes after we returned to the 'Neptuno,' the expected fourth after-cabin passenger, the French master-printer, came on board, and we were soon under weigh, endeavouring to beat up the river against a head-wind. The day that I came from Monte Video, there were numbers of little floating islands (mats of water-plants from the Paraná) to be seen on the river, but very few are visible today.

September 4.

When I turned out this morning we were in sight of Colonia, in the Banda Oriental. Our meals on board are rather rough affairs—only two in a day—a relief after the four meals in the English steamers, when one could never get an appetite without missing a meal, and then being famished before the next arrived. Fore passengers and aft feed together, and the table is on the top of the after-cabin. Quantities of meat stuffed with garlic, dry biscuits, and execrable logwood wine, form both breakfast and dinner,—with the addition of some soup for the latter meal. I had laid in a stock of my nice little beans, called *porotos*, for my own consumption; with these, dried fruit,



preserves, and biscuit, I can go ahead greatly. The water of the river is excellent in taste, though very turbid, but one knows that it is only clean dirt, and so can drink it without disgust. I brought some blotting-paper with me to filter it, but the funnel I ordered was not packed up, so I drink native Plata water without sophistication.

September 5.

This morning we ran along the low undulating sandy coast of the Banda Oriental, some ten or twelve miles from shore, with the vast river stretching away to infinity on the port side, but were soon becalmed. For my part I made up my mind for this sort of work before I started, and, being well provided with books, can endure the monotony well enough, but am in continual pity for poor Madame G——, who is very anxious to get to Paraguay in a hurry. (By the bye, I may have spoken of La Plata being three hundred miles wide at its mouth; that is a mistake, it is about one hundred and seventy.) We anchored for the night just off the island of Martin Garcia, near the eastern bank of the mouth of the Uruguay. We heard the musical croaking of the frogs on shore distinctly, although it was a mile off.

September 6.

I took a header overboard, which I cannot conveniently manage when we are under weigh, and then

went ashore to the island with part of the crew going to get vegetables. This island will some day be an important station for the coaling of the steamers going up the Uruguay and the Paraná. There are some quarries on it, from which stone for paving Buenos Ayres has been obtained. The soil is very fertile, beautiful clover growing in profusion all over it. We found a few soldiers here, under the command of an old officer, who offered us *maté*. We walked about the island, which is about three miles long in one direction, and two in another. Peach-trees in magnificent flower were planted everywhere; European vegetables are said to grow in great abundance, and with wonderful rapidity. Amongst other things, we found a tangled mass of a beautiful creeper with crimson flowers, shaped and coloured like a fuchsia, but stuck on, and tasting somewhat like a nasturtium, which we were informed was sarsaparilla. They say such quantities of sarsaparilla grow on the banks of the Rio Negro, one of the tributaries of the Uruguay, that the waters are impregnated with its essence, and are highly salutary as a beverage. There were lots of little birds, some of them very pretty, and some sing very nicely. The island is not much more than a hundred feet high at its highest point; on top of which is a little mud fort, where we found a trumpeter, a fifer, and a drummer, strumming away magnificently. There is a little village of mud huts, close by a small cove, which forms a good anchorage for small vessels. This island now

belongs to Buenos Ayres, and, if properly cultivated, it would be a very nice little property. The old officer offered us horses to ride, but we had to go on board, as there were symptoms of a breeze from the south. We went to the boat, where we found one of the men had killed a water-rail, very much like our English specimens in size and shape, but having, as have several of the South American birds (*e. g.* the lapwing of the Pampas), a spur on its wing.

We were now for the first time in sight of the two opposite shores of the river at once, in the distance, with the opening of the mouth of the Uruguay visible on our starboard quarter,—still in La Plata, not yet in the Paraná. The cabin-boy caught a most queer fish, with four large feelers like a shrimp, two of them as long as its body (nine or ten inches), with a flat belly, a sharp back, and spines like scythes to its pectoral fins; the creature croaked like a frog and jumped vigorously about the deck. About six P.M. we ran aground hard and fast in the mud, with only five feet of water about our stern (we drew eight feet), and twenty feet under the bows. The anchor was carried out in the boat some fifty or sixty yards, and dropped, and we then commenced the warping; after about an hour's hard work we got off, and by ten P.M. entered the Paraná. It was quite dark, so I saw nothing of it but a low black mark for an horizon on the port side. Before very long we found the music of the frogs filling the air. As we advanced up the river,

some woods were burning at a long distance right ahead: they shed a faint light on the river, so that we could see our way, with the two banks on each side.

September 7.

I was woke by the heaving of the anchor, rushed on deck, and jumped into the Paraná; just as I was overboard, the ship began to make way, and, the current being pretty smart (nearly four miles an hour), I guess I had smart work to swim for it. I had taken care to throw the accommodation ladder over the side to mount by, but I could not reach it, and got fairly carried astern. I made a desperate effort to get alongside again, and made a grab at a rope that happened to be dragging overboard; when I missed it, I began to think I had got into a mess, and that I might have to halloo for a boat, and be carried down the stream ever so far before they could catch me. So I made another effort, and seized the rope just at the moment that the Captain caught sight of me, and was going to lengthen it out. I was precious glad to get on board again.—N.B. Not to jump overboard when the anchor is up, without a rope in my hand.

We are now fairly in the river, sailing with a fine south breeze up one of the mouths of the Paraná. This river opens into the estuary of the Plata by a delta, among a lot of islands. The chief mouths are the Paraná de las Palmas, and the Paraná Guazu. I think we entered by the latter, but when I show the map to

the Captain and ask him, he does not seem to know, —he only knows the way. This part of the river, which must be much narrower than it is above the delta, is about as wide, I suppose, as the Thames at Greenwich. The land on each side (on one side at least it is islands) is dead flat, covered entirely with a copse of a kind of umbú-tree, quite bare of leaves; here and there are a few orange-trees in leaf and peach-trees in blossom, and I saw three palms at one place; rushes and flags seem to clothe the ground. I got up the masthead this afternoon, to try whether I could see the other branches of the river and make out the islands, but nothing was visible but an interminable flat of sedge, fringed near the edge of the river with stunted trees, and a cloud of smoke from the burning rushes in the north-east.

At four P.M. we arrived in a reach called the *Botija*, or pot, by the sailors, from its curvation, and our vessel was run up close to land, some of the men jumping ashore. I was not a little surprised at seeing the ship, which had been aground out in the middle, where the river is so wide that you can scarcely see the banks, run purposely close to the shore. However I supposed it was all right, and that we were going to be tied to a tree, which is the correct mode of mooring in some parts of the river. My surprise was increased when half-a-dozen of the crew shouldered a cable, and commenced towing the ship (ninety-nine tons burden) up the stream, while another on board kept her off the

bank with a pole. I got on shore to see what it was like, and found the whole ground covered with a mass of sedge, and a sort of flag with thorny edges, like a cross between a pine-apple and a common flag. The men said there were lots of tigers (as they call the ounces or jaguars, which are as fierce as any tigers) in this jungle, and showed me what they declared was the print of the foot of one on the mud at the water's edge. We were towed along thus for I suppose a couple of miles, and then the sails were got up again, and we sailed away ; the wind was again in our favour, but soon fell off after sunset, and we anchored a short way astern of the other ship, which had been towed in the same manner along the Botija. The anchor was scarcely down before a faint breeze sprang up from the west, under which we ran up a little further, and then, this dying away too, anchored again. The scene this evening was very beautiful. All around the east horizon a dense cloud of smoke had been hanging during the afternoon, and from other points towards the north long pillars of smoke were leaning against the sky ; as the night came on, a fringe of light covered the ground beneath this smoke. The land lies so low that the shrubs and rushes on the banks hid the flames from our sight, as they were at a great distance, so that we only saw the reflection against the smoke above, or the very tips of the flames. One of these fires was exactly ahead of us, and rather nearer to us than the others, and illumined the lower regions of

the sky in that direction very grandly. Another ship slowly glided between us and the fire at one time, producing a most beautiful sort of spectral effect.

September 8.

At anchor all day. So I ground away fiercely at Ollendorff, and expect to be taken for a white Spaniard at Assumption. The river in this reach seems to me about as wide as the Thames at Gravesend.

September 9.

Being still at anchor, I went in the canoe to an island for firewood. There was a vast expanse of matted sedge and flags, with a fringe of willows near the water's edge, and a margin of mud, covered with big prints of ounces' feet, quite fresh; evidently they had been down to drink the night before. It was not very tempting to go into the sedge, as many a man has been eaten in these parts thereby. The French passengers went *chasser*, and killed two little woodpeckers and a big grosbeak. Very few waterfowl were seen—occasionally a duck or two, or a pair of divers; no doubt they get a better living in the marshes and pools of the Pampas. Here and there a heron or crane sat contemplating (“ein Kerl der speculirt”) near the bank, with a long black crest hanging from the nape of his neck. Very soon after this we got under weigh, and heard a low splash, dash, scream, struggle, and roar, within a hundred yards of us, on

the shore of the island on which we had landed in the morning, and not very far from where we had been walking : no doubt the jaguar, whose track we had seen, made his supper just then. But what these fierce brutes find to eat I cannot imagine, for there are very few signs of animal life in these sedge-jungles. Mosquitos beginning to be somewhat vexatious, I hung a piece of muslin, which I bought at Buenos Ayres for the purpose, over the door of the cabin, to keep them out in the evening, when the candles were lighted.

I happened to go upon deck about 9.30 P.M., and beheld a mysterious dancing of lights, like a lot of enormous fire-flies, down the river. It was soon evident that it was the steamers coming up ; and so they have coolly gone by us, three of them, one no doubt carrying Urquiza, the other Sir C. Hotham, and the third M. St.-Georges. It was too dark to see anything of them but their light and their outlines, as they ploughed by us within two hundred yards' distance. They are only going up to Santa Fé, but it is disgusting to be passed thus. About midnight another steamer went by us.

September 10.

The wind being adverse, a canoe was sent off with a cable, which was tied to a tree on the bank, and then men on board hauled it up ; by this means, and by men on the bank towing, we made progress to the extent of half a mile in three hours, and then tied our-



selves to a tree. It seems that a league a day is about our average progress. After breakfast I climbed from the bowsprit into the branches of the willow to which we were tied, and so ashore;—a miserable tangled scene of reeds and sedge, with here and there a shrub; it is all dry, and would burn like tinder. Some one brought on board a splendid wasps' nest, bigger than my head, made of strong *papier mâché*; a stout case, like a skull, forming a hive, with an immense number of small cells in combs, just like a bees' nest, ranged in tiers, one above the other, inside. It was said to belong to *honey-making* wasps; some of them were dead inside, little black fellows with a yellow spot on the thorax, about the size of the big ants of St. George's Hill.\* The nest had evidently been attacked by birds, who had pecked big holes in it; but it was reported to have been singed by fire (to which probably the destruction of the insects was owing) in some past conflagration. The outside of the nest was covered with large blunt spines, made of the same *papier mâché*.† This evening we descried some big animal swimming in the water, near the bank, with the top of his head and back out of the water; and behold, another like unto him was stalking along on the muddy bank, which at that point sloped down to the water. They were between two and three hundred yards off, and the sun was just about to set almost exactly behind them, so it was very difficult to make them out.

\* Surrey.

† See Appendix A.

I had no time to get a good view of them, for my companions were begging for my telescope, which of course I could not refuse; and when they had done spying, the beast had become eclipsed behind a little promontory. I should have thought they were tapirs by the shape; but from the glimpse I caught of the one on shore, he seemed to be hairy, and I did not see his beak; they were about as big as a good-sized calf apparently. A wiseacre passenger, who is by way of knowing the river well, says they are called *capinchos* in these parts: perhaps they are capybaras, but I thought these were much smaller beasts; at any rate they help to explain the mystery of how the ounces get a living.

September 11.

Still at anchor. To diversify the time, I thought of practising canoe paddling, so tied the painter of the canoe, which was lying astern, to a line a hundred yards long, made fast to the ship as a security against being carried down the stream, and got into it. I had scarcely finished my preparations, when I found, to my disgust, that I was loose in the stream. Some one, either a French passenger or a cabin-boy (who owes me a spite for making him really clean the cabin instead of pretend to do it), had untied the painter. I thought I had precious little chance of being able to stem the stream, especially as I was unskilled in the use of the paddle; and so I found it. I was fifty or

sixty yards astern before I found out I was adrift, and with all my efforts I could only keep where I was, and after some minutes' hard work found myself going down the stream. So I shouted vigorously for a boat : one was fortunately hanging from the davits ready, and a couple of men soon came to my rescue. I was pretty nearly a quarter of a mile astern before they picked me up, and uncommon hard work we had to pull against the stream back to the ship. Of course I was very much disgusted at the trick that had been played me ; but being unable to make the exact state of my mind known to the cabin-boy (who I am pretty sure was the miscreant) in Spanish, held my tongue, and contented myself with making explanation to the Captain, through Madame G——, as interpreter. N.B. Pulling up the Paraná would be very little fun.

September 12 and 13, still at anchor.

September 14.

Last night's new moon brought a change of wind ; we ran up to the end of a reach, followed by four other schooners, one behind the other—a regular regatta. One of them soon caught us up and went by us, carrying sixty passengers, and among them a dozen monks in cowl ; soon after another, the ' Rosario,' who was an old antagonist (having continually been in sight of us either ahead or astern), shot by also. But when we came to the reach where we had to tack, the ship with the monks ran in so close to shore on

our tack, that she could not get off, missed stays I suppose in going about, and had to anchor. So we left her behind, and the race now was between us and the 'Rosario.' By-and-by however the ship that had lost her position got off, and came spinning along, gaining on us; and we gained on the other, and at length we both passed her at the same moment, one on each side: it was a very pretty sight. About two P.M. the green ship, with the cargo of monks, ran fast and hard aground; we had just time to put up the helm and steer clear of her, avoiding both collision and the bank. I must say it seemed very unrighteous to me that we sailed on without stopping to help them out of their difficulty, but I suppose they are accustomed to it. They went aground, very appropriately, exactly opposite the convent of San Pedro, on the left bank of the river.

The scene here was varied by a high bank or cliff, here called a *barranca*, an ancient bank of the river, where there is a slight rise in the plain, amounting to a gentle hill for these parts. Just at the highest point stands the old, red-brick, gloomy-looking convent, now I believe a barrack; and along the ridge were a few *ranchos* (thatched cottages), *corrals*, and big lying umbú-trees; and on the flat under the cliff, beyond the marsh, oxen and sheep grazing. This was quite a wonder to us, after the monotony of willows and sedge for the last week. A few miles above San Pedro, on the west of the river, is the famous spot

“Obligado,” where the combined English and French fleets cut the chains which Rosas had put across the river, under fire of his guns, Sir C. Hotham being the English commander. Whether Obligado derives its name from the narrowness of the river at that point, from the fact that vessels going up the river are obliged to pass that way on account of the shallowness of the other channel, or from the ligature which Rosas threw across, I must leave to you to determine.

September 15.

We had a glorious breeze all night, and ran pretty nearly as far during the night, as our distance from Buenos Ayres in a straight line was yesterday. I never saw anything so brilliant as the stars were, they sparkled like spots of lightning. The air was clearer than I suppose it ever was in England, and the sun and moon were both as far off as they could be; the effect was quite astonishing. Soon after ten A.M. this morning we passed the little town of Rosario, which is rather an important place in its way, being the chief port of the Province of Santa Fé: (the town of Santa Fé, the capital of the province, is not on the main river, but on a side-water, cut off from the main channel by a long island.) Rosario stands on the top of a cliff from sixty to eighty feet high. There is a church in it, with two tall towers like minarets,—a favourite fashion for the churches in these parts. The houses are mostly built with the *azoteas*, or flat roofs,

which give so peculiar an aspect to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres: but outside the town are numbers of cottages, or *ranchos*, with sloping roofs like those of an English house. (N.B. A rancho in the Spanish settlements is a different thing from a Brazilian rancho.) Between the bottom of the cliff (on which the town stands, and which here forms the *edge* of the Pampas), and the river, is a flat semicircular bit of beach, which presented an *almost busy* scene,—a great contrast at least to the desert islands we had been among of late. There were numbers of the queerest carts from Tucuman, which bring the inland produce down the coast, and take back foreign instead;—strange crosses between bathing-machines and gipsy-carts, with a touch of the pig-stye about them,—small platforms of wood, mounted on enormous wheels six or seven feet in diameter, and roofed over with hides, with walls of wattle. Gauchos were lazily lounging about among them, and gulls busy making a meal by their side. Some few of these strange vehicles were slowly moving up the road (which ascends through a notch in the cliff), drawn by oxen: I should think a mile an hour must be rapid work for them. And this is the best mode of conveyance for *goods used* in the country, which must be the very finest in the world for railways. Along the edge of the water were the usual shoal of laundresses spoiling linen. Just above the town of Rosario, the cliff, which there recedes from the river a little, comes down to the river-side,

and runs along its margin for many miles, with a narrow slip of beach, in most places, between its bottom and the water's edge. The substance of the cliff is the alluvial sandy clay of the Pampas, with a particularly thin layer of mould at the top. The physiognomy of the shore is very like that of Lee Lane End,\* except that no trees at all are to be seen on the top of it: and the cliff is full of bird-burrows, which however are not those of sand-martins as at the latter place, but of parrots. I did not know before that there was a burrowing parrot: here were hundreds of them, long-tailed creatures, green and grey, with a flight like a cuckoo, and a scream like a jackdaw.

We rattled on before the south wind, blowing half a gale, and as cold as an English north-east, but not quite so cutting. The thermometer today was about 55° at noon: it was 85° Fahr. at the same hour the day before yesterday. The river is just like a sea, as rough as it often is between the Isle of Wight and Hants. What has become of our rival of yesterday I do not know. How these Italians do hate all monks and priests, whom they call lying *canaille*! At noon we passed the convent of San Lorenzo, situated a little way inland from the edge of the cliff, on the same side (west) of the river as Rosario,—a red brick pile, with an ugly whitewashed church among it. About one P.M. I observed a great number of what were apparently bits of sticks floating on the water, which on closer

\* Part of the coast of Hampshire opposite to the Isle of Wight.—ED.

examination proved to be hundreds of locusts ; there must have been a visitation of them somewhere. Every now and then one alighted on the deck, and for half an hour we were passing through the scattered host ; the numbers of them were nothing enormous, for they did not lie thick. At ten P.M. the Captain ordered the anchor down, because his wife, whom he has on board, did not like his being up.

September 16.

The consequence of this was that all the other ships went by us in the night, and that in the morning the wind fell off, and we had to anchor for another week, or longer perhaps, as events may turn out. About six A.M. we perceived, some miles ahead, the smoke of what seemed and turned out to be a steamer coming down the river : it was the French steamer the 'Flam-bard,' which had taken M. St.-Georges up to Santa Fé, in company with Urquiza. Of course we speculated as to how it was that she was going down alone, and we imagined she might be going to fetch the European mails, which the 'Prince' brings in two or three days. But about half an hour afterwards we descried another trail of smoke on the other side, on an island a mile or two ahead, and soon after the tops of the masts of another steamer appeared above the trees ; and I soon made out the red flag of old England at the main, and the Argentine at the fore : it was the 'Locust,' with Sir C. Hotham on board, and



his blue flag at the stern too. She soon passed us, and disappeared round the next turning. So now we determined that the two commissioners had completed their ceremony, and were going quietly back to Buenos Ayres till Urquiza should return. But another half hour had scarcely elapsed before another steamer came in sight, with the Buenos Ayres, the Santa Fé, and the Entre Rios flags flying, and she span away down the river. What could Urquiza be going back so soon for? He can scarcely have opened the Congress, at which he was to preside, to discuss the affairs of the Republic, and here he is off back again,—for there could be no doubt that he was on board. Perhaps he had only thought it necessary to open the meeting, and then left the delegates to deliberate. Well, after some little time longer another steamer came in sight, with the Union ensigns flying,—and the Argentine colours too,—towing another vessel with the Spanish flag and the Buenos Ayrean. This was a private English steamer that runs between Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, which no doubt had been enlisted for special service on this occasion, and was of course the fourth steamer we had seen going up the river on the night of the 9th. All these flags looked quite gay, and seemed like a prophecy of some future day when the steamers of all nations shall be coursing up and down the magnificent Paraná. But on the vessel towed by this steamer, notwithstanding the peaceful indications of its foreign flag (for the Spanish one must have been

the owner's, not that of the vessel, for none under foreign flags can navigate the Paraná before October 1st), there were other symptoms: it was loaded with red-poncho'd soldiers; and the steamer which towed it had also a very martial appearance—its occupants were chiefly officers of the Argentine army. We at once suspected that some mischief was brewing at Buenos Ayres, and that Urquiza was hurrying back to set things straight.

At nine A.M. we anchored just in sight of the high ground of Diamantes, the first sign of any beauty in the scenery which we have seen on the river. Soon after breakfast I started off in the canoe with some of the passengers and sailors who were going to Diamantes to get meat; for the poor carnivorous creatures had been short of that substance for some days, and had been constrained to dine chiefly on dried beans and peas stewed, as I do, thinking myself in clover when the cook does not put too much bacon fat in the mess. We paddled, panted, and towed alternately, about six miles up, and then across, the stream; the last half-mile under the lee of the heights of Diamantes, along the side of an osier-bed, and then under the base of a cliff, piled with huge fragments of spongy white coral-rag, lying upon a bed of sandy stone, full of shells, to the landing-place.

Now this Diamantes is really a very striking spot; the ground rises considerably,—I suppose, to between two and three hundred feet above the level of the

river,—and is broken into numerous undulating hills. Towards the water it slopes suddenly down, forming almost a cliff in some places, but for the most part the slope is such that trees can grow on it; and as they are here protected from the sweeping winds of the plain, and find in the rock some encouraging nourishment, they grow well; and a tolerable thick coppice clothes the whole slope with a variety of trees, chiefly thorny mimosas; also a kind of holly, with grey leaves, and only three prickles on each leaf; hundreds of strange air-plants, with their dry grey curly leaves, hanging about the branches,—none in flower now. Most of the trees are bare of leaves also, it being early spring, and we are not here in the land of perpetual verdure, as I hope to be in Paraguay, if ever I get there. I found lots of the bright crimson and purple verbena in flower, but scarcely any other; there were cactuses by the dozen too; and lots of one very queer plant, the like whereof I have never seen, with a fan-leaf like the carnauba-palm, and a thorn at the end of each finger: I suppose it belongs to the aloe order.

I imagine these hills were formerly a coral-reef at the bottom of the great estuary of the Pampas; but what it is now is more to the point. It is the place where Urquiza's army passed the Paran , after raising the siege of Monte Video in December last, and from which they followed Rosas to Monte Caseros, near Buenos Ayres, where they thrashed him. The man who accompanied me today (a Frenchman) was master

of the flying press of Urquiza's army ; he printed all his proclamations, and was constantly near him, and so knew all about it. He also designed and engraved, by a patent process of his own (as he says), the vignette at the head of the ' Illustrated London News.' A small town of mud huts was raised in a very short time by the army while encamped at Diamantes, and there having been no houses there before, they are now going to make a town of it. A little church has been built and whitewashed, and a few streets have been marked out, and a few brick cottages and a shop or two have sprung up, where Bass's pale ale and Manchester cottons lie alongside of *dulces de Paraguay* (which are quaint little bricks of brown sugar), and *yerba maté* of course. The little town is on the top of the hill ; the only signs of industry, some women washing down at the river-side, and some Indian soldiers playing fives : this game is a very favourite one among the lower orders in these parts ; I have seen it played with wonderful skill in two or three places. I think a Gaucho boy or two, turned loose on ball court at Winton, would astonish a Wykehamist a little. The site of the to-be-town of Diamantes is extremely pretty, but the view from it to the east is magnificent ; the huge Paraná, sweeping under the high bank that curves away towards the north, looks just like a fine bay on a sea-coast ; in the foreground and beyond it right away rolls the plain of the Pampas, as far as you can see, broken only in the mid-distance by the

winding reaches of a branch or side-water of the mighty river, which embraces a long island, too long for the eye to distinguish either end; and in the other direction, to the west, is an undulating open country, for all the world like an English down, with cactuses and mimosas instead of furze—(by the bye, I saw a patch of furze near Monte Video in flower.) Urquiza has given land at Diamantes to all the officers of his army.

As soon as we landed at the beach at Diamantes, we heard from the boatmen that another revolution had broken out at Buenos Ayres; that the Correntino soldiery left there had revolted against Urquiza, taking part with the *bourgeoisie* of the town, who hate him; and that orders had been issued to stop every vessel going up the river, and to employ them in conveying soldiers to Buenos Ayres. Here then was the explanation of the speedy return of the steamers, and the fulfilment of our suspicions. But what a fix for us, if the 'Neptuno' is stopped and pressed into the transport service! So we paddled back to the ship down-stream in a quarter of the time we had occupied in the ascent, bringing half a disgusting carcase of an ox for the regalement of the passengers longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. (Ship-biscuit and raisins are my fare now.) M. G—— thinks we shall perhaps get our vessel off from being stopped, as he has his diplomatic passports, and the printer passes for being a Government officer; I

think too I can bring the big seals of my letters to the Governors up the river to bear in case of emergency. Our old rival the 'Rosario' sailed on in the night past us and the authorities of Diamantes. It would serve our Captain right if he is stopped. G—— found a crocodile asleep on the island near the ship today; it only winked at him and would not move. He declares it was a beautiful creature, of all the colours of the rainbow, like a chameleon!

September 17.

Soon after breakfast the Captain, with M. G—— and the French printer, started for Diamantes in the boat, to see the officer in command, and to inquire if we could get leave to proceed. Meantime I and some of the other passengers went ashore, they to kill wretched wild-ducks for dinner, I to explore the island. The part, so far as I could see, near which we were anchored is, or rather was, an immense expanse of sedge, bushes, and swamp, affording cover and food to numerous wild-ducks (of a very beautiful species, with their whole wing like the shiny bit of a mallard's, except a spot of snow-white near the body), flocks of ibises, or curlews, of a dark green to brown colour with metallic lustre, and snow-white herons. (By the bye, there are lots of cormorants about the river all the way up; I never saw any birds of this kind on fresh water before.) There are gulls and terns of several kinds, and numbers of hawks and buzzards; I saw

four of the latter sitting on a tree close together this afternoon, and got within twenty or thirty feet; they, like most of the birds of these parts, are very tame. I wandered for a couple of miles or so along the sandy beach, till I came to a place at the side of a broad creek, where I found lots of prints of the ounce's feet, quite fresh in the sand, the impression six inches long; an ugly customer to get a scratch from! To see if I could drive him out of cover, and for the fun of a good blaze, I set a light to the dry sedge, and got up a tree to behold. The fire was very grand, and the sound of the reeds, as they crackled, was like platoons of distant musketry, or a discharge of countless crackers; but no animals appeared. A long line of fire and smoke soon stretched away over the land, forming a belt of black desolation instead of brown ditto, which, within an hour, was some miles long down the wind.

About four P.M. I returned to the vessel, and found that the boat had come back, with permission for us to land. They had persuaded the commanding officer that M. G—— was on a diplomatic mission, and that the printer was on Government duty. I had sent my big letters of introduction, heavily sealed and mightily addressed, to add weight, if necessary, to their arguments, as they looked exactly like Government despatches. At the same time that they received permission for us to proceed, they received an order to be carried to a poor little cutter lying alongside of us,

to come up to Diamantes immediately to take soldiers. Poor people ! they have made a long voyage, all the way from Italy ; to be stopped here *thus* is worse than shipwreck, for they will get neither compensation nor pity. G—— heard today at Diamantes that a ship had attempted to go by this morning on her way up the river, but a cannon-shot was fired at her from the shore, which soon brought her to. The officer has given us papers that will enable us to pass at Paraná and the other ports, to which similar orders have been sent. So the sails were got up, just as the sun was setting, and I lent a hand with a right good will to hoist the mainsail ; it was just like getting out of two prisons at once, the wind and the embargo. It was dark when we passed Diamantes. They shouted to us from the shore, and soon, as I expected, came a flash, whiz, and bang ; I shouted ‘ Neptuno ’ as loud as I could roar ; whether or not this had any effect I do not know, but we got safely by, and scudded along under a horribly cold east wind, at a good rattling pace. I had the satisfaction of seeing a bright line of lights, at least a league in length, fringing the horizon over the low land on the west side of the river ; this was my fire : I dare say it will burn for a month, to celebrate our escape from detention. (N.B. Diamantes is also called Puntagorda ; and the big island we were on today is that called the island of Santa Fé, which cuts off the branch, on which Santa Fé is situated, from the main river.)



September 18.

Soon after midnight our slumbers were disturbed by an awful scraping, as if the great-grandmother of all nutmeg-graters was working away at the ship's bottom;\* the noise lasted a minute or two, and gradually ceased as we stuck tight in the mud. I did not bother my head about it, knowing that I could not get her off, so I went to sleep again, and I suppose she was got afloat somehow, for twice afterwards, before I rose, I was awoke by the same process. When I came on deck, we had on our left the large island of Santa Fé, with the smoke of my fire still steaming up, and forming a cloud in the distance. At the end of the next reach we saw the high bank of the river, with a bold cliff called the Bajada de Santa Fé,—meaning the descent to that town, which is on the opposite bank of the river, beyond the end of the island. On the top of this high bank is the town of Paraná, the capital of Entre Rios; it seems to be about ten miles off, and is apparently a good large place. Our rival, the 'Rosario,' is anchored near us here. M. G—— went on board two vessels that had come up to learn the news about the revolution. All the people on board one of the ships just come up from Buenos Ayres were asleep, except one youth; from him it was gathered that his ship came away in a hurry as soon as the revolution broke out, without any papers, and that the people had set on fire one of the *barracas*

\* See page 209.

(hide-warehouses) at Buenos Ayres. From the other ship it was gathered that a new governor, General Pinto, had been elected, that General Paz had come from Monte Video to support him, and that a large number of the troops had joined the *bourgeoisie*, who, as well as the foreigners, were arming. Now will be the time for Urquiza to show whether he is a hero, or a tyrant worse than Rosas, as his enemies say: if he is honest, and finds the Buenos Ayreans strong enough to resist him, and not wanting him, he must at once withdraw, and return to his own province of Entre Rios, where he is very popular. If he attempts to force himself by arms on the Buenos Ayreans against the will of the mass of the people there, he will enact his own condemnation. I should think the English and French Commissioners have put themselves in an absurd position by following Urquiza, when his authority was not based on a secure foundation.

September 19.

Five more ships have come up from below, and anchored near us in this bay; we are now quite a fleet. I suppose that either they have got as many vessels as they want at Diamantes, or the story about the stopping the ships is a piece of gammon of the officer in command. The current here is tremendous—it runs like any millstream; it would be immense labour to pull a boat against it.

September 20, anchored all day in the same place.

September 21.

This morning, at eight A.M., the fleet got under weigh, and proceeded for three or four miles. We were invaded at noon by hosts of sand-flies, small fiends about a line long, whose sting is like fire; they rejoice in the sun. The mosquitos come out in the evening, but it has been generally too cold for them; hitherto my muslin curtain, which I put up as soon as the candles are lighted, has protected us effectually. But I am almost eaten up by bugs and fleas; mosquitos are angels compared to these inhuman monsters; one-half of my body is on fire with irritation from their stings, the other half is raw from my own nails. Seven times during the day the wind showed signs of veering round to north; seven times the anchor was weighed, and seven times dropped again: we made about a hundred yards more thus during the day. This place is said to be called the "Bank of Patience."

September 22.

The fleet got under weigh about ten A.M., and ran up about half a mile. This hot north wind is rather oppressing, and is said to affect the Buenos Ayreans in an extraordinary way, and to make them mad. Lots of little green parrots, two and three at a time, kept flying over our heads from north to south, at a considerable height. The canoe was sent up to Paraná (which is about a league ahead of us, glittering with whitewash, on the top of the high bank) this

morning for flesh, and returned with that unpleasantness, and the news that Urquiza had taken the change at Buenos Ayres quietly, and retired thence to his own province of Entre Rios; so there will be no bloodshed there at present. This is the best possible thing that could happen, I think, for these countries; it will probably break up the Argentine Confederation, which is at present a sham, much too extensive to be governed by one machinery, the population being scattered very much, and collected in towns at vast distances from each other. Counter-orders had been sent by Urquiza from Buenos Ayres for the troops not to come; hence the reason of the ships coming up.

September 23.

The wind remained north-east till about nine this morning, and then the sky to the south became inky black; the barometer had been falling for the last forty-eight hours. For some reason or other, best known to himself, the Captain got the sails up, ran in close to the shore and made fast, fore-and-aft, to trees on the south side, from which he expected the wind. Soon the lightning began to dash about in every direction, and the rain to come down, and the black curtain of clouds to move up from the south; and about nine A.M. the wind went bang round to the south with a regular gale. The whole fleet (for we were now quite a squadron,—eighteen vessels, twelve of them at least of more than eighty tons, one of two

hundred, and two or three of more than a hundred tons) got under weigh, except our ship. Why our Captain would not make sail I do not know; I suppose his wife was afraid. However at about half-past nine the sails did go up, and we started; not however till after the foremost vessels of the fleet had got round the bold point of the Bajada, about a league ahead of us. At last we got round the point, which is very similar to that of Diamantes, but seemed higher, with the same sort of rocks; after rounding this the scenery changed altogether. On the left bank of the river (our right as our faces are up the stream) was a high cliff of bare earth (*barrancas*) dipping right into the water, quite precipitous in some places, at others sloping a little and covered with trees; the country just within being very like an English park, with grass and patches of low trees scattered about. The other bank was the same low, reed and sedge-covered country that we had all the way up; partly island, partly peninsula, between the river Salado (which runs into the Paraná at Santa Fé) and the Paraná. The river in some places, probably where there are no islands, seemed to be at least a league across; there were waves like those of any sea. About three P.M. wind went round to west (a *pampero*), the first we have had since we left, not however at present anything but a very gentle breeze. The north wind is extremely oppressive, the contrast between the exhilarating feel of the air now, and what it was this morning, is ex-

traordinary. The *pampero* (wind from the Pampas) always clears the air deliciously. This is the country for emigration,—climate, soil, etc., the finest in the world, and of all sorts. Some creature stung me this morning on the back of the hand, and made my knuckles swell up like a leg of mutton, at first without any itching; I suspect it must have been a spider: I am told some of the small ones bite nastily, and I saw one about my berth yesterday.

There were many islands about here, and in one place some of the ships took one channel, and some another; this gave us a good notion of the vast mass of water in the river. We were sailing in a stream nearly a mile across; then there was a mile or so of island, and the masts of the ships in the other branch beyond visible over the willows, they probably sailing in a channel as wide as ours. This afternoon we passed for the first time some islands small enough to be distinguished by the eye as such. All along the high bank there ran a white horizontal band of some earth, about ten feet thick, halfway between the water and the top of the cliff in its highest part. The surface of the ground was undulating; the stratum below was as level as a table, and without any interruption (except where a valley had cut it right away) for a score of leagues at least along the shore.

September 24.

G—— has found out that the Captain of our vessel

intends to discharge his cargo at Goyaz, a small town in the province of Corrientes, and that he has relations living there, and will consequently stop there several days. He has also learned that the 'Rosario,' which is now anchored just ahead of us, is going all the way up to Assumption direct, whereas the 'Neptuno' is only going to Corrientes: so he asked me if I would give an ounce (Spanish gold coin = about £3. 8s.) to the Captain of the 'Rosario' to take us to Pilar,\* *alias* Neembucú, and our baggage to Assumption, and transship at once. As I make it a rule in travelling never to have a will of my own, I said I would do what he liked, devoutly hoping his negotiation would fail, as I had been looking forward to seeing something of the country at Goyaz and Corrientes. However the arrangement was made, twenty dollars; so all I had to do was to listen blandly to G——'s arguments, proving that it was the best thing we could do. Early in the afternoon our troops were sent in the canoe to the 'Rosario,' and soon after we transhipped ourselves. We found our new quarters much more commodious than those we had just left, the ship being considerably larger (136 tons), and the Captain a very good and accommodating fellow, with the additional advantage that he has no wife on board, so that we shall never lose the wind for a woman's caprices. The

\* A village in Paraguay about twenty leagues below Assumption, where all travellers have to stop till they get permission to proceed from the President.

'Rosario' left Buenos Ayres on the 9th of September at six P.M., six days and a half after us, and arrived off the "Bank of Patience," below Paraná, two days before us; she seems to sail faster than the 'Neptuno' with a light wind, but the latter beats her before a stiff breeze. Our chief advantage however in moving is, that we have got quit of a brute of a Frenchman who had the fourth berth in our cabin in the 'Neptuno.' He made Madame G——'s life a burden to her by his coarse behaviour; here there are no other passengers but ourselves. The glad music of the cable smote our ears as soon as we had dined (plain boiled maccaroni), ringing first from the 'Rosario,' and from that time till now (half-past ten P.M.) we have been under weigh, progressing very slowly with a gentle suck of air from the east. Still the same cliff and park-like land on our right and on our left, low flat islands, chiefly of sand; a totally different soil from that of the real bank of the river on the east, being evidently a deposit from the river in its own bed, since it has been reduced to dimensions not much greater than its present.

Such a magnificent night! with a glorious moon three-quarters full, and the air so clear, that I could see the holes in the moon's face with my little telescope, with just the same mottled, snake-like appearance they show when viewed through the big ones. Such a sight is this vast river,—as smooth as ice, but rushing like any millrace.



September 25.

There was a great difference in the scenery here from what we have observed before. There were several kinds of trees arranged in avenues across some of the islands. These belts of wood looked like thick coppices as we approached them from the side, but as we passed their ends we saw that they were double rows of trees, the soil between being rather depressed below the level of the rest of the island; the trees too were not the willows which usually fringe the water's edge, but other sorts. It is obvious that these have been channels through which part of the water of the river has run some time or other; many of the trees were garlanded like hop-poles with climbers, one of them in flower, like old-man's-beard. They however are but small, and I see no signs either of the air-plants which I noted in the woods on the high bank at Diamantes, or of the other parasites of Brazil, nor any palms; indeed, I have only seen three of them since the first day that we entered the river.

September 26.

In the morning we found a vessel anchored about half a mile ahead of us; she proved to be the property of Mr. Lafone, with an American skipper, who in the course of the morning came on board our vessel to borrow an anchor, and get some information about the channel. It was his first trip upon the river, and he did not know the banks; he has been twenty-five

days coming from Assumption, and had heard nothing of the revolution at Buenos Ayres. Some of our sailors who went out in the canoe in search of ducks, set fire to the herbage on the island on the other side; the fire crackled all day like platoons of musketry, and blazed gloriously at night. I suppose this hot wind will terminate in a storm on the third day, as it has done twice already in our voyage, and as Azara, in his travels, says it always does. It seems that we get about one good day's sailing in each quarter of the moon.

September 27.

About nine o'clock a black veil began to form over the south horizon, and in a very short time the whole southern half of the sky was shrouded in black; the northern half still cloudless, or with a few white fleecy clouds glistening in the sun. Soon flashes of lightning began to sparkle about us. I watched the progress of the storm with great interest, for I had observed the manner of the gathering of the last one, and expected to see the same appearance again; I was watching for a curtain of lighter-coloured clouds than the rest which I expected to see, seeming to be lifted up from the horizon, and gradually marching up; in a short time it came exactly as I expected. The undefined veil of black clouds seemed scarcely to move, it crept on so slowly towards the north, gradually narrowing the blue sky like the pupil of a big eye;

occasional flashes, or rather sparks (for they were not the least like common lightning) played about us. At last, about ten A.M. I saw near the horizon a layer of lighter clouds, like a regularly defined bank; I felt sure that was the storm-cloud, and that the wind would change in a few minutes. It was still blowing a gentle breeze from the north-west. On came the bank of clouds, gradually rising up from the horizon, and advancing under the black veil; and suddenly, chop went the wind round dead-south, and in a minute or two more our anchor was up, and we were running with only a foresail before the gale; down came the rain in torrents, and the river was like a sea again. About eleven A.M. a shower of hail fell among the rain,—good big stones of the size of small peas, shaped like a short truncated cone with both ends rounded over, and the small end generally white and opaque,—and then the wind shifted to south-west, and the storm ceased, or at least had passed over us and was making its way to the north. Soon after this the air was cleared by the delicious *pampero* which came sweeping on, hurrying the clouds away to Brazil, and us towards our destination. Our last storm ended just in the same manner, after a slight fall of hail,—then a *pampero*.

In the afternoon we got a sight, at a considerable distance, of a part of the Gran Chaco—the Great Desert of the interior, tenanted at present only by untameable Indians, who, the books say, never can be

tamed. In the distance was a line of low land, distinguished from all the rest we have seen by being covered with wood, with tall palm-trees towering up (like cocoanut-trees) above the rest of the wood. In all the forests in Brazil, the palms, however tall they are, are the underwood beneath the heads of the other trees. The river here was immensely wide, it seemed two miles at least; the bank on our right was only an island, but soon after we caught sight of a little town called, I believe, La Esquina, built on a cliff on the real bank of the river on the right (east), this was at least a league from us: but we have not yet seen both banks at once. I saw the head of a capybara floundering in a marsh among the reeds on an island close to which we were sailing. It is astonishing to see these big ships rushing along nine or ten knots an hour, so close to the trees and rushes that you could pitch a biscuit ashore.

This whole voyage has been a race between us and the 'Neptuno' (she is close to us now) and several others—a regatta of a thousand miles! The 'Adelaide' was left behind at Paraná, distanced: she lost the best south gale by some passengers having gone ashore for whom she had to wait; of the other vessels, we have left behind all but one, which has regularly sailed away from us today. No doubt we shall leave the 'Neptuno' behind tonight, if the wind keep up, as our Captain is much the most plucky. At sunset we see lightning still flashing in the north, the

storm that we had had in the morning now far away from us. The whole afternoon splendid, sky cloudless, temperature delicious; a magnificent moonlit night—full moon; a few fleecy clouds fleeting about, all those on the west side lit up red by a vast fire burning on the Chaco, for miles and miles. We cannot see the fire, but see the light reflected from the smoke,—this light is white: why that reflected from the clouds above is red, I do not know. We are now between the province of the Corrientes and the Chaco; we passed from the province of Entre Rios to that of Corrientes this afternoon; the little town we saw is in the latter province.

September 28, half-past seven A.M.

Ggrrriinnnddddandssttiieckk.\* Bolted up, and found we had stuck fast, just in the opening of a narrow channel (three or four hundred yards wide) between two islands, *i.e.* near the end of one of them. We were at a noted nasty place in the river, where the channel takes a turn, called the “Vuelta de Guarigatoy,” and is full of sand-banks. Our Captain sent the canoe up the other channel to sound, to see whether there was water enough for us to pass. At last we got off, dropped a little way down-stream, and turned the corner of the island, into the large channel. This was a very interesting piece of navigation. On each side

\* This is probably an attempt at a phonetic expression of the language of “the great-grandmother of all nutmeg-graters.” See p. 197.—ED.

of the bows stood a man with a long bamboo, sounding; we drew about eight feet of water, and here we had for some distance less than ten. The wind was south-east, the channel ran nearly due east, and we were close to the north bank, on to which the wind, a mere suck of air, tended to drive us, as well as to propel us ahead. Two men with long poles punted vigorously at the bows on the port-side to prevent our making lee-way, and thus we ran for about a mile, sailing very close to the wind, and keeping close along the lee-shore till the channel turned slightly towards the north, and we got the benefit of the wind a little more.

The channel we were now sailing up is a fine wide reach, apparently, one would suppose, the main trunk of the river; the reason that we did not take it this morning was, that there is very rarely water enough over the bank at its mouth, at the place where the other small channel forks from it, to allow any vessel to pass; while ordinarily all the ships pass up the little narrow channel in which we had stuck. By accident however the usual channel had got silted up shallow, and stopped us, so that instead of being ahead of all the others, we were now last; but by accident the other channel was opener than usual, and we found it out, though not till after the other ships had gone by us up the small channel: so we alone got the benefit of the discovery. The consequence of this is, that if this breeze continues, we shall make a good

run of eight or nine leagues before we come to another turn in the river, through which it will not carry us, while the rest of the squadron (except two little vessels who preceded us this way in the morning) will have been obliged to anchor again a mile or two above, where they gave us the go-by, on account of the turning of the channel slightly towards the wind in one place. Such is river navigation in sailing-boats: running aground is a great bore; but it must be remembered that in all our voyage we have only been really stuck three times (only twice in the Paraná), and today was the first time the 'Rosario' has been aground since she left Buenos Ayres; this too with vessels drawing seven or eight feet of water. There is, I suppose, no other river in the world where such navigation is practicable. The Mississippi is a gutter compared to this river; they must have vessels there drawing only two feet of water to be safe at all, and even those are liable to be speared by snags: beyond any doubt the Paraná is the queen of rivers. All these islands, which are perfectly flat,—about four or five feet above the present level of the river, sometimes inundated, now inhabited by frogs, herons, capybaras, and tigers,—would grow rice for the whole world: I suppose it is warm enough.

A most magnificent evening,—full moon, sky quite cloudless, except a long low bank of cloud hanging over the west horizon, formed of the smoke from the fire in the Chaco. The fire-light still visible tonight, but not so much of it, only a patch or two; it has

probably burned all there was to burn over a large tract of country, and is now only smoking, or has strode out of sight.

September 29.

About ten A.M. some locusts began to drop on deck, brown fellows about two inches and a half long; they rapidly increased in number, and from about half-past ten to half-past eleven they passed overhead in a continuous swarm. They did not darken the sun the least, or make any approach thereto, but as their wings glittered in the light they looked like flakes of snow passing over the blue sky; the air was full of them at all heights, from twenty to thirty feet above the water to many hundreds, not flying in a dense mass, but scattered about, some with their heads up the wind, others fluttering the other way,—all carried along by the breeze, which blew pretty strong from east-south-east. A few hundreds of them fell on deck, and many were eaten with great eagerness by the miserable fowls that were kept for killing. The islands are of a beautifully bright fresh green; the spring is further advanced here than it was below when we entered the river, where the willows were only beginning to leaf. On one of the islands, or the side near the Chaco, I noticed a small group of the same tall palms which I saw the day before yesterday on the Chaco. Soon we came to a part of the channel where a strong ripple, a sort of a chopping sea in a small way, indicated a bank stretching right across the river. We



partly sailed and partly punted across it, moving very slowly; I suppose our keel was in the sand for many yards. It is splendid to see the crew of the 'Rosario' work—as smart, active a set of fellows as I ever saw, all Italians—they seem as if they enjoyed it. We were soon in deep water again, scudding along in fine style; but the poor 'Neptuno,' which had anchored about a mile ahead of us last night, stuck fast. It was an hour and a half before we were out of sight of her, but we could not see through our glasses that they were endeavouring to get her off again. Our Captain says they were in a very bad position, and may have great difficulty in getting off,—perhaps may even have to discharge their cargo, and send it to Goyaz, which is only a league or two off, and for which it is destined. Poor 'Neptuno!' of course we are all very sorry for her, but very glad to be out of her. It must be most particularly vexatious for the Captain of the 'Neptuno' to be hitched thus, close to the port he was bound for, and at which his relations live; very disgusting too for the passengers. Meantime we passed, soon after getting out of the *Vuelta*, a little after sunset, the channel between two islands, which leads up to the little river at the mouth of which Goyaz lies; but it was too dark to see anything of its geography, so we went ahead gloriously, with the Southern Cross behind us, showing that our head was in the right direction. Between nine and ten P.M. we came again in sight, by the bright moonlight, of the *barrancas* of the true east bank of the

river, at a place called Rubio, in the province, or state, or whatever it may be by this time, of Corrientes, and soon we were sailing almost under them. On the top of the high land, a small hump broke the uniformity of the outline, at the place where we came nearest to the cliff. This they said was an *estancia*—no doubt a miserable house, almost the only sign of human life we have seen along the river, except the half-dozen little towns and villages. To all real purpose, the whole country is an unoccupied desert, which requires but a little industry to make it a paradise.

September 30.

In the early morning there is always a mirage on the river, which, where we see along it for a considerable distance uninterruptedly, produces a queer effect by lifting, here and there, some of the distant trees slightly above the horizon, and making them look as if they were lots of little islands, or ships on a sea of glass. The same is visible on the Pampas, where there is no water. About ten A.M. we got sight of a village on the high bank beyond the islands, called Bella Vista, in Corrientes. During part of the day we had the Chaco in sight on our left, with islands on our right. The Chaco is, at least near the river, covered with wood, consisting of trees not now in leaf, very like the oaks of a Hampshire coppice; indeed the wood looks very like an English one (the trees not being very large) except that here and there a palm-tree reminds one that it is a very different place

and that the underwood consists of dense thickets of bamboos, the beautiful feathery foliage of which is scarcely to be matched in England. On the islands the vegetation is entirely different, being generally covered with beautiful green willows, now in fresh leaf, or with sedge; the latter however is for the most part the brown dead herbage of last year. I saw a most wonderful bird today; he was sitting on a dead tree, which was lying in the water close to the bank of an island. I thought he was a cormorant, but on looking at him through my telescope, I saw that he was all brown, except his head and neck and the tips of his wings, which were yellowish-white, and he had a bill like a toucan, long and curved; he flew away like a big hawk, with a great strong broad tail. His business is evidently fishing, but what manner of being he is, I cannot consider.

We passed by two more *vueltas*,—that of Loreti, going here so close to the shore that as we rushed by I pulled a branch off a willow-tree which projected into the water, and that of Taquani. Then we got our head due north again, and passed within about a league of the river-bank on the Corrientes side, behind the islands; a long line of light-coloured cliff, with a grassy down above it, and thin woods scattered about; a *rancho* (thatched cottage), and lots of cattle grazing, indicating an *estancia*. On our left we had the Chaco, and for the most part kept close to it, with occasionally an island between us and the “Tierra firme.” About five P.M. we came in sight of an assemblage

of miserable-looking telescopic *ranchos* on the top of the down, named Empedrado, about twelve leagues from Corrientes. We are actually now so near our journey's end ! We have had a magnificent run for the last twenty-four hours,—indeed, with two interruptions of half a day each, for the last three days and nights. Certainly fortune has shone upon our change of ships,—it was a divine notion of M. G——. At sunset we were rushing along a magnificent reach, for the first time with the two real banks of the river looking each other in the face, without any islands to split up the torrent-sea into different rivers. The river seems to be about a mile and a half wide, but distances are so deceptive over water, especially when it is dusk, and when there are no objects of known magnitude on the distant land to judge by, that I cannot be certain. Certain however it is, that it is so much more like sea than a river, that a lady might well be pardoned for being sea-sick.

The most curious thing to my mind is the totally different physiognomy of the two banks : on the Chaco side (near to which we are sailing, within three or four hundred yards sometimes) the bank is not above four or five feet (often less) high, the land perfectly flat and covered with dense wood, (how far inland the wood extends I do not know); on the other side, a high bank (I suppose fifty or sixty feet), with an undulating surface, generally higher inland than at the river-side, and with but few trees. Whether or not this part of Corrientes has ever been clothed with

forest I do not know ; perhaps it has been, and the wood has been destroyed by the *estancieros*, but I suspect not.

At ten P.M. we rounded a point which projected out, with a low *barranca*, from the east bank of the river, and found ourselves at the Port of Corrientes, with a few low houses on the top of the bank, and the masts of some ships—one of them a three-masted vessel, of I should think three hundred tons—lying *close to the shore*. For the first time since we started from Buenos Ayres, we heard with satisfaction the anchor-cable rushing out, in ten fathoms of water, within a stone's throw of the shore.

Corrientes, October 1.

The first thing I saw on going on deck this morning was an Englishman, a mercantile youth, transacting business with the Captain : verily we are ubiquitous ! The next thing that struck my eye was a steamer coming in sight, down-stream (unfortunately) from Assumption, with the flags of every conceivable kingdom and republic flying in every possible position : it was the 'Correo,' an English-built vessel of the Buenos Ayres Government, which had taken a month ago a son of Urquiza's up to Paraguay on a special mission, and was now bringing him down again with a flea in his ear, in a state of considerable anxiety as to his future prospects, having heard nothing of the revolution at Buenos Ayres, but a hint that his father had

been kicked out. I went ashore, and walked about the town—a miserable place. It stands on a rocky soil of hard black and red sandstone, very different from the cliffs that we had hitherto seen. All the lower orders seem to be of Indian blood, and speak Guaraní; they wear the Gaucho dress, more or less. But prowling about the street every here and there are groups of wild Indians from the Chaco, the most



awful-looking ruffians I ever saw,—copper-brown, desperately ugly, rather tall, with quantities of long black hair crawling down their backs; a filthy cloth enveloping their bodies from waist to knees, and sometimes another thrown over the shoulders, and an old Euro-

pean hat, or straw hat with high-crowned narrow brim, make their costume : in short, they are the most humiliating objects I ever saw,—a curious compound of squalor, vigour, helplessness, ferocity, and cunning about their demeanour. The town is built in square blocks, or *cuadros*, like Buenos Ayres, but not so regularly ; there are very few houses with a story above the ground-floor, and most of them have sloping roofs, —some have the *azoteas* ; small ragged gardens with luxuriant orange-trees are scattered about. I went with M. G—— and his wife to call on a French tanner, who has set up business here, and from whom he wanted some information about horses. While we were with him an old Cacique of a tribe of Indians in the Chaco strode in,—a noted old scoundrel, with an air of stateliness about him, notwithstanding the cunning and ferocity in his visage ; a broken leg and a limp, a few grey hairs, and a slight bend in his back, with a little drunkenness to boot. He was going to war with a neighbouring tribe, and wanted to know at what price the Frenchman would purchase his captives as slaves. I believe that the slave traffic is forbidden by law here, but the people do not seem to think anything of it.

I had an introduction to a Catholic priest here, recently sent, as a sort of bishop, to look after this province ; he speaks English very well, having been a good deal in England. I had also Urquiza's letter to the Governor ; I thought I might as well deliver the

letter while I could do it with some decency, as Urquiza is not yet known to have fallen teetotally. So I thought I would go to the Padre, and get him to go with me to the Governor, and interpret, in case the Governor's French was not sufficient. Accordingly I went to the house which was shown to me as Dr. Ildefonso Medrano's (the bishop), and asked for him. I was shown into a room where sat a good-natured, ruddy-faced, Sunday-footman-dressed sort of personage (blue coat and brass buttons) in the prime of life, eating dinner off a coarse table, half covered with a coarser cloth. I thought it was a very unpriestly-looking party, but I handed him the letter; he said Dr. Medrano was not in, but he would send to look for him. A fat old woman (as to whom, whether she was the cook or lady of the house I do not know) came in, sat down, put her naked elbows on the table, and looked blandly, as much as to demand a bow. The messenger came back and said Dr. Medrano was in, so I bowed to the gentleman in blue, and the old elbows, and followed my conductor up a dirty narrow staircase, through one little bedroom with a neat bedstead in it, to another, opening out of it, with a shabby one in it, and a tall, thin, cock-eyed, parchment-faced man in a long black gown. This was the Bishop,—a very hearty, kindly, clever, well-informed man, particularly fond of Englishmen, and delighted to see me. It turned out that he was a great friend of the Governor, was now staying in the Governor's house, and



that the gentleman at dinner, whom I had left with the cook's arms on the table, was the Governor himself! So it was a very simple matter to go down and present myself again to him with my credentials from Urquiza, and to get old Medrano to explain that I did not know who he was before. He was immensely civil, shook hands with me warmly, and entreated me to let him do something for me in the way of help or protection. I told him that if I came back I would ask for help if I wanted it, and left him to finish his dinner, and to get on board myself, as I understood we were to sail this evening. (Everybody says that this Governor is a really excellent fellow, the best man in his province.) But the old Padre would introduce me to young Urquiza, and when I told him to tell the youth I hoped he would hear satisfactory news at Buenos Ayres, and that I considered his father had done good things for the country, he interpreted my negative generalities into such a flowing strain of positive superlatives that I felt he was making me lie horribly; but I bore it with a good grace, and told the youth I would not trouble him for his proffered offer of an introduction to the President of Paraguay, as his father had already given me one. The old priest assured me I should find him (the priest) my most affectionate friend; and I hurried off to the ship, where I found however that we could not sail yet.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE FUTURE OF WESTERN SOUTH AMERICA.\*

WASTE OF LAND IN SOUTH AMERICA.—POSSIBILITIES OF ANGLO-SAXON COLONIZATION.—PARAGUAY THE CHOICEST SITE FOR A COLONY.—FERTILITY OF THE REGIONS ABOUT THE PLATE.—TIMBER TRAM-ROADS.—STEAM TIMBER-RAFTS.—HOW RIVERS MAY DO THEIR OWN TUG-WORK.

September 21, 1852.

HERE we are on our voyage up the mighty river, nineteen days out from Buenos Ayres, having been able to sail six of those days. What a country! what a river! How wasted! What business have these Spaniards and Portuguese to lay claim to these magnificent lands, which they do not occupy and never will? Here is another revolution at Buenos Ayres. What is to become of these poor children, these Argentines, maltreated by their parents of Spain, tortured by one another? Will they eat one another till nothing is left but their tails? If Urquiza fights the Buenos Ayreans now, may vengeance stop him! Now will be the proof whether he is a real man or a tyrant.

\* This Letter was written to a friend while at anchor on the Paraná, just below the town of Paraná and the Bajada de Santa Fé.

There is no placing any confidence in a word any one tells you about him : one swears he out-Rosases Rosas in fiendishness ; another vows he is a hero, with no intentions but the best,—and he certainly has done many good things. But I can neither see into his designs, nor into the present at Buenos Ayres, or the future here ; so let me speak only of what I have seen and now see, and what I think thereof.

Now the first great fact is, that here, in South America, are numberless thousands of square miles of the most splendid land in the world, for the production of every article the soil will yield to man. Here, in Brazil, and in the provinces drained by the tributaries of the La Plata, is every variety of soil, mountain, valley, plain, and forest, claimed by a race of people who, like dogs in manger, will not cultivate themselves, and yet claim a right to prevent others from doing so. What a monstrous folly, to guarantee by treaties the possession of these lands to these Iberians !

Now one of two things will be done some day : either the industrious masses of Europe will invade these countries, and take by force what they require here for their necessities ; or these lands must be silently conquered by the slow and sure process of immigration, and the present owners absorbed in the industrious race that will really people the country. Here is all this glorious continent, that has been beggling these four hundred years to be replenished, still

occupied only in spots few and far between, and these more like sore places—some skin-disease—than even rags of clothing for the earth. Before I came to this country, I thought much less favourably of emigration, even of colonization, than I do now. What I have seen here has opened quite a new field to my view; what I held before (that it is our urgent duty to cultivate our own land to the *n*th degree) is all right; but it is not enough, my notions were narrow: it seems to me, now even, that I see God bringing this good out of the evil of the ownership of land in England, that thus He is actually compelling us to go forth and replenish the earth, far and wide, instead of cramming ourselves all into our own island, and making all England one great town.

The process of absorption of the Iberian race has given symptoms of commencement already. There are multitudes of Irish in the Pampas, and hundreds of English in the towns (Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, etc.), the latter chiefly merchants.\*

\* The extent of Basque emigration, both from Spain and France, to the shores of the Plate, and especially to Monte Video, is however also a fact that should not be overlooked. Some years ago, if not to the present day, there were whole villages near Monte Video in which nothing but Basque was spoken, like Gaelic in the Highland settlements of Canada. Indeed the heroic defence of Monte Video during its long siege is perhaps mainly to be attributed to that Basque tenacity of purpose, which has maintained in our days a "seven years' war" against the whole forces of Spain.

Now, inasmuch as the Basques are the genuine Iberi,—the Spaniards generally only the Gothicized or Vandalized descendants of

They say however that most of these leave the country after amassing what they may consider enough. I doubt however this of the former, for I believe these Irish help the exodus by sending home money to their friends to bring them out, and they are well-behaved, industrious people here; but the merchants all go home when they have filled their purses, except the few who are fascinated by the beautiful girls of the River Plate, and marry there. So there is not much intermixture of our blood among the *better-dressed* class of people attached to the soil. From the Brazilian towns they all go home, frightened off by the yellow fever (which I have no doubt is a special curse upon Negro slavery; I do not believe it has yet appeared anywhere, except where the Whites are in contact with Negroes, either for the purpose of the slave-trade, or for living upon the produce of slave-labour; but I may be wrong). Perhaps, too, Brazil is too hot for the Englishman to work out-of-doors at present: I do not think it would be too hot for a vegetable-feeding white, but we must take John as we find him.

However there can be no question that Brazil may be made perfectly habitable for him, or he made a fit inhabitant for Brazil, thus—by gradual acclimatiza-

the same race,—that race may be said to be renovating itself from its original stock, so far as Basque immigration is concerned. But the juxtaposition of Irishman and Basque on the shores of the Plate is one of the most curious facts of contemporary history. Are we to witness, after thousands of years have elapsed, the formation of a second people of “Celtiberi”?—ED.

tion. There is no other country in the world except Africa, in which this process can be perfectly gone through, and Africa is not to be colonized by Whites yet : (all the Negroes have to be sent back to Africa, and taught, perhaps compelled, to cultivate their continent for their own benefit.) The climate of the River Plate and the parts near it must be the most splendid in the world, the most pleasant to a European. Here then, on the banks of these rivers, as high up as possible,—as near the heat as possible (to shorten the process and to be more central),—let the commencement be made ; and let us, generation after generation, push further northwards, colonizing ever, till our blood has become suited in our descendants to the glorious sun of Brazil ; and let us make haste about it too, that we may occupy that country before all its splendid timber has disappeared before the ruthless fire of the lazy Portuguese, who can find no means of disposing of it but burning it as it stands.

Now emigration as we see it in England is absurd—competition in its worst form, as a youth instead of as a dotard. We must do as the old Greeks and Phœnicians did, and as the bees still do,—colonize in bodies, and show too that we can set about it in a less amateur style than the Canterbury people have done. In all these countries individuals can obtain grants of land from the State, either freely or by purchase at a low price ; or, I understand, in Paraguay on the justest of all possible tenures in the present state

of things, viz. on the payment of an annual quit-rent to the State.

I am going to Paraguay, to see the capabilities of this country for such an experiment. I have my fears about the temperature being too high for a *first* settlement, but we shall see. The situation of Paraguay is unparalleled, certainly in this world, probably in the Solar System. Note its insular position between the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, the latter splendidly navigable, with its soft sandy bottom; the former with power enough in its vast cataracts to turn all the mills of the world, and the moon too. Note too that the sources of the Paraguay are close to those of the Madeira, one of the largest tributaries of the Amazon. Do you not see that *Paraguay* is a misprint for *Paradise*, and that these and the Uruguay are the rivers of Eden? (Paradise evidently was here somewhere, for the syllables “Para” occur everywhere: Parahyba, Parahibana, etc., and Pará itself at the mouth of the Amazon: this perhaps is a piece of converging etymology.)

There is already a movement hither in this direction, or rather signs of two movements, a French and an English one. The latter is in the form of some confounded speculation for the purpose of personal enrichment on the part of some English and French merchants in the Banda Oriental and in Corrientes. The other, the French, is the leading idea of my companion here, M. G——, who is quite a hero in his

quiet way. He is the best Frenchman I ever met with, and quite different from any other I ever saw, with a depth of seriousness and perseverance about him that must be very rare in this country. He has very much the same notions as I have about the obvious necessity of colonizing South America, but he has just enough of the intense nationality of his countrymen to narrow his views, and put the problem before him in the form of French influence to be extended; but he has less of obtrusiveness in this all-for-France of his, than most of his compatriots have. I should be very glad to see South America colonized by France, if I thought they would do it well; but seeing they cannot govern their own country, I do not think it likely they will succeed here just yet.

I need not tell you that all the land almost, between the Andes and the Paraná-Paraguay, is one mighty plain; all the southern part of which, almost, is now sacrificed to that lowest and most degrading form of occupation, that sham of industry, the feeding and butchering of cattle,—a vile occupation, delighted in by master capitalists, because it yields them a return on their money with the employment of the smallest possible number of workmen,—delighted in by workmen, because their employment is a lazy one, which exerts none of their faculties, except those necessary to enable them to sit on horseback, and to rip the hide off half-killed oxen. I should like some of you lovers of flesh to see the reeking horrors of the



*saladeros* of the River Plate. Do not fancy these Gauchos are fine fellows because they can ride, and live on horseback like the Arabs; they care not one straw for their horses, except to use them, spur them to death, and then buy another for a song. There is nobility about these fellows no doubt, but it is in spite of their equestrian habits, not because of them, and in spite of the degrading employment, to which every man who eats flesh helps by his example to condemn them.

Fancy the capabilities of these lands, where they plant woods of peach-trees for firewood and to feed their pigs,—not because the fruit is not first-rate, but because there are not men enough to eat it (or the men prefer swine's blood)! Olives too grow in great perfection at Buenos Ayres, and the vine luxuriates in the upper provinces, Mendoza and Tucuman. Here is a land of corn, oil, and wine; and as for the honey, as if it was not enough that there should be a score of sorts of bees to make it, the very wasps brew delicious honey.\* The Banda Oriental and Entre Rios have the same capabilities as the plain of the west, with such other advantages as are given by a more undulating and broken ground, with a great deal of mineral wealth. Further north, in Corrientes and Paraguay, you have the semi-tropical and tropical climates, where the richest oranges, sugar, coffee, tea, *yerba maté* (which, mind you, is not to be de-

\* See Appendix A., before referred to.

spised, and has yet to be sold at the co-operative stores in England), silk, and all the glories of a sun-blessed vegetation, are to be had for the asking.

Then for intercommunication. In those parts where the country is hilly there is the best water-carriage in the world; and over the plains, what a country for railways! Why, the whole Pampas ought to be furrowed with tramways (not to speak of steam-locomotives, which they do not want yet); here is an employment for the thousands of horses which are to be had and fed for nothing. All the towns of the plain might lay down tramroads from one to the other, commencing with one from Salta to Buenos Ayres. The glorious timber of Paraguay will do for the trams; iron is not needed.

So much for the land; now for the rivers. These rivers are a mine of uncountable wealth, the coal of England is nothing to them. I was speaking of the timber of Paraguay: now here is a beginning, for a colony to make heavy profits at starting, to enable it to get out a lot of hands; here is a branch of trade with Europe hitherto undreamed of. People have thought and tried to import timber from Brazil, and still do in small quantities, a few ship-loads of Jacaranda per annum; but Paraguay as a wood-market for Europe, I should think, has scarcely been hinted at, except to be derided; and yet, excepting the banks of the Amazon, no place is so well suited for supplying the timber, which is the most splendid of

all the splendid products of South America, and the one most cruelly wasted. One great obstacle to the exportation of the Brazilian timber is the difficulty of getting it to the coast: here however is the Paraguay-Paraná ready to float down the timber from the interior.

Now every tree not wanted might be floated in huge rafts (as the Germans do on the Rhine) down the rivers to the Plata, and then bodily across the Atlantic to Europe. Is it not a mighty folly, that importing of timber across the sea in driblets, by ship-loads? Why build ships to carry what will itself float, and is even benefited by immersion in the sea? You will see at once that there is no reason why a raft which will float down a river should not float across the Atlantic, nor *why* it should not arrive safely in the port for which it is destined, if the powers of wind and steam are properly brought to bear upon it. Of course, to do it safely and to make it pay, it must be done upon a large scale: the trans-oceanic raft must be a great island of timber, that will defy the storms by its very size. (I have no doubt that the next generation, instead of loading ships with Wenham Lake ice-blocks, will tow icebergs from the poles to the equator, by steamers or other power. Who knows how climate may be modified in this way?) Of course it will not require a colony to open up on these rivers the steam-navigation which that scoundrel Rosas has kept out of them. I think how-

ever that associate shipwrights at Paradise will show them how to build steamers of a better construction than any which they will get from the capitalists of Europe, whose self-interest prevents the introduction of improvements. However, these rivers do not want steam to navigate them; glorious water-gods, they are of extra size, on purpose to do all the work themselves.

I wonder rivers have never been made to do their own tug-work; they have in locks to be sure, but that is a way of making them do the job only applicable on narrow waters, and then only for lifting, not for propelling. Of course the proper plan is to have stationary engines worked by wheels driven by the river itself, placed at convenient distances, with endless ropes running round pulleys, to which the craft bound up and down the river can attach themselves, and so be towed up and down stream at any pace. And so, too, vast floating factories might be established on the Paraná, where every kind of machinery should sing psalms of praise to the Great Father. This plan is at work on the Rhine, on a small scale, just below Mannheim: they have a few barges moored in the river, with water-wheels attached, and corn-mills within; but these are baby-toys to what we may have here. The power available on this Paraná is positively unlimited; human hands need do no labour within hundreds of miles of its banks, however thickly they were populated. Here it rolls on, a mile

all wide and at least three miles an hour in pace, of all depths, from five feet to twenty and upwards. All that is wanted is a floating house, and leave to moor it in a good position, with as many great screw-propellers immersed, or feathering paddle-wheels dipping in the water, as may be necessary to take the power wanted from the stream. This is the future of these waters. (I was let into this secret by having once jumped overboard for a bath without a rope in my hand, and another time having been untied in a canoe, wherein, having tied myself to the stern of our ship, I was practising paddling. I believe it is a current which pours here down to the sea!) Oh, what an enormous reservoir of force utterly wasted! Verily the exuberant bounty of God is awful, and the idleness of man is ghastly!

Another mode of applying the power of the river to its own navigation would be to have a steamer (propelled by an immense paddle-wheel), which should tow up the river a fleet of any number of ships, at no greater expense of coal than that necessary for its own propulsion. The paddle-wheel must have a big barrel, which it can be made to turn, carrying a mile of cable; one or two of the ships are to be attached to the cable, and the steamer starts up stream, letting its cable run out of the barrel, without exerting any traction. When the cable has run out, the vessel having run up a mile, the steam is to be turned, and the current allowed to act on the paddle-wheel and

turn it. The barrel is put in gear with the paddle-wheel, and winds up the rope, and with it of course the ships. When they have reached the point where the steamer is, the cable is unwound, and, if there are any more vessels to come up, floated down to them, to haul them up in the same way. This may seem a very slow process, but it is not so slow a one as being anchored seven days at the bottom of a reach only a few miles long, with a head-wind blowing, which would be favourable in the next reach above, as happened to this ship last week. But not even steamers are necessary for this,—the river may be made to propel each ship separately against its own current; but I need not worry you with my dynamical dreams, of which this huge deluge in harness, waiting only to be tied to the traces, is very suggestive.\*

\* The following further suggestions appear in Mr. Mansfield's Note-Book :—

“Steamers to be provided with two feelers, fore and aft, one on each side, each connected with rudder, and the two with engine, to reverse, if both strike. Machines to sweep out channel, turned by river alone.” (Sept. 30.)

“The value of land in the province of Corrientes, according to Mr. Dudgeon, the accredited land-surveyor of the Government, as taken of Government, is about five or six hundred silver dollars per square league to purchase, and about eight or ten silver dollars per annum to rent. Mr. D—— has himself about four square leagues of pasture-land (part of it bad), for which he pays nineteen silver dollars per annum; but during the war, when his cattle was taken, he paid nothing. His land is on the bank of the Mirinaí, beyond Paso Caoguazú.”

## CHAPTER IX.

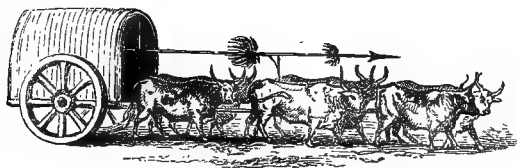
## CORRIENTES.

A COUNTRY RIDE.—TREES.—BIRDS.—THE MISIONES.—A BALL.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS. — DWELLING-HOUSES. — A VISIT TO THE BISHOP.—BIRDS’-NESTS.—A SOIREE.—PROJECTED EXPEDITION TO MISIONES. — NEWS FROM BUENOS AYRES. — NEEDLE-WORK. — FLEAS AND JIGGERS.—VERBENAS.—SILK-COTTON TREE.—DOGS AND FROGS.—CROSSING A FERRY.—VISIT TO DON PEDRO.—UN-SUCCESSFUL TIGER-HUNT.—A PLAY.—BRILLIANT LIGHTNING.—CO-OPERATIVE SPIDERS.—AN EXTENSIVE HORSEDEALER.—A FETE DAY.—A STORM.—CHURCHES.—OVEN BIRD.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—DON PEDRO.—A FORD.—MANDIOCA PLANTING.—A PRIMITIVE PLOUGH. — CATTLE DOCTORING.—AN ANT-LION.—ANT-HILLS.—THE EMPEROR OF CRANES.—WILD TURKEYS.—SENSITIVE PLANTS.—A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.—POLITICS.

October 2.

I BORROWED a horse from Mr. B——, a “young Scotchman,” the consignee of part of the cargo of the ‘Rosario,’ and went out into the country to see what it is like. I rode towards the East about a couple of leagues, along a road or rather sandy track, one of those by which the queer ox-drawn waggons from the interior reach the port. As the river turns somewhat towards the east here, this road does not lead directly away from it. A curious piece of apparatus is at-

tached to these carts—the goad ; it is a bamboo pole, about twenty feet long, suspended and balanced upon a thong which hangs from the roof of the cart, in front, so that it is easily turned by the lazy carter, as he is lolling inside ; at the outer extremity of this pole is a spike, and from it, about four feet from the end, hangs fixed another rod, with a spike upon it, so that the oxen can be goaded by a thrust either forwards or downwards. There are six oxen to each cart ; the end point goads the leaders, the branch point the middle pair. There are two or three bunches of emu's feathers tied to the pole for decoration. The country



is all sandy or clayey ; not open plain nor forest, but covered with patches of thorny shrubs, here and there so thickly set as to form a coppice ; in other places forming thickets, with patches of grass between. The trees, mostly about the size of ordinary hawthorns, are terribly thorny ; many of them are mimosas, with only a very few air-plants about them. Here and there a large tree is seen standing up like a forest giant above the others, but on a nearer approach it proves only to be one of the umbús, planted for shade near



a house or a *corral*; they are just coming into leaf. There are also scattered here and there groves of orange-trees, the flowers of which smell deliciously sweet, planted in regular rows; the deep green of their rich foliage is in strong contrast with the rest of the trees. These orange-farms yield a good revenue to the proprietors, many of whom have *quintas*, or small country-houses, attached to them. Lemons, *enormous* cabbages, sweet potatoes shaped like pears, the sweet mandioca (not the sort which yields poisonous juice, and from which the farinha and tapioca is made in Brazil), and our common vegetables, grow admirably here, showing what a little care will do with the soil. I twice noticed scrubby-looking *mamaveiras* (melon-trees), which are in every garden in Brazil. But the most beautiful objects in the scenery are the *lapacho*-trees, a few of which are scattered about both in the gardens near the town and in the *camp*, as they call the country; they grow about thirty or forty feet high, exactly like young oak-trees, and are now in full flower. The blossom is a large bell, of a beautiful rose colour, with yellowish markings inside, rather larger than a foxglove bell, and with an open spreading mouth; they look at some distance like immense roses stuck on a bed of moss; the colour is quite unmixed, as there are no leaves at all on them, and the blossoms quite thick. It is said to be one of the very best timber-trees of the country, and there is much timber in the interior. I rode on among the thorn-thickets and

scattered orange-groves, till I came to a place where the road passed between two large marshes or shallow ponds, covered with aquatic plants and numerous wading water-fowl, which, like most of the birds here, are very tame. About the thickets were numerous green parrots ; in one place I encountered a large flock of them, chattering like all London. There are many beautiful finches in the trees,—the cardinal, with his crimson head, one of the finest. There was no variety in scenery, as far as I could see, and scarcely any undulation of the ground. As I returned I observed quantities of great ugly black vultures and brown carrion-eating buzzards with dirty yellow tips to their wings and tail, pottering about the slaughter-houses outside the town, and so tame that they looked just like poultry.\* The wind being still the same, I slept on board the ‘ Rosario.’

B—— offered to ride with me the next morning into the country, and show me some other part ; so we started early in the forenoon. However, he took me exactly the same road I had been before, but not so far by two miles. We walked about in an

\* The following list of birds, seen apparently near Corrientes, occurs in a note-book :—Black vulture, very numerous ; brown buzzard (*carrancha*), ditto ; chattering wren, brown, mud shell nests ; scissor-tail fly-catcher, with two tail-feathers eight or nine inches long ; snow-white robin, with black tips to wings and tail ; *bemtevi* (cardinal). In the wood : white heron, dark brown ditto, brown ibis, spurwing, ducks, lapwing, smaller plover, little doves, green parrots, humming-birds.

orange-grove, belonging to a friend of his, for some time while it rained. The fresh leaves of the lemon and orange trees have a very nice smell when crushed in the hand. In the afternoon, the wind being still the same, I stayed ashore, and was struck with a desire to see the territory of the *Misiones*. This is the district lying between the rivers Uruguay and Paraná, at the point where they approach most nearly to each other,—at Candelaria, on the Paraná, where the most famous of the *reducciones*, *pueblos*, or *misiones* of the Jesuits were. This country has long been a disputed point between Paraguay and Corrientes, as to which republic owned it. By the treaty lately made between Paraguay and the Argentine confederacy, the territory of the Misiones is ceded to Corrientes by Paraguay. It is now entirely uninhabited, though it is the richest part of the province, or indeed of the whole of the Argentine States.\* So I went to the Governor, and asked him whether there was any possibility of seeing this country. He informed me that there happened to be a particularly good one, as he was going to send a military force in a few days to take formal possession of this important territory, much desired by the Brazilians, and that I could go with the troop if I liked. All I could say was, that I was very much obliged to him, but that I was going to sail for Paraguay next morning, and that therefore I could not do this, but that when I re-

\* See Appendix B.

turned I hoped there would be another opportunity. He said there would be no difficulty. I then went to rejoin G—— at a house where I had left him, when he informed me that certain affairs of his rendered it necessary for him to remain here for a fortnight or so at least, and that therefore he and his wife would leave the ‘Rosario,’ and allow her to sail without them. I at once determined to do likewise, and to accept the Governor’s offer, and take this opportunity of seeing the Misiones.

B—— got me invited this evening to a ball at a private house, so I went to see the humours. I was told that it was not the custom for those who were not going to dance to enter the ball-room. As I had no intention of dancing (first, on general grounds; secondly, because I had wounded my foot with my spur in the morning, and was lame; thirdly, because the style of dancing adopted by the Correntino gentlemen seemed to involve an amount of attitude of which I am not master), I took my quarters, while that exercise went on in the *sala*, or drawing-room (brick floor, carpeted), in one of the anterooms (bedrooms with the beds up), in one of which sat old ladies and non-dancing men; and in the other were the refreshments, which consisted of sweetmeats, English bottled ale (which is *the* beverage on all great occasions here), and cigars. There was a very fair military band in the court of the house outside the *sala* windows. I afterwards went into the dancing-room, and sat there for

some time to look on ; but as I was alone, and had no one to introduce me to the ladies, who would have helped me out with my Spanish, and the Governor (who is a most vigorous performer, and sometimes danceth all night) came and urgently entreated me to follow his example, I speedily beat a retreat. I however took the opportunity of telling the Governor I was going to stay, and would avail myself of his offer of accompanying the troops to Misiones. The Correntino ladies are for the most part decidedly pretty, and seem to be amiable : their beauty is not of the same sparkling kind as that of the Buenos Ayreans, they are more chubby ; I think there must be a little Guaraní blood in most of them. I slept ashore, on a table.

October 4.

At nine A.M. I went on board the ' Rosario ' (which lies off the quay or jetty, which projects into the river some two hundred feet), packed up my traps, and transferred them to the Captain of the Port's office, whence, after tedious waiting and pretended inspection by the Custom-house authorities, I took them to B——'s house.

The churches in Corrientes are very peculiar constructions ; they resemble barns more than anything else, with long projecting eaves, which, being supported by wooden posts, form a verandah along the side. The Cathedral, La Matriz, has a tower standing near it, quite isolated, for the bells, which sound

like cracked saucepans. Another of the churches has the bells hung up in the open air, above a stage, on which a boy stands to strike them. The other public buildings are the Cabildo, or town-hall (one of the very few two-storied houses in the town), which stands on one side of the large square in which the Cathedral is, and which has a double tier of arches in front, forming two heavy verandahs or porticoes one over the other; and the Custom or Government House (where the Governor transacts business, the Post-office is, and some soldiers are quartered), which is a



A STREET IN CORRIENTES.

low but extensive building, having only rooms on the ground-floor, with two large grassy courts like a college, and a portico formed by the eaves sloping inwards all round: it used formerly to be the Jesuits' College, and was built by them. The streets are all

sandy and rather rough, nowhere paved, but there is in some places a *trottoir*, bricked, which is generally under the porticoes, formed, as I have said, by the projecting eaves. There are two sorts of houses in the town : some, which seem to be the oldest, are a sort of little fortresses, square masses of building with a court in the middle, into which the doors open from the street,—a single tier of rooms covered by an invisible flat roof of brick,—all the windows, both those facing the street and those looking into the court, barred with a strong iron grating ; the others are cottages, with sloping roofs of tiles or of split palm-poles hollowed out, and laid over each other, as in the margin. The tiles here, as well as in all Brazil and at Lisbon, are laid in the same way, and form a very effectual though ponderous shelter, those which have their concave sides upwards forming channels by which the rain runs off. The market-place is a large barn-like shed, standing in the middle of one of the squares ; under and around it are sold meat, sweet potatoes, mandioca-root, oranges, tallow, sugarcane, and ground-nuts, but scarcely anything else.



October 5.

I slept last night on the table again, on my *recado*, but was so cruelly maltreated by bugs or fleas that I

petitioned for a hammock, which I had seen in a box. As soon as I was up, I sallied forth in search of a bath in the river. I found the bank to consist of masses of the same dark-coloured sandstone, full of cavities, which is to be seen at the landing-place; it is cut into pretty little caves every here and there, but all unfortunately, both within the precincts of the town and for at least a mile outside of it, occupied by women washing clothes, so I had to walk a long distance before I found a convenient place. At last I hit upon a very pretty spot, with a sandy beach, and masses of rock lying about, just like the seashore; lizards were running and jumping in every direction, and there was a cliff behind, overgrown with beautiful shrubs in full verdure: all along the bank indeed the vegetation is much brighter and greener than inland.

I called today on the old Bishop, who has seen the whole world almost,—North America, East Indies, etc.,—and talked to him about the Jesuits in the Misiones; he said they had not done much in the way of civilizing or Christianizing in these parts. He gravely told me that miracles had been performed in one of the churches here long before the Jesuits came to the country, and he finally bade me adieu, saying that I had only to ask for anything I wanted, and I should have it.

October 6.

I went out for a ride this morning in the opposite direction to that in which we went the other day;



found the country for some miles just the same,—thorny thickets scattered about, with pools of water, showing that there is some impervious soil under the surface. Turning to the right towards the river, we came to a place where, for a considerable distance, there runs a cliff, or escarpment, a few feet high, parallel to the Paraná, with a low tract of land covered with trees, interspersed with pools between it and the river. My guide wanted to persuade me that the land had been washed away by the rains, but I fancy it has been chiefly dug out for making bricks,\* as I noticed a brick-field at no great distance. There were lots of birds'-nests on the trees, built of quantities of sticks, like those of magpies, but belonging to little birds; one of them, which I stood on the back of my horse to look into, was the habitation of a little wren, at any rate she had a little white egg laid in one of its several cavities; either the nest belonged to several families, or it was the accumulated building of several years, for it consisted of a mass of sticks as big as a bullock's head, with three or four little caverns in it. These nests are mostly built on hanging twigs: several sorts of birds, here and in Brazil, build nests of this kind; people suppose they do it to escape the snakes. Two which I pulled to pieces I found were built round old wasps'-nests as a core. Another very queer nest is built by a sort of snuff-brown thrush, which chatters and chirrups boisterously: it is always

\* See however page 258.

perched on the upper side of a branch, or on the top of a post, and is a mass of mud or clay in the form of



a spherical shell with a hole in the side, and a sort of commencement of a winding entrance. (No. 1, a front view thereof; No. 2, a

horizontal section.) Externally it resembles a clay hut, and is very like one of the ovens of this country. There is a very pretty snow-white bird of the robin kind, with black tips to its wings and tail, something like the Lavandera of Brazil, but more entirely white; and a flycatcher, with two very long feathers in his tail, called the “scissor-tail,” which is very pretty.

I was invited this evening to meet a certain Dr. Molina, a man in much consideration here, who had just arrived, having been sent from Entre Rios by Urquiza on some political mission, with respect to which there are many *on-dits* afloat. Thus much however is certain, that Urquiza has retired peaceably to Entre Rios, and that Buenos Ayres is quite quiet. When any great person of the place returns here, it is customary for his friends to send word to him to expect them in the evening to pay their respects. They get up a party to go, and in the evening march, with a military band playing and rockets flying, to his house, where he stands at the door, shakes hands with each, and walks them into the

*sala* ; there they sit formally round the room, while the band occasionally strikes up in the court. Generally the health of the hero is proposed, drunk in *beer* (always), a speech or two made, and then they either dance, if there are ladies, or disperse. We arrived too late for the first entrance of the guests, and were walked in separately, presented to the hero, and then took our seats on chairs with their backs against the wall, forming thus part of the stupid row which sat all round the room ; the ladies of the family sat on the sofa, at one end thereof. Beer and cigars were handed round,—they smoke anywhere and everywhere here, whether in the presence of ladies or not. The latter do not themselves smoke in public, though I am told they often do when by themselves, but the poorer women do so continually. There were no toasts or speeches on this occasion,—nothing stupider ever saw I. About two mortal hours we sat round the room ; the band enlivened it a little,—one of them, a Negro, played the cornopean capitally. At last the spirit moved some one to get up and shake hands with the hero, which we all did in turn, and then retired, with a discharge of rockets and flourish of music.

October 7.

I went this morning to see the Governor at his office, as I had failed in finding him at home yesterday ; and I was anxious to know when the expedition

to Misiones was about to start, and whether I was to provide myself with horses. I found that the officer in command was to proceed the next day, but that he was only now going to the frontier of the Misiones on this side, and that he would have to wait there till the Governor received from the President of Paraguay certain letters relative to the formal delivering up of the territory which is to take place. On receipt of these letters, which are expected daily, he meant to send some more men, and he said that he would prefer my going then, as he wishes me to see the whole of the territory; and he would give me letters to all the best people, so far as the country is inhabited, and send with me a cart to carry my traps and my bed if I liked. Of course I told him this was not necessary, that I had my *recado*, and that was enough; but he said that I might as well be comfortable. I found that he wanted to know what Misiones has in the way of natural riches: of course I said I would report to him on my return all that I had observed. He really is a very excellent fellow; if all the Governors were such men as he, these countries would soon be free from military turmoil. A French doctor, who has some emigration schemes in his head, says that he means to go with the party, but other people do not think he will. Right opposite Corrientes is the Chaco, within a mile, with every tree visible on the river-bank, and numbers of its wild inhabitants are to be seen in the streets here every day; yet no person

from Corrientes ever goes there,—perhaps few have ever been, except woodmen, who go over to cut wood, and get occasionally killed themselves. Every one dreads the Indians, who are said to be the most treacherous creatures alive. In Corrientes lives a French tanner, Martin D'Aguerey by name, who has somehow managed to win the confidence of the Guay-curús (the most powerful tribe, who live just opposite), and of some others; José Largo (Long Joe, pronounced Hosselargo, which I thought must be the same as Hochelaga, till I knew the meaning), the cacique whom I saw in his house the other day, is one of his principal agents among them. They say that the Frenchman is looked upon by the Indians as the Great Cacique. He offered to go with the G——s, and conduct them a few miles inland to see the country; I was to have gone with them today, but the expedition has been put off, and I fear it will not take place till after I am gone. The temperature now is most delightful, about that of the very hottest summer in England, with however this difference, that it is hotter at noon, and the days are not so long, so that the nights are cooler.

October 8.

Today a Correntino named Menzies, a wealthy merchant (concerning whom I cannot learn that he considers himself of Scotch descent), arrived from Buenos Ayres, having performed the journey in fourteen days

on horseback, going round through the Banda Oriental, to avoid Urquiza in Entre Rios. He brought a proclamation, issued by the Assembly of Buenos Ayres, which was dissolved by Urquiza and has now reconstituted itself. The proclamation is said, by those who have read it, to be very excellent,—speaking of peace, freedom, open rivers, etc. etc. Everybody says that all the people, even the very Gauchos, are now tired of war, and that even if Urquiza has ambitious designs, he will not be able to raise a force to support him. What proposition was brought from him by Dr. Molina the other day has not transpired. Perhaps it is doubtful whether the President of Paraguay will so willingly hand over the territory of the Misiones to the Correntinos, now that Urquiza, with whom he made the treaty, has fallen: perhaps he will wait to see whether the Buenos Ayreans mean to adhere to the conditions therein expressed.

Nothing is to be had or done here between the hours of twelve and two. Everybody dines at twelve, and then takes a siesta for two hours. It is the height of bad manners to remain in any one's house on a call after twelve o'clock; they say no one but dogs and Englishmen are to be seen in the streets between twelve and two. The women however seem to be more industrious than the men; they are very skilful at embroidery and lace-making. Every Peon (common labourer) and Gaucho turns out sometimes in beautifully worked drawers, which any lady might

wear as a scarf. Some of the shopkeepers, when lounging behind their counters, wear shirts of the most elaborate needlework ; and yet this lace-work is enormously expensive, so much so that I fear I shall not be able to bring any specimens of it.

October 9.

The fleas make my life a burden to me : there are quantities of them about the floors of the house, between the bricks ; I have no skin left on my shins ; my great hope in life is, that they will not sting raw flesh. They pitched me bodily out of my hammock last night from three feet above the ground, on the bare brick-floor, flat as a pancake on my back, and then, when I groped about for a lucifer to light me to the reconstruction of my bed, made me knock down a bran-new bottle of salad-oil, which I had just purchased at a high price ; of course this was done in revenge, because I rubbed my shins with some of the oil before I went to bed, to prevent their biting. The mosquitos have made my eyes and face swell up once or twice, and have spotted my forehead all over like a leper's ; but they are a joke to the fleas. The jiggers also keep me in bodily fear ; I have not yet found any in my feet, but they are said to abound here. One person tells me he had once had twelve taken out of his feet one evening, and found eleven more the next morning.

The town is supplied with water chiefly from the

river by women, who walk to and fro in processions in the evening with pitchers on their heads. I however saw two water-carts (casks on wheels) filling at the river today—a wonderful stretch of ingenuity! Some of the houses supply themselves with rain-water; in Buenos Ayres scarcely any other is used. The water runs from the roofs of the houses into wells, which are sunk in the middle of the court. I took a shower-bath today, during a heavy thunderstorm, under the eaves of the house in the corner of the court,—a wonderful refresher and giver of appetite!

I have found three species of verbena growing here: the commonest, which abounds everywhere like buttercups in England, is purple, with finely divided leaves; the next is the scarlet one, not quite so common, with notched leaves; the third, of which I have only found one plant, was lilac-coloured, with leaves between those of the two others in form. The oranges here are not in season now, though there are plenty to be had, but not fresh; the oil of the rind does not make one's lips feel blistered, as those of Pernambuco.

October 10.

I went out for a ride this evening to explore the coast above the town, and found it indented with beautiful little coves, with the cliffs, twenty or thirty feet high, covered with beautiful shrubs in rich leaf and flower. About a mile and a half from the extreme limit of the town (which is bounded to the north-east



by a small creek which runs for half a mile inland, gradually narrowing off to a ditch, just beyond which, on top of the cliff, is an old fort and flagstaff) I came to an orange-farm, situated on the brink of a beautiful cove, and surrounded with a rough fence, which runs up inland till it meets a thick copsewood. I tried to bore my way through the wood at several points, but was obliged to give it up, and had to strike away about half a mile inland, till I came to a road. Near the river there seem to be more shrubs destitute of thorns than further inland. The wood was a tangled thicket of beautiful shrubs, some of them with sweet-smelling flowers: there is one which would make a beautiful garden-shrub; it has leaves about as big as those of a bay-tree, but of a bright pale green, and softer; the foliage is thin and light, and it is covered with a profusion of sweet-smelling flowers, something like a periwinkle, of various shades of colour, from pure white to dark blue. There is a very curious tree which grows in considerable quantities among the thickets near the river; I believe it is called the silk-cotton tree, it bears pods containing a beautiful white cotton. I saw both this tree and the one that produces brown silk-cotton growing in similar situations on the beach of the harbour at Rio de Janeiro. But the most curious peculiarity of this tree is that stump and all is covered with huge conical thorns; as the old tree increases in size, the old bark splits longitudinally, and exposes the new green bark

underneath, and from the lines thus formed the thorns spring up, like the Andes out of the big cleft in the earth's crust, from pole to pole. Some of their stems bulge out (like a casuarina palm) in a very curious way when they are advanced in life. I saw one today



which was not more than thirty feet high to the top of its branches, but must have been six feet in diameter at the base.\* After following the road for another half-mile, I found that a path from it turned down towards the river. It led me to a magnificent spot, a headland covered with a beautiful lawn, with shrubs scattered

about on it; from this point in the direction up the river, the high bank shelved away, and retreated from its straight line, forming a splendid bay two or three miles across, dotted all over with large islands. The river has been rising very much lately. I dare say this bay is not always so beautiful, but is commonly a swamp, as the water was evidently very shallow. At the middle of the bay, at the water's edge, there was a large brick factory. Thence I rode back, with a splendid sunset behind the towers of Corrientes.

There are quantities of disgusting little dogs here, without any hair, just like wire-drawn swine. They are said to have this great value, that they do not harbour fleas; if so, they are the only things here,

\* In connection with the silk-cotton-tree, the Note-Book seems to mention a "climbing cactus," and "two sorts of tree-cactuses."—ED.

living or dead, that do not. There are almost as great a variety of frogs here as in Brazil; in the evening, about some little ponds in the outskirts of the town, they make such a noise that I do not think people could talk audibly within thirty yards of them. This evening, after passing the creek that limits the town towards the north-east (which, by the way, was so swollen that the usual passages were stopped, and I had some difficulty in finding my way across), I heard a noise on the open ground beyond, which, if I had not heard it several times before, and been at first deceived and since undeceived, I should have thought was the growling of a tiger, and at the same time was a cry which I did think was that of a lamb or sheep; both of these came from frogs,—the growling one I thought must be a bird when I had found out that it was not a tiger. Soon the sound of the other increased to that of a whole flock of lambs baa'ing their lungs out: all this came out of a little pool hidden in a thicket close to me.

October 11.

This morning a young Frenchman invited me to go with him to the *estancia* of a countryman of his, about three leagues from here. At eleven A.M. my conductor came for me. He has travelled all over South America, and has been killing tigers in India, where he had commanded a French vessel. His chief aim in life seems to be to slay a tiger here. Our

road lay to the south-east, passing at first over the uninviting dreary clay land covered with *pantanos* (pools of water), and then, where the clay becomes softer, through thickets of thorny shrubs, and lastly along a beautiful lane, the general physiognomy of which was something like those of England, but that the high hedges consisted of mimosas instead of hawthorns, and of other queer-looking shrubs instead of blackthorns, and the trees at the side of the road here and there were umbús instead of oaks. Then we came out on an open country again, with thickets scattered about on a pasture-land, here and there the land being sandy, and destitute of grass; the bottoms of the thickets were stuffed with a kind of sloe-looking shrub, with beautiful red spikes of flowers; and a kind of wild pineapple-like plant grew all over the plain, instead of thistles. Here and there was a small cottage, with generally an orchard of orange-trees close to it.

After about two leagues my companion pointed out to me a small orange-orchard on the plain, about a mile ahead of us, with a valley between us and it, and informed me that, in consequence of the height of the Paraná at present, the little river called the Riachuelo, which runs down the valley, was so swollen that we should have to make a considerable *détour* to cross it in a ferry-boat, instead of walking straight through, as is generally done; and that he had never been by the ferry, so did not know the way. After some in-

quiries at a rancho, and at a pretty little cottage with a portico covered with grape-vine, rose-bushes, and geraniums, growing in very English style by the side of it, where a Peon pretended that he did not know the way, we met a Gaucho who was himself going to the ferry, and we accompanied him. As we approached the little river the thickets became thicker and the foliage richer, the land sloping so gradually that the descent was scarcely perceptible. When we arrived at the place where the canoe was, the Frenchman and I took off our *recados* from our horses and put them in the canoe, so also did the Gaucho; but when we got into the canoe, holding our horses by the bridles, our Gaucho friend took off his clothes, tied them round his hat, and rode into the river; he crossed partly on his horse's back, partly swimming and holding by his animal's tail: we were ferried across, while our horses swam by our sides, held by the reins.

We soon arrived at the house of our host, a very fine handsome fellow, not a bit like a Frenchman, married to an enormously fat and good-natured Correntino lady, by whom he had obtained his estate here. He received me most hospitably, in his most uncomfortable cottage. In the afternoon we went out to ride round a part of the estate in search of a tiger, who had that morning eaten a horse of our friend's: the rising of the river had driven them off the islands, where for quietness and *capincho* they usually bide, and they are reported numerous just now on the main-

land. Don Pedro L——, our host, owns a large estate ; he could not tell me how many square leagues he had. We rode down to the bank of the Paraná, here for the most part a cliff about thirty feet high, and for a mile or two along the bank skirting the woods which generally grow near the edge towards the river. We found the traces of tigers' feet on the sand in certain hollows, but saw nothing of the animals. These hollows are curious places, forming bays and creeks, high and dry above the river, but opening to it ; they are bounded by cliffs and undercliffs on a small scale, and are evidently formed by the action of the rain on the surface and beneath it. They would evidently in process of time form valleys, and as their edges become rounded off would cut up the flat land into hills ; they show beautifully the process by which undulating ground has been formed out of plains by denudation. I see now that B—— was right the other day, in saying that a somewhat similar escarpment, which I saw near Corrientes, was formed by the rain.\* It was on the sand at the bottom of these gullies that we saw so many tigers' footprints, and Don Pedro says it is in the herbage and brushwood in and about them that these creatures conceal themselves.

This estate is magnificent, but melancholy. It is an enormous, beautiful park, very unlike the land which I have seen near Corrientes, where the grass is either eaten short, worn off, or drowned in pools ;

\* See p. 245.

the soil here is covered with the most splendid rich pasture-grass, which when it becomes too rank is simply set fire to when dry, and burned, and then it springs up again beautifully fresh. It is dotted all over with thickets of the thorny shrubs, and in many places, especially near the river, is interrupted by belts of thick coppice-wood, in which there are plenty of good-sized timber-trees, the wood of many of which is said to be excellent. They are covered with quantities of air-plants of two sorts, one like tufts of a very minute aloe, the other with leaves about a foot long, curled like the feelers of a cuttle-fish, as if to hold on to the air with all their might; both sorts are of a dull greenish-grey colour. The smaller trees and larger shrubs are chiefly mimosas, cruelly thorny, some of them with their little tufty flowers extremely sweet; I have not yet discovered any sensitive-plants among them. It is melancholy to see all this beautiful land wasted. The owner of this princely domain (with a thousand horned cattle, many of them quite wild, and never caught except once in their lives by the lasso, to be killed, and a hundred horses grazing and galloping about) is actually in poverty. His house consists of but two rooms, with a row of out-houses for a few servants. All that he, or rather the land, is in need of, is human beings there to cultivate; but this is the want of the whole continent. In the evening, after supper, till we went to bed, the lady of the house sat (and thus she was employed frequently

during the day) making cigars from the tobacco grown in their little scrap of garden.

October 12.

This morning we were to have been up at five A.M., to go in search of the tigers; however, somehow or other the horses had to be caught, etc. etc.: we were not off much before seven. By that time the dew was off the grass, so the scent did not lie, and neither the dogs nor we saw anything more of the tiger than his footprints, many of which we found in places we did not visit yesterday. Our party consisted, besides myself, of three Frenchmen, who were respectively armed with a gun, a rifle, and a *Garde-mobile* musket from Paris. I had no particular desire to aid in the slaughter of the animal, and was thinking of matters more important than tigers or their lives. Nothing can be more delicious than the air and temperature. We remained out till about eleven, when it became rather warm, but far from oppressive: it was not so hot during the whole day as it is in the town at noon and for an hour or two after. We saw several roe-deer, and one of the party killed a pheasant,—a larger animal than ours, but of plain brown plumage,\* and a large rounded tail; and

\* Described more fully in Note-Book :—"Large dark olive-brown pheasant: breast feathers edged with white; tail rounded, when spread; throat just below bill almost bare of feathers." The following description of a "jay-pie" is also from the Note-Book at this place :—"A jay-pie: size of English jay, with long tail; head and



the dogs killed an unhappy iguana lizard about two feet long. Our excellent host pressed me very much to stay, and said that if I would remain a week it would only give him pleasure; but as my companion of yesterday was summoned back to town by a messenger, I returned with him.

In the evening the boys of the chief school here (called the College) acted a play in an out-of-doors theatre for the amusement of the public. Unlike the Westminster play, this was attended by all the mobility of the place, instead of the nobility. I walked round the crowd in the vain endeavour to get a sight of the dresses and action of the youthful actors, and felt that my pockets were certainly safer, whatever my throat might be, than they would be at any similar mob spectacle in England.

October 13.

A silly proclamation from Urquiza, addressed to the Correntinos, arrived here, out of which no one could make anything but pomposity. It is reported that he has declared the rivers open to all ships of all nations; if true, probably to ingratiate himself with the European Powers.

neck black, except a magnificent azure-blue eyebrow, and patch at corner of gape and nape of neck; iris yellow; breast and belly pale cream-yellow; back, and upper part of wings, and upper part of tail, except an inch to two inches of tip (which is white), deep blue; under side of wings and tail grey; the upper side of the quill feathers has the outer webs dark blue, the inner black."

October 14.

I have been occupied all day in copying a map of the Province of Corrientes and Misiones: the only one in the town belongs to an old French apothecary, who travelled in these parts with M. D'Orbigny, and is one of the few persons here who have been in the Chaco. I have had a talk with an old Yorkshireman who has lived in these countries many years; he is one of the few men alive who have navigated the River Bermejo (which enters the Paraguay just above its junction with the Paraná), having descended it from Oran with one Soria, who afterwards published an account of the voyage: when they got to the mouth of the Bermejo, Francia, the despot of Paraguay, seized them and all their papers, and kept them prisoners seven years. A Swiss just arrived from Paraguay called on me today, to ask whether I would go with him and a partner of his to examine a certain mine district in Paraguay, saying that he had been in treaty with the President of Paraguay on the matter, who was going to pay all the expenses. I gave him a doubtful answer, as I should wish first to know from the President what the business really is.

October 15.

The Governor, being about to go out of town for some time, has issued a decree nominating a substitute during his absence; from this and from the state of affairs I infer that the expedition to the Misiones

cannot come off just yet ; so I went to the Governor to ascertain the state of things. He said that it was very doubtful ; that he was awaiting the arrival of Dr. Durque (the Argentine Minister at Paraguay), whose family live here, and who is about to leave Assumption on account of the changed state of affairs, and that upon the news brought by him all movements would depend. This evening there was a most magnificent thunder-storm ; the lightning was so vivid and rapidly repeated, that the effect of it upon the room, as I lay in my hammock with the door open, was exactly as if a most brilliant Benzole light was burning in the court, but flickering with an unsteady light. I am sure that if I had been out there and protected from the heavy rain, I could have read continuously for nearly an hour. I was rather tired, and forgot that I had a big pair of water-boots, or I should have gone out to see it.

All about the town, in the gardens, one sees suspended between the trees the webs of co-operative spiders. In a garden this afternoon I saw a large canopy stretched between two orange-trees, about twelve feet long and six feet across, formed of this spider's web, with thousands of the spiders on it ; when I first saw them, I thought they were captured flies. There are a good many fireflies about in the evening now ; I saw four or five this evening, caught in a spider's web in a ditch ; their light is not continuous, but intermitting, so that the effect produced,

as they lighted up nearly at the same moment, was just that of an electric shock, sent through a conductor broken at several points, with a spark at each.\*

October 16.

Notwithstanding the storm it is still very hot. This afternoon I went to see the French tanner, whom the Indians call the Great Cacique. We hope to get some horses from him for the journey to, and to use in, Paraguay: he does business on a large scale; the Guaycurú and Tobé Indians from the Chaco work for him, and bring him tan-bark. When the ports of Paraguay were closed by the Correntinos blockading the river, two or three years ago, and no *yerba maté* was to be had at Buenos Ayres or anywhere else, this tanner alone had his supplies; the Indians used to go up to Paraguay through the Chaco, and bring it for him. He slaughtered a thousand mares a few days ago, for their skins and fat; he buys the mares at about four or six silver reals (two shillings or two shillings and sixpence) apiece. None but the very poor will ride a mare in this country; they say that the evidence of a man who would do so would be valueless in a court of justice. A drove of mares was driven in while we were there: one bolted; away went a Gaucho after her, whirling the *bolas* round his head; just as he disappeared behind a bush I saw

\* The Note-Book also contains an entry of "cuckoo-spit with brown insect."

them fly out of his hand ; no doubt the unhappy victim rolled over and over, with her legs entangled in the rope that unites the fatal balls.

October 17.

They celebrated this Sunday the feast of St. Rosaria, a saintess, in a little hut of a church, that of St. Domingo, close by this house. A military band playing outside kept up the excitement for about an hour or so, and at last a procession came forth, bearing a doll, representing the saintess, on a platform, amid the discharge of little rockets. The Peons and *Chinás* (the Guaraní women) all fell on their knees in the street : it is sad to see such a power of devotion thrown away. This morning and last night there were quantities of mosquitos about ; the backs of my hands and my forehead are all in mountains with them ; they sting me through my trousers too.

October 18.

This morning I encountered some of the passengers by the 'Neptuno' in the streets ; she arrived last night, brought up by the south wind, having been fifteen days on the voyage from Goya, which we in the 'Rosario' accomplished in twenty-nine hours. So all that I have gained by my expenditure of the ounce has been arriving here eighteen days sooner than I should have otherwise done, and being quite eaten by fleas, instead of only half, as I was in the 'Neptuno.' If I could experience the sensation of *ennui*, it would be

here ; the only consideration however that annoys me is, that I am kept all this time away from news from home. The G——s and I settled to send our baggage up to Assumption by the ‘Neptuno,’ who has changed her mind, and is going thither : so I packed up my traps, keeping enough clothes to rough it on here for a week or two more and on the route to Assumption. In the evening I rode with G—— and the French tanner-cacique along the river southwards, in and out among thickets of the thorny and other shrubs, in full verdure and bloom now with the fresh spring. The flowers of the lapacho are nearly off, and the leaves out now. This must be the country to supply England with garden-flowers : if the ver-bena grows so well here and in our gardens, probably some of the others will grow in England too, with care ; so I have asked the old French apothecary to collect me some seeds when they ripen, against my return from Paraguay. In part of our ride we went along a beautiful sandy beach, exactly like a seashore, sloping into the water, the only difference being that the shrubs on the bank were fresher and greener than they usually are near the seaside. There are no bananas here, except a few in the courts of some of the houses ; I believe they do not bear fruit : nor are there any palms, except a few in the gardens.

October 19.

The wind having returned to north it was very hot

again, so 'Neptuno' could not go yet; however "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," so this has blown us good in the other direction, for it brought this afternoon from Paraguay the young Frenchman for whom the G——s have been waiting here. I do not know when I was so pleased to see any one in my life: I shook hands with him as if he had been an old friend, partly from delight at the prospect of being liberated from this place, and a little also because he is a perfectly gentlemanlike youth, which is a variety in these parts. However we have not yet bought horses, so I dare say, as everything is slow in this country, we shan't get away yet awhile.

M. Z—— was five days on the voyage from Assumption, and met the 'Rosario' below Pilar, the port where we should have left her, so that we should not yet have landed in Paraguay, much less have reached Assumption, if we had gone on in her.

October 20.\*

The castor-oil plant grows about here everywhere, but the people make no use of it. We (the G——s and I) wrote letters this evening to the President of Paraguay, to request permission to travel by land from the Paso de la Patria (place where we cross the

\* The following note, occurring at this date, stands in singular contrast to the subjects of the letter:—"Steam or water-power fort, to charge air-muskets; air laid on in pipes, under pressure; safer than steam-guns. 1852, October 20, Corrientes."

Paraná to enter Paraguay from Corrientes) to Assumption; this formality is always necessary, and not only this, for one is also obliged to wait for an answer to the application. Most people who go to Paraguay, and who, to escape the tedious passage by water up the river Paraguay, travel by land from the Paraguay frontier to the capital, stop at the village of Neembucú or Pilar, send an application thence to the President, and wait at Pilar eight, ten, or twenty days for an answer. Our letters will be taken by the 'Neptuno' whenever she sails, and will be delivered to the coast-guard at Paraguay at the first station which the vessel passes. We intend to remain here till the G——s have found some horses to suit them, and then we shall start, and hope to find at the Paso permission to proceed to the capital.

October 24.

A couple of storms last night, both from the south, unroofed many of the ranchos in the outskirts of the town, blew down several orange-trees in the gardens, and the altar-end of one of the churches, a little shed of a place, called the Capellita. There are six churches in the town,—the Cathedral (La Matriz), and La Merced, in the principal square; St. Francisco and St. Domingo, in the street in which I am living, one on each side of the house,—the former, with a convent attached, is the largest church in the town; the latter a little bit of a hut with no windows.



The two others are that of La Cruz, with the cemetery attached, in an open square outside of the town towards the south, and the Capellita, which was blown down last night; it stood in a large square, where the carts stop that bring the goods from the country. All these churches, except the one at the burial-ground, and little St. Domingo, stand north and south. The main streets of Corrientes run north and south (at right angles to the river at the landing-place, which here turns towards the east), and east and west, being at right angles to each other, and dividing it into squares, like most of the towns in these parts.

I was getting quite seedy, from the combined effects of the irritation of the flea-bites, and the want of sleep which they produced, but I had a few hours' sleep last night, and feel as fresh as a lark this morning. The difference between the bodily sensations before and after one of these storms is extraordinary: nothing can be pleasanter than the temperature today, yesterday it was oppressive in the highest degree. The sailors on the river assert, in defiance of European wise men, that the weather is regulated by the phases of the moon, the wind changing at the moon's quarters. Now it is curious that for the last six weeks, ever since we have been on the Paraná, we have had a thunderstorm very nearly at the time of the moon's changes, followed in each case by a shift of the wind from north to south. The days of the moon's changes were: Sept. 13, ●; 20, ☾; 28, ○; Oct. 6, ☾; 13,

● ; 19, D ; and the days of our thunderstorms have been September 14, 23, 27 ; October 9, 15, 22 : the first three occurred in the morning, the last three in the evening.

I had two jiggers (*piques*, as the people call them here) taken out of one of my toes yesterday. The little boy who has examined my feet repeatedly for them grinned with delight, on my desiring him to inspect my toe this morning, as he nodded affirmatively in answer to my inquiry if they were not *piques* : he took them out very skilfully. G—— was laid up with an inflamed toe from one, two or three days ago ; I felt nothing of them at all.

I noticed an imbauba-tree on the bank near the river-side a little below the town yesterday : this tree, with one or two other species (of the genus *Cecropia*), characterizes the *mato virgem* and the *capoeira* in Brazil everywhere ; its appearance here is, I conclude, one of the indications of an approach to tropical climate. I saw one of them on an island twenty or thirty leagues below Corrientes on the last day of our voyage, just above the first of the *vueltas* we passed on that day ; I did not see any other all up the river.

I cut open one of the oven-birds' nests yesterday, and found five white eggs, size of a thrush's, bird sitting ; when I passed, an hour after, the poor bird was sitting by the side of her nest, in dismay at its fracture, though I had put it together as well as I could : I learnt that it is called the oven-bird from Darwin's

interesting little book, in Murray's "Home and Colonial Library," 'Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle,' which I recommend to your notice. It was given to me at Buenos Ayres by the same excellent young fellow who gave me that worthless book of Sir W. P——'s.

This town is said to have about eight thousand inhabitants, and the province about one hundred thousand. It is said that there are about three times as many women as men in the provinces, the male population has been so thinned off in the wars. Marriage is an arrangement almost unknown among the lower classes; about one woman in fifty of the poor is married. There is no aristocracy but that of wealth or state-employment. There being but little education among the best of them, they cannot appreciate it in others; so well-educated people here sometimes feel aggrieved to find that a poor mechanic is thought as much of as themselves, if he can earn a decent coat. The disgusting vice of shopkeeping of course prevails among the upper classes here; any man will stand behind his counter all day (except of course *siesta* time, twelve to two) and will consider himself a gentleman in the evenings, and all day too.

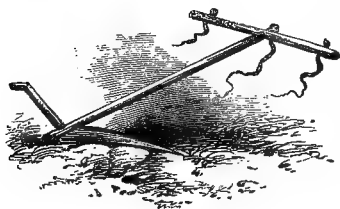
On the 26th I rode out to the Riachuelo to pay a second visit to M. Pierre, otherwise Don Pedro L——; my host accompanied me, but returned in the evening to town. I remained with the hospitable Frenchman till last evening, having inflicted myself upon him and imbibed the milk of his kine for five days.

The "little river" Riachuelo, which runs, as the boundary of his estate, in front of Don Pedro's house, had fallen so much that we went to cross the river opposite his house; the depth was uncertain, and on that the method of passing to be adopted depended, *i. e.* whether the horses would have to swim or to wade. Now it was a matter of some importance for me not to have everything wetted, as I had brought with me a portmanteau full of bread, partly for my own consumption, and partly as a present to my host, not to mention some sugar-plums for the children, and my clean shirts. Accordingly I considered it requisite to know the state of things pretty exactly; so I stripped and walked across, the river being about a hundred yards wide at this time and place, with sloping sandy bottom; the water in the middle came nearly up to my shoulders; the horses therefore could easily wade across without wetting the tops of their backs. My companion and I therefore took the *recados* off our horses, folded up the horse-cloths, and strapped the saddles on the top thereof; B—— went across kneeling on the top of his saddle: this is the regular plan of fording a river in these parts, when too deep to wade with the saddle in its usual position, without wetting it and one's legs, and not deep enough to oblige the horses to swim. On the top of my *recado* I strapped my clothes, and on the top of my head I put the portmanteau full of bread, and so strode across, leading the horse. In the middle of the pas-

sage my bundle of clothes showed signs of shifting round and falling into the water ; so to prevent this I had to support them with one hand, while I steadied the load on my head with the other ; and then my horse stopped, as I was not ahead of him, leading, and when I kicked him to make him go on, he wanted to turn round and go back, to the imminent danger of my clothes falling off him. It was a most ludicrous position : however, it ended very well, without wetting either clothes or bread.

So I spent five days with the good-natured Frenchman (he comes from the neighbourhood of Pau), wandering about on foot or on horseback among the thickets and over the pastures, or pottering about in his field (for in all his estate he has but one), and learning the art of planting mandioca and preparing the ground for the other crops. Maize, sweet potatoes (which grow on the roots of a creeping plant like cucumbers), *sandías* (water-melons), sugar-cane, and mandioca were the crops in preparation : it is now just the time for sowing all of them. The process of sowing the mandioca is very simple : the stalks of the last year's plants, forming sticks three or five feet long, with an immense number of knots at regular distances where the leaves have fallen off, are cut into lengths three or four inches long, each of which contains three knots, and are the source of the new crop ; I presume that the young plant comes up from the middle one of the three. The sticks are very soft and

brittle, and with a large soft pith, so that two or three chops with a knife are sufficient to cut each exactly across, at any point where it is struck ; thus the stalks are very rapidly cut up into the required lengths, and without waste. It is necessary that the pith should be perfectly white, and that it should show no signs of decay ; an inch or two is cut off the ends of each stick where the pith is a little brown. In the course of an hour or two one afternoon, half-a-dozen men and women had cut up the store of mandioca sticks (gathered six months before, when the roots were dug) into four or five thousand cuttings ready for the ground. The ground is prepared by the plough, —a very primitive instrument, consisting of a horizontal piece of wood, sharp at the point, which forms



the ploughshare, attached to one end of a long bar of wood, with a cross-bar at the other end, which is tied to the horns of the oxen that draw it ; a projecting han-

dle attached to the lower end, near the share, completes the machine. Simple and primitive as this instrument is, it answers the end for which it is intended, as perfectly as the best plough in the big Exhibition fulfils the purposes of English tillage. The soil is a light rich loamy sand, such as you might find

it in any harbour-bottom which has a river running into it. It requires almost no power at all to turn it; and such are the soil and climate, that a trench four or five inches deep places the seed far enough below the surface, when covered, to ensure its sprouting and thriving. The ground is first turned up with the plough, then bush-harrowed, then parallel furrows are cut with the plough one pace apart; down these furrows walk two men, the first with a poncho full of mandioca-cuttings on his shoulder, dropping one slip at every two paces, and pressing it with his foot into the soil; the other follows him, and with his foot kicks the earth right and left over each piece dropped. Like unto this is the mode of planting the sweet potatoes, etc.\* The Peons work from sunrise to noon,

\* "The *Sandías* are sown about October 18th, and come up in ten days; they are sown four feet apart, in shallow furrows, themselves seven feet apart. Of the Sweet Potato, the small roots are sown about October 27th, two paces apart, in shallow furrows four feet apart: a man walks with a bag of them, drops one every two paces, presses it in with his foot, and then kicks the soil over it, right and left; they are ready to dig in March. The Cotton begins to produce in the first year, yields more in the second and third, and lasts thirty years; it is cut down every year. The Sugarcane grows about five or six feet high; the same roots are used for four years: the presses are very rough, and no sugar is made, but only *caña*, from the inspissated sugarcane juice. Of Maize, two crops are grown in the year on same lands: it is sown in August and December, and cut in July and November. It is much used for horses: three pints are given at daybreak before drinking, two at noon, and three in the evening after drinking. The Orange-tree is worth about one patacoon a year, bearing six or seven thousand oranges. The agricultural Peons get fifteen paper *pesos* a month, and meat, eating nothing else and drink-

and from two P.M. to sunset, and receive from sixpence to one shilling a day, with as much beef as they can swallow, and are content.

I intended to have left Riachuelo on October 30th, but as Don Pedro said he was going to have a bullock-hunt on that day,—*i. e.* to kill one of the wild animals,—I stayed to see the lasso worked. However it turned out that there were not men enough to be found to drive the wild cattle; so it ended in his sending into the town to buy his meat, and in an inspection of the tame cattle, instead of the slaughter of the wild. For this purpose we rode out to a part of the estate where the tame animals were known to be feeding, and, by just riding round the herds, soon collected and drove them into the *corral* near the house, into which they at once ran quite naturally. Each animal then that had any wound which required dressing was caught with the lasso by men on horseback, and submitted to the operation. The little calves were caught anyhow, by the noose thrown over them. The bulls and cows were rather more difficult of capture: they are first caught by one lasso thrown over their horns, the other end being always secured to the girth of the man's horse who threw the noose; this confines the motion of the animal to a circle of about

ing only water. A charette is let for twenty or twenty-five *pesos* paper for thirty leagues' distance, carrying one hundred arrobas. Mr. L—— wants two thousand patacoons capital to work his estate, equal to £400."—*Extracted from Mr. Mansfield's Note-Book.*



thirty yards' radius, of which the horse is the centre ; another Gaucho now throws his noose so as to catch the two hind-legs : this was scarcely once neatly done all the time I was looking on. It was usually effected by throwing the noose so that one part of the rope lay over the brute's back, and the other part hung to the ground on each side and behind him ; the animal was then either induced by the manœuvres of the first Gaucho, who had him by the horns, or forced, by being dragged by the tail by another man on foot, to step over the part of the noose that lay on the ground. The man who threw the second lasso then gallops away, in the direction opposite to that taken by the first man, and so the poor wretch is extended between his horns and his hind-heels, without any power of resistance. Two things struck me in the operation : first, the immense waste of power in the quantity of trouble taken to secure a poor tame, spiritless creature ; and second, the very small amount of skill exhibited in the practice of this roundabout business.

My remaining a day longer at Riachuelo ended in my buying a capital horse from a small farmer, who came over to visit Don Pedro. I took a fancy to his animal, and he sold him off-hand to me for fourteen patacoons, *i. e.* for about £2. 16s.,—not a large sum, you will think, for an animal combining all the chief requisites of a horse in a high degree ; and yet it is rather a high price to pay here. One day, while at Riachuelo, I saw a troop of four hundred mares going

into town to Don Martin, to be slaughtered, some of them beautiful creatures. My host purchased one of them which he fancied, from the drover, for a little cheese and a bottle of treacle, both made on the premises, and worth about sixpence each. Nothing can be more delicious than the weather here; in the town it is too hot at midday, but out in the country the temperature is always charming, and the air is fragrant with the flowers of the sweet-smelling mimosas.\*

\* The following ornithological notes are taken from Mr. Mansfield's Note-Book at this place:—

Tree-Creeper, with long tail, brownish; belly whitish; throat yellowish, with black spot. A twig nest, lined with wool and catkins, the door large; in the nest five white eggs.

Small Parrot, called *Courito*: feeds on ground; builds nests in a mass of several together, forming a colony, with winding entrance; about eleven inches long, from the tip of the beak to the tip of the tail; tail five inches long; wings about fourteen inches in extent; bill curved, notched, a deep yellow-grey; forehead, throat, and breast pale greenish-grey or whitey-brown; tip of each breast-feather fringed at the end, which is blunt, with dirty white; the belly more and more yellowish-grey, deepening to lower tail-coverts, which are bright green-yellow; under wing-coverts pale greyish-green; under side of quills blue-grey; whole of upper part of body, except the wing-quills and the four middle tail-feathers, yellow-green, brightest at tail-coverts, dullest, with a drab cast, on back between shoulders; of the wing-quills, the outer web and part of the inner pale grey-blue; inner web grey; the outer web of tertiaries yellow-green; of the two middle tail-feathers, the middle third is of a dull green-blue; the margins dull green, the next pair being bluish towards the tips; tail pointed and fan-shaped, the middle feathers much the longest, those next, the next longest, and so on; twelve feathers in tail. In nests of this bird, about twenty feet from the ground, in a tangled mass of sticks on the fork of a branch, I found four white eggs, on

When I came back to Corrientes I found things going on much as usual, except that the G——s, having taken fright at the smallpox, which is said to be very severe here now, had been vaccinated; I hope they will not be ill with it, and stay another month to nurse. M. G—— is provided with his horse, and has taken a wonderful servant, a Guaycurú half-caste Indian, born in the Chaco, who has been in France, speaks French, Spanish, Guaraní, and Guaycurú,—quite an acquisition! Madame G——'s horse has not yet appeared, so that we have yet to wait.

Oranges here are about as dear as in London at

fresh leaves, in one nest; two in another. In the stomachs of two I found little seeds, with grains of transparent quartz sand.

Little Warbler, with a nest like a diminutive chaffinch's. Eggs white; the first laid 28th October, another 31st.

Large grey-brown Grosbeak, with white eyebrow and white spot under throat; a cup-nest (like a blackbird's) of grass fibres, feather-lined; lays bluish-white eggs, black-spotted and streaked round the thicker end, something like a thrush's egg, but the ground blue, of paler colour, and the spots more streaky. Eggs laid 30th and 31st October.

Birds'-nests found with eggs at Riachuelo Estancia, near Corrientes:—Courito (or Corroto, *Torigh* in Paraguay), the small green and grey parrot; four eggs, white. Oven-bird (in every tree); five eggs, white. Small Long-tailed Creeper; four eggs, white. Small Accentor (?), nest felt-lined; three eggs, white. Large Accentor (?); three eggs, white mottled with purple-brown. Large Grosbeak; two eggs, blue, black-spotted. Large Finch (?), grey, with brown wings; one egg, white mottled with purple-brown. Small Warbler (chaffinch nest); two eggs, white.

November 4th.—Near Corrientes, on the river-bank, beyond the fort, found the nest of a small dove,—a platform floored with feathers,—with two white eggs, very small.

this time, which is the season of their scarcity. There are none on the trees now: one buys three for the eighth part of a shilling (a paper real). An orange-tree in full bearing—about eight years old—is worth about one patacoon (4s.) a year to its owner. I think I saw an ant-lion the other day (it was an ant as big as a hornet) fumbling about at the mouth of a big hole in a sandy path. I was with Don Pedro on horseback, so I was not able to stay and see what he was about; but I went two or three times a day to the place for several days afterwards, hoping to see him again, and at last dug out the hole; but I saw no more of him. There are many large ant-hills about near the house at Riachuelo,—sloping mounds, five or six yards across and about three feet high, with regular roads, from which every blade of grass is eaten off, diverging away from them in every direction. Along these roads thousands of ants are continually pouring, all those that are going home carrying either a blade of grass or a bit of leaf or wood much bigger than themselves. Sugarcane is grown in this province; it does not however reach a very large size, being checked by the slight frosts of winter. The lazy, ignorant people however make no sugar, but only use the juice to make spirit from, which they call *caña*.

November 2.

As I was riding this evening across the Pantanos (marshes),—a district on the south side of the town,

where the soil is clay, and the surface is covered with little shallow pools of water, with pretty water-plants and quantities of wading birds,—I saw the most magnificent bird I ever beheld: he must be the king that was sent down from heaven to meet the demands of the frogs,—a perfect emperor of cranes. I had just been watching a big heron, when I caught sight of this fellow. At first I thought he was a cow, and then that he was a man; at last I perceived that his gait was far too stately for any biped but a bird, and he let me come as close to him as about the length of an ordinary room; and he was all snow-white, except his beak and his head and his neck, which were black, and a broad collar round the lower part of his neck, between the black and white, which was deep red; and his beak was ponderous, like unto a pelican's, and full a foot long, with a heavy lower jaw. He must have stood five feet high without his boots; and he let me look at him ever so long, and he stalked about quite promiscuous; and there was close to him a big white heron, that looked quite small; and as I sat and wondered, he spread his wings, all snow-white, and sailed straight away down south for miles and miles, till the speck of white in the sky was too small to see.\* This province must be the paradise of the wading birds: cranes, herons, egrets (splendid little snow-white fel-

\* The following entry occurs elsewhere:—"Gigantic crane, *Myceteria Americana*."

lows of different sizes), ibises, snipes, and plovers flourish in profusion; among them is the strange bird, with a long bill like a curlew, and a short neck, which I saw once on the shore of the Paraná, as I was voyaging up. He goes about in pairs at Riachuelo, close to Don Pedro's house, and makes a noise of two notes,—like a dog's bark spliced on to a donkey's bray. Likewise I think I came across a pair of wild turkeys at Riachuelo; leastways while I was bathing one day I saw a pair of big grey birds sitting near the water, and I crawled nude upon hands and knees a hundred yards, and got close to them, and thought them very like turkeys, though I did not expect to see such fowls about the water, but afterwards I heard that they were to be found thereabouts.

November 3.

I had often wondered there were no sensitive-plants among the numerous mimosas here; but I have at last found several diminutive little dwarf plants, with two feather-like leaves stuck on together, both shut up, and the leafstalks drooping on being touched; they were growing among the herbage in a thicket near the town. Among the beautiful flowering-shrubs here is one called, I believe, the *lapachillo*: its flowers are almost exactly like those of the *lapacho*, but have not the yellow inside, and are stuck on the plant in quite a different way; it is a trailing shrub. Passion-flowers grow here also, and the

fruit is said to ripen well ; they bear the same name as in Brazil, *maracajá*. Very few Indians from the Chaco are to be seen about in the streets : they are said to be dying by thousands of smallpox, and the living to have cleared out from these parts, having burnt their huts and gone to the other side of the Bermejo.

November 5.

These six weeks that I shall have been at Corrientes have been a complete disaster to me,—a slice taken right out of my life. Had I anticipated being here so long without the chief benefit of staying in foreign towns, that of seeing the manners of the people, I never should have stayed. I hoped I should have made the acquaintance of some of the native families, and was expecting continually that B—— would have introduced me to some of them, as he had promised ; instead of that, I find he has given out that I had no wish to make acquaintances here.

The Envoy from the Argentine Confederation, sent by Urquiza to Paraguay, whose return hither (where he lives) has been expected by the Governor, to inform him of the intentions of Paraguay with respect to the Misiones, has just arrived. He has brought to M. G—— a letter from the President, with permission for his party, including me, to travel by land from the Paso de la Patria to the capital, and telling him when he arrives at the pass to make sig-

nals for the Paraguay canoes, and they shall be sent over to us. The Paraguayans have a good stock of large canoes on their side of the Paso; the Correntinos have but one little one, so this will expedite matters considerably. We found out today the reason of the delay about the G——s' horses. They are on an island in the Paraná only about fourteen leagues off; but the man who had charge of the island got drunk one day about a fortnight or so ago, before he went across the river in his canoe, and has not been heard of any more. We happened to hear of this incident ten days ago, as the owner of the island and horses is a friend of B——'s; but we did not know that it was from him or his isle that the horses were coming, or we could have sent for them long ago.

November 6.

Another thunderstorm last night and early this morning, with torrents of rain and a tremendous wind, after an intensely hot day yesterday. It is exactly a fortnight since the last storm; we have passed over one quarter of the moon without one, but this has come, like the other, close to the quarter,—the third quarter of the moon was yesterday. I called today on Dr. Durque, the late Argentine Minister at Assumption, who is just returned here; I had a letter of introduction to him from Urquiza. In exchange for it he is going to give me a letter to the President of Paraguay, to whom he was desired,



in the letter I brought, to present me if I desired it. I have no doubt that this and M. G——'s introduction will get me facilities in Paraguay. Madame G—— is at last provided with a horse, which she might have had some days ago, those from the island not having yet arrived. It is settled that we start the day after tomorrow. B—— and a young German are going to accompany us to the Paso, and to introduce us to a family who will entertain us hospitably on the first night, dividing the journey to the Paso into two: we shall be quite a cavalcade! Besides the six persons thus made up, there will be the G——s' servant and a *carguero*, or baggage-horse, and a Peon to take charge of him and bring him back. Dr. Durque tells me that the Misiones is to be ceded to Corrientes, the Buenos Ayreans having confirmed Urquiza's treaty with the President of Paraguay; so perhaps I shall see that interesting district on my return from Paraguay.

November 9.

I went this morning to get from Dr. Durque my small-change for Urquiza's letter; he has given me a flaming letter, adding to the recommendation he received that he knows me to be of a distinguished family and highly moral, so I expect the old President will be very civil. He also gave me a letter to the Argentine Consul, offering to tell him to put me up in his house on my arrival at Assumption; this I declined, as I hear that there are three young En-

glish merchants there, of whom every one speaks in the highest terms, and of one of them I hope to be the guest, at least for some time.

Now here is another cause of delay ; we shall never get off. Durque brings word from above that there is a sort of misunderstanding between Brazil and Paraguay ; and that the Brazilian Minister, M. Bellegarde, who was at Assumption, is going to leave immediately, indeed has already left by ship : so M. G—— thinks now of stopping to see him here. Oh, what a nuisance ! I wish all ambassadors (except Durque and G——) were up trees. I have said nothing in my letter about the political state of this province, because the history is so intricate that I, with only one or two informants, am unable to make it out. This time last year, under the government of the Virasoros, this wretched province was groaning under a military despotism, not much less cruel than the reign of terror of Francia in Paraguay. The tales of atrocious cruelty which I hear would be almost incredible to me, if I had not been at school under the fagging system, and did not thus know by experience, comparing small with great, to what lengths of refined barbarity men can proceed when a selfish person has power in his hands.

I shall certainly have to spend all my days here. G—— announced to me this evening that his horse had hurt his foot, and that his wife's vaccinated arm had become so much inflamed that she could not

venture to start for some days. The Governor too is expected back daily, and G—— wants to see him. I am very thankful to be well stored with patience. Everything was ready for our start tomorrow. Riding out this evening with the G——s, we encountered a pair of those magnificent emperor-cranes, or whatever dignity they may be of, one of which I saw the other day; they were feeding in a lagoon close to the river; they were very tame, and twice taking flight, only flew thirty or forty yards, and then strode about again quite unconcerned. Even my companions were quite amazed by the beauty of these superb creatures.

November 12.

Seven A.M.—After innumerable delays, which have disgusted me beyond all bearing, the G——s have declared that they will be ready to start in an hour; I do not believe it the least, but am bound to act as if I did. In pursuance thereof, I have strapped my saddle-bags on my cargo-horse, and will now wind up my letter.

## CHAPTER X.

## CORRIENTES TO ASSUMPTION, IN PARAGUAY.

THE CAVALCADE START AT LAST.—COSTUME.—THE PARROT.—FERRY ACROSS THE PARANA.—PARAGUAYAN FORT.—A SHARP LOOK-OUT.—THE ENCAMPMENT OF PASO.—MILITARY MUSIC.—PECULIAR FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.—THE PHOENIX PLANT.—BIRDS.—PILAR.—PARAGUAYAN BREAD.—AN ANT-EATER.—RED PIGS, GOATS, AND MEN.—CARNAUBA PALM.—COSTUME AND EQUIPMENT.—GRASSHOPPERS.—A PAIR OF SPURS.—THE FERRY ACROSS THE TEBICUARE.—PLAN OF A COTTAGE.—A FOUR-POST BEDSTEAD.—STAGE FOR VINES.—THE URUNDU-IGH.—CORRALS.—TREACLE AND HONEY.—CACTUSES.—VILLA FRANCA.—GOITRE.—AN ESTERO.—A FIRE-FLY.—MOSQUITOS.—AN UPSET.—MOUNTAINS IN SIGHT.—A BRIDGE.—HARD WORK AND BAD QUARTERS.—FIRST GLIMPSE OF ASSUMPTION.—ARRIVAL.—HOSPITABLE QUARTERS.

ON November 12th I turned out at sunrise and went to the hotel, determined to make a vigorous effort at forcing a start; first, because I was generally desperate, and secondly, because the patience of B—— and the very good young German who had offered to accompany me on the road towards the “Paso,” to be our guides, and to introduce us to houses of friends of theirs for bed and board, was nearly exhausted, and this was the last day they would go with us. I suc-

ceeded in getting the G——s out of bed, so that we actually did make a start, and by eight A.M. our cavalcade was in motion, consisting of Monsieur and Madame, our two *vaqueanos*, and three Peons, each on horseback; three other horses in *soga*, *i.e.* led, one a supernumerary horse of the G——s', one hired to carry their baggage, and the third my horse, which I would not ride, as my *recado* had hurt his back a little, but which I made to carry my luggage, and, to make up for this indignity, led him myself; M. G——'s pretty but useless spaniel, which he bought "pour la chasse," and his wife's beautiful, and worse than useless, parrot: this latter animal is an important personage. So we started, eastward, along the very track which I happened to take the first day I was at Corrientes, when I went out to explore.

Perhaps you would like to have a picture of me equipped for travel, beginning at the top. First was a black wide-awake hat, London-made and bought, with which I have literally bored my way through woods in Brazil, and into the presence of dignitaries in these parts,—my only hat at present, and the best thing for travelling. Next comes a white cotton poncho, Manchester-made, but Corrientes-bought, which covereth all my person nearly to the knees. What is under poncho, *horizontally*, is, first coat, telescope in sling, second coat, Gaucho belt, containing all my worldly wealth in Spanish doubloons, third coat, and then comes I. When it gets very warm,

first coat comes off, poncho remaining where it was, and in this condition of things life is a luxury. All this is gratis, however, not being part of the picture, to which to return. Then, next below poncho, first-rate for travelling, vertically, come three or four inches of blue and white ticking trousers, Winchester-made some eighth of a century ago. Next comes the leg-part of some long brown leather boots, very light and thin, reaching up to the knee, splendid for hot weather and bushes. Finally come spurs, considerably longer than my feet, Buenos Ayres-bought but Birmingham-made, of Britannia metal, electro-plated to a most silvery magnificence. The above contains my body, which is perched upon a *recado* (a thing like the back of a huge caterpillar, suddenly petrified in an inquiring attitude), surmounting innumerable horse-cloths and hides of ox, tanned and untanned, and finally of sheep, with the wool on, next the horse. In front of *recado* is tied on one side a black caoutchouc poncho, London-made, Rio de Janeiro-bought, and a horn containing water to drink; and on the other side, one of a pair of ditto leggings, converted *pro tem.* into a bag, containing some bread and some raisins for my meals, some black tobacco to give to friendly Peons (the greatest favour conferable on them is a morsel of such stuff; I am told they do not smoke, but chew it; if they smoked, I would not give it), and, when it is hot, my coat. Behind *recado* is tied on each side one of a huge pair of boots, very thick,

strong, and long; very good for water and snakes. Such is the burden my horse has to carry,—not a slight weight for ten leagues a day, day after day.

The garniture of my pack-horse consists of, commencing below, a sheep-skin with the wool next the horse, the best thing for preventing chafing; an ox-hide with the hair outside, a leather saddle-bag on each side, one containing my clothes, the other a queer little pot for boiling *porotos* (little beans) in, full of said beans, these for occasional heavy meals; some stone ink-bottles, one of which contains ink, the others oil for my face and boots, to keep the water off the latter and the mosquitos off the former: (I do not know whether this is a new notion of mine; I remember now that I saw it used in Brazil once, but I believe it is effectual, though I have never tried it against any fierce host of mosquitos, but only on a small scale, when it seems to be a good safeguard.) The list of contents of a kitchen-drawer in one of the Comic Annuals of some twenty years back, (substituting a little Spanish dictionary for the ‘Whole Duty of Man;’ the cure for the itch, you have already seen, is included,) will complete the description of the contents of my other saddle-bag. Between the bags and on the top of the horse’s back is an oilcloth pack, containing odds and ends, some more bread and raisins for self, some maize for horse; another large wool-len poncho, Santiago del Estero-made, Buenos Ayres-bought, for night, and a pair of shoes.

Thus rigged out, and cantering along with the *soga* (long halter of hide) of my pack-horse tied to the girth of my nag, I feel about as independent as a man can feel,—able to eat, drink, and lie down to sleep at any hour of day or night, and at any spot I please. However, as a member of a human brotherhood, I limit my independence to the feeling: for I am at present in fraternity with my two fellow-travellers, on whom I am in some degree dependent for my reception in Paraguay; while they do not fancy themselves at all dependent on me, but perhaps are, not a little; so, instead of dashing off and living with my two horses in the woods, as I feel inclined to do, I ride diligently and meekly at Madame's side, ready to serve her like any Sancho Panza,—and this is no slight undertaking, I assure you. The more I see of my friends, the more I am astonished by the courage they must have had to take their journey from Rio Grande to Assumption and back. For M. G—— himself it was a deed of heroism, for he cannot ride a bit. He is a short, broadish, round-shouldered man, and he has a handsome great grey horse, which would be a large animal in England, and in these countries, where all the horses are small, it looks huge. Then he wears an enormous, misshapen, broad-brimmed straw hat, which he always puts on askew, and a little sword by his side; and when he puts his animal into a very slow canter (which he calls *galopper*) for a little way, I admire him with a great



reverence; Madame however is a first-rate horse-woman. So you see I have two people to take care of, one way or the other.

Well, we got away from Corrientes; but in enumerating the articles of my equipment, I omitted one which formed part of it on starting, and which was very nigh becoming an appendage of mine for the whole voyage. As soon as she got on horseback, Madame asked me to be so good as to take charge of her parrot in a little box-cage! I carried it a little way in my hand, and then, not much fancying employing my arms in this way, I tied the cage to my telescope-belt and slung it behind me, thus thinking I had reduced the nuisance to the smallest possible compass. However, to the blessing of my poor self, it happened that my belt hung somewhat loose, and the poor bird got terribly jolted; the consequence of this was that it was transferred to the servant's hands, to carry before him on his saddle. So we proceeded, and I was enabled to substitute poncho for bird-cage and coat—a very agreeable exchange.

The road was through an extremely pretty country all the way. Soon after passing the marshes, or lagoons, which I reached on my first expedition, we opened out on a beautiful champaign country,—an immense meadow for leagues, with little lakes at every half-mile, some of them open water, others overgrown with water-plants; here and there pretty woods, which at a little distance look just like those

of England, of the purest green ; here and there big cactus-trees of two kinds, peeping up among the underwood in the more open parts, and now and then a small cottage with a little patch of slovenly cultivated ground, and a group of orange-trees alongside. One of the lakes which we passed, entirely covered with reeds and other herbage, is called the Laguna Brava. We passed through a place about eleven A.M. called Guacaras, or Santa Ana, a village by courtesy ; a miserable assemblage of mud-huts in reality, with a shed called a church among them.

At two P.M., in the prettiest part of the whole day's route, amongst the most beautiful pasture, between two pretty lakes, and with a ditto wood on one side, we stopped at the house, or rather cottage, of a widow *estanciera*, with three pretty daughters. The family were very kind. They had a nice garden, with many kinds of roses, geraniums, larkspurs, etc., vines trained on trellises, palms, orange-trees (the largest I have seen), and fig-trees, growing side by side. This not being the fruit-season, we did not benefit thereby ; but in the wood near the houses I found two kinds of fruit, one of them in appearance like a good-sized, mellow, yellow apple, growing on a tree like a delicate willow, with long, thin leaves ; this fruit has a very nice acid taste, with a strong smack of Russia leather ; the other, when ripe, a deep blood-red, like a hump-backed cherry, with a sweet, perfumed taste ; both have stones in them, and queer Guaraní names, which I do not remember.

At five P.M. we started again. We had not proceeded very far before I found I had left something behind, for which I galloped back, asking the G——s' servant to lead my pack-horse till I caught him up. On returning, I found that their packs had become disarranged, and the man in charge of them was looking for an umbrella which had fallen from the horse. I soon found this, and with it their carpet-bag, which the man had not missed! The rest of the party had gone on. I could not follow them, to take my horse from the Peon, because I found that it was necessary for me to stop with their luggage, to superintend it, for their man was drunk, and the things kept falling off every ten minutes. At last I fastened them up myself, and rode the whole of this part of our journey to San Cosme, behind their pack-horse, with my eyes fixed on the packs. Many a time I had to stop the man, and make him pick up the things that had fallen; in short, the G——s would have lost about half of their traps if I had not looked after them.

The road was among numerous lagoons, with very little wood, the whole country being an immense meadow. One of them, which we passed just as the sun was setting, was more overgrown with tall rushes than the others. This was the resort for roosting of hundreds and thousands of dark brown ibises, which were flocking to it in troops from every quarter, and perching in clusters on the rushes, just as starlings do in some places in England,—big fellows, as big as rooks.

This district of lagoons is called Las Ensenadas. Of course the sun very soon set, and before we had got over half our journey we were in darkness. Neither the boy leading the packhorse, nor the Gaucho in charge of it, knew the way, especially not the latter while drunk ; but by asking at a few ranchos, and of some persons we met, he got us at last to the little straggling village of San Cosme, where we were to sleep ; it is said to be ten leagues from Corrientes.

I found the G——s put up in a miserable hole,—I cannot call it a room,—a sort of back shop in a little pothouse, to the owners of which they had a letter of introduction from a Frenchman at Corrientes. B—— and Don J—— were settled in much better quarters on the other side of the road (but still a very poor place), at the shop of an acquaintance of theirs. Poor Madame was quite upset by the parrot being ill : I had half shaken his little soul out of him ; so about the first words I was greeted with after I had recounted the affair of the baggage (for which I received good thanks from Madame, and a groan of indignation from her spouse, the latter meant for the Gaucho, not for me), were, “ Be so good, Mr. Mansfield, as to magnetize my parrot for me.” So before I attended to my horse, always my first care, or to my stomach, I set to work to cure the parrot.

I then left the G——s to themselves, and joined the two youths in their quarters, where I found their host, a most excellent fellow, who produced some Para-

guay sweetmeats for my benefit, on which I fed largely. Our host was evidently very poor, but his hospitality was real. He turned out of his bedroom, slept in his shop, and made us up three good beds; but just as I was hoping to turn in, in walked the church musicians, three fiddles and a flageolet; one fiddle was also a violin, and both very good; all common labourers, or Peons, all self-taught and playing by ear. They ground away for I should think three hours (but it is long since I have had any correct measure of time, as my watch is off its legs); we could not send them away, because it was mere kindness and the desire to entertain strangers, which brought them in. At last they went away, and we were soon extended on our hide stretcher, neatly covered with white cotton coverlets, under the low sloping thatched roof of the little back shop.

Madame's last words to me the night before were, "Let me beg one thing of you, Mr. Mansfield, that you rise very early tomorrow, that we may be off soon:" a matter in which not much begging is requisite with me. I was up before sunrise, and had my horses saddled and packed, and standing at their door before they were awake. As soon as I got them up there were all sorts of excuses: first, the parrot was still weak, and not equal to the journey; it was going to ruin; and then there was too much wind for the horses to swim the river. At last I got a start decided on.

Here then, at San Cosme, we took leave of our

kind *vaqueanos*, who were going back to the town, and on the morning of the 13th, about eight A.M., started for the ferry across the Paraná. I took with me the first fiddle as *vaqueano* to the Paso, and to take back thence to Corrientes B——'s horse, on which I had ridden. Our road lay across a marshy district called the Cañada, which however had very little water on it on this occasion, so we were in good luck. The morning was beautiful, as every day has been since I have been at Corrientes. It is about three leagues from San Cosme to the Paso. As we got nearer to the river, the country became prettier, —the same rich, park-like scenery as that of the Riachuelo,—coppices scattered about in green pasture. At last we came to a long belt of wood, in which the trees were somewhat larger than before, and which stretched right across our road: it was evident we were coming to the river.

Suddenly we turned a corner of a projecting spur of the road, and the glorious stream was in front of us, with a most lovely meadow about two hundred yards broad, continuing the green pasture down to the water's edge, between the woods. I never saw a more lovely bit of rural scenery. Opposite to us were the green woods of Paraguay, with a neat little fort built on a promontory, and a sandy beach below. The river seemed to be narrowed at this point, being, I should think, about a mile and a quarter wide, with a sandbank in the middle, with some water-plants and

reeds growing on it on one part. On the Corrientes side our view was bounded by the extreme points of a little bay, with a sloping sandy beach, and the rich pasture running down to within a few yards of the water's edge, the meadow in the background closed by the belt of wood, with a few cows grazing, and a ruinous, dirty little rancho near the beach, occupied by a ferryman, or watchman, for he was too small to ferry, and it would require two or three men at least to row across the stream; but we, being personages, were not for the poor little ferryman or his little canoe.

We soon had a specimen of the marvellous contrast between Corrientes and the whole Argentine States that I have seen anything of, and Paraguay. The President had written to G——, to tell him that all he had to do was to make a signal to the Fort of Itaipirú, on the Paraguay side, and he would be sent for; but no sooner was our cavalcade on the beach, long before our men had got up a signal (a white cloth tied to a bamboo pole, held up for the moment, for there is not even a flagstaff there), than, as I could see with my telescope, a canoe was putting off from under the fort, on the opposite side. In about twenty minutes it landed on the beach, and my eyes, which had been gradually opening with wonder at the vigour of the paddlemen, were fixed in admiration on the splendid fellows who jumped ashore, shouting with laughter, not at us, but from fun.

The men were utterly unlike the rest of the South Americans that I have seen: there were seven of them, and I should have supposed they had all been picked men from England or Italy,—some of them quite fair,—none of them with any signs of Indian blood. The captain was in white cotton drawers, with fringes about a foot long, with a white cotton *chiripa* (kilt) over them, a white shirt, a red poncho tied round his waist, a uniform cap on his head (a neater and more smart-looking one, by the way, than any soldier's cap I have seen in Europe), no shoes or stockings; the rest of the crew were in various conditions of semi-nudity. We had scarcely discussed with them the mode of our transfer, and explained that we had five horses to send over, and agreed that we should go first with the baggage and saddle, and the horses to follow, when another canoe appeared rounding the sandbank, and a second crew, of equally splendid fellows, were soon ashore at our service. I left the horse which I had ridden in charge of the Peon (fiddler) to take back to B——'s, at Corrientes, and my own horse to the mercy of the Paraguay soldiers (our ferrymen were all soldiers) to bring across. Our crew dashed off with us; I never saw a more glorious sight than these men at work, they seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. The whole way it was a spurt, at least as hard work as a race up the Long Reach at Cambridge; and the men were shouting and laughing the whole way, yet working with the most perfect regularity,



and keeping the most exact time; they do not row, but paddle, standing upright, and the boat is flat-bottomed, more adapted for carrying than for speed: the rapid current of the river makes the labour great; they punted and lifted the boat across the lower part of the sandbank, where under water, and then paddled in similar smart style across the other channel, and soon landed us under the Fort of Itapirú.

Here was a contrast to Corrientes! Everything was neat, though plain; the masonry of the Fort, brick and stone, excellent; the two or three guns, mounted on the top, quite clean. We were conducted to a little thatched rancho outside the fort, and told we were to wait there; but there too everything was clean. Soon an officer appeared and four men, each carrying a chair; he too was a fine, good-looking fellow, dressed in a coarse blue cloth smock-frock, cut after the pattern of a Hampshire labourer's short one, with red cuffs and collar, and blue trousers, with a red stripe down the side; a pair of boots, and a cloth cap with gold band, completed his costume. He treated us very politely, and told us that a canoe would take us up to the Campamento del Paso de la Patria, where we were to lodge.

Meantime the other canoe was bringing the horses across. Since the rapidity of the stream would carry the boat down, when rowed at the slow pace necessary for the conduct of the horses, the horses were taken to a point about half a mile higher up the river than

that from which we started ; and here they were embarked, or rather *with*-barked, for they had to swim, each horse being led by a halter by a man in the boat. The sandbank in the middle of the river is a great advantage for the animals, as it enables them to rest ; but even with this division it is a tremendous exertion for the poor animals. In due time we saw four horses landed on the island ; mine was still left behind. Another canoe started off from the fort to fetch these horses, and one went back to the other side for my animal ; but since we had landed in Paraguay the sky, which had been cloudless for some days, or with only a few clouds, became overcast ; and scarcely were the poor horses lodged on the sandbank when it was evident a storm was coming. In a few minutes, the wind began to blow hard from the north, and a driving rain come on. This was not a thunderstorm ; but it is impossible to swim the horses when the river is at all rough, as the poor beasts are easily drowned ; so they had to remain on the sand-island, without a vestige of food or consolation of any kind so long as the storm might last, one hour or four-and-twenty. Fortunately the storm did not last very long ; and in less than two hours the water was so smooth that they could again start for the other half of the voyage, and my animal could come across from the other side, so he had to swim across without resting, not to keep the rest waiting. At last they all landed safely : my poor beast seemed a little bit tired, but some rich *pasto* soon set him to rights.

The Fort of Itapirú stands on a promontory, which, projecting into the river, narrows the passage somewhat at that point. There was a highish tree on the top of the bank, near the shed in which we sheltered, up in the top of which was a stage, to which there is an ascent by ladders; on this lies a lad on the lookout; whether he lies there always I do not know, but this accounts for their instantaneous knowledge of our arrival: he was watching there for a great part of the time that we remained, and I presume he is there still. This is a part of the rigid system of vigilance by which all intruders have been kept off the coasts of the inland Japan.

The storm being over, another canoe was in readiness to conduct us to the place where we were to be lodged for the night: this was at the new military village known as the Campamento del Paso de la Patria, about two miles higher up the river. We started under the impulse, as before, of seven human steam-engines, while our horses went round by land, under the conduct of a soldier. The river flows with a rattling current, and there was a brisk wind still blowing from north-east dead ahead. It was tremendous work for the engines; but they shouted and screamed with laughter, as if the work were the best joke they had ever known. They kept close under the bank, to avoid the current as much as possible; when the bank became shelving they would jump into the water and push, or get on the bank and tow, and

their laughter was redoubled when one of them floundered into a hole, or the steersman was knocked overboard by a branch. The dress of our crew consisted chiefly of a small piece of leather, or kind of apron, called a *tirador*; one or two sported a shirt besides, and one, a greater swell than the others, a pair of *calzoncillos* (drawers).

After about an hour's work we landed near a couple of war-brigs, with fittings for several guns on deck, at a sort of wharf, about half a mile from the village. Here we were accommodated with chairs under a shed, where a lot of half-naked soldiers were cooking beef and mandioca in a pot, over a wood fire. No doubt we were objects of much amusement to them, and to an extremely pretty girl dressed in a white chemise, who came to peep at us from behind the rancho (guard-house). The officers in command were a captain, dressed like the officer at the fort, with blue cloth smock, trousers, and boots, and a young subaltern (with a fine English, business-like face) in ditto, smock, and cotton drawers, without boots or stockings. When our horses, which arrived a little before us, were ready, and the baggage disembarked, we rode across the wet meadow which lies between the Campamento and the shore, and were conducted into a small courtyard, surrounded on three sides by clean, mud-built, thatch-roofed, mud-floored cottages, with the open side of the square towards the river. Several officers, fine, gentlemanly fellows, received us, and we

were handed into a little room or house, and informed that that was to be our abode, and that whatever we wanted we were to ask for and we should have it.

This little place was one of the houses of the officers' quarters, for such was the little square of which this formed a part. It had no windows, but two doors; one opening to the court which we entered, and the other on the opposite side (under a verandah formed by the projecting eaves) upon a beautiful lawn, which on one side sloped down a bank to the extensive meadow beneath, and on the other joined an immense lawn or parade, which formed the centre of the encampment. The furniture consisted of three or four chairs, two little rough tables, two bedsteads, with stretched hide bottoms, and two strong posts about six feet high, close to the wall, on opposite sides of the room, with rings near their tops for hanging a hammock. We soon had supper served, with an excellent dish of stewed beans for me, which, notwithstanding my request that it should be free from flesh or grease, was very savoury, and I have no doubt that my request was implicitly followed, for exact obedience to order is not more rigidly exacted in Russia than in Paraguay, and the orders were that we should have what we wanted. I made a screen across the room with my ponchos on a cord, and with my horse-cloths made my bed on one of the stretchers, and soon fell asleep, highly gratified in general at finding myself at last on the right side of the Paraná,

after exactly three months of patience (reckoning from August 12th, when I left Rio), actually inside of the inland Japan, and particularly pleased with the kind treatment that I have received in this queer country. (There is a large, rose-coloured bird just alighted at the edge of yon pond, a bird I have only seen once before, and then on the wing; I think it is a flamingo, but must have a peep at it with my telescope;—no, it's only a spoonbill, such a jolly beast, with a brown ibis feeding alongside.)

I continue my journal, hoping that if received it will be kept, as it will be a great bore for me if it is lost, since I shall perhaps have no other record of my seeings in this country. My last two letters must have been miserably dull ones, making up for that however in length; so that, by reading a few sentences a day, you may in the course of a month or two read them through, if they ever come to hand.

November 13.

I was awake about every half-hour through the night by the shouts of the sentinels, who sang out, one after another in succession, all round the camp; and about two in the morning there was a long and vigorous performance by the band of some heroic airs. They do exactly the same in all the villages we stopped in, and at the capital (drum in former, music in latter), which did not suit sleeping very well.

November 14th was a regular Winchester day,—a

rainy drizzle nearly all day long. The Campamento is a large village, built about three years ago as a military station for the defence of the frontier; it is all built of mud, and thatched, except the little church, which is tiled; it lies on the edge of a plain, just where it slopes down by a low bank to some low-lying meadow-ground that borders the river. On the side nearest the bank lies the church, the Cura's house, the General's ditto, the guardhouse, the officers' quarters (where we were lodged), and the village of the common people; behind there is an immense lawn, and beyond this the camp, the cottages of the soldiers. I was astonished by the exquisite cleanness of the lawn: not a speck of dirt, not a weed was visible on it. In the course of the day the mystery was explained to me: at least five hundred men, under charge of officers, were marched out to pick up with their fingers every spot of dirt and every sign of weed, which was carried off on hides stretched on poles, carried by four men. Never was such waste of power; but the result obtained, cumbrous as was the process, was very pretty, and strongly indicative of the difference in habit between the Paraguayans and the Gaucho people below. The soldiers were for the most part in a state of nudity, or nearly so, but when on guard or duty their uniforms were among the neatest I have seen. Some regiments seem to have trousers, others only *calzoncillos* and *chiripas*.

The women about the village were generally ex-

tremely pretty ; the small amount of dress they wear, almost entirely white, consisting of a chemise of white cotton, with a border all round the top embroidered in black wool, and a quantity of lace about the shoulders ; over this comes a petticoat, commonly of curtain-muslin, tied round the waist by a scarlet woollen girdle, and adorned with a profusion of lace for flounce ; the petticoats are, I believe, sometimes entirely of lace : the patterns are all designed by the poor people themselves, or picked up wherever they meet with them ; they are very pretty. Some of the women wear English muslin prints for petticoats. The dress of the labourers, *when* dressed, is a white shirt, commonly made of a very soft, coarse kind of cotton muslin made in the country, with a beautifully embroidered front, a pair of drawers reaching just below the knees, the lowest three or four inches embroidered and of open work, with long thick fringes of loose threads hanging to the ankles ; over this is the *chiripa*, or kilt, either of woollen cloth with coloured stripes horizontally, or of white cotton cloth with a fringe all round the edge, tied on with a crimson girdle : this was the costume of our cook at the Paso, a very handsome fellow,—a more picturesque figure I never saw. The equestrian form of the *chiripa*, which is the transition from the kilt to the Turkish trousers, is not known in Paraguay. The men generally carry their poncho over one shoulder ; the commonest kind is made of white cotton, with



blue straps, for warm weather ; and of woollen stuff for cold. In Paraguay, the poncho has not usually a hole in the middle for the head ; it is worn like the Highlander's plaid ; the dress is in fact the Highland dress, which I dare say was once as general as the coat-and-trousers is now ; it still remains in Greece as well as here. The term *Gaucha* is not used in Paraguay ; they are not an equestrian people, and therefore more active and industrious than their Centaur neighbours. By the way, the poorer women, when they want protection for head and shoulders, wear a kind of scarf of white cotton with a white fringe, which they throw either over their shoulders or over head and shoulders too : I am told they only wear this when they have no shoes on ; if they put on shoes, which very few, except the upper hundred, ever do, they wear a shawl or scarf of a more common kind.

November 15.

We still remained at the Campamento. I walked out to see some pretty coppices there are near the town. Three features in the landscape struck me, which I had not seen at Corrientes. (The first is not distinctive, because in other parts of Corrientes, where I did not go, it occurs.) First, there were a quantity of palm-trees growing on the grass-land outside the wood, forming in fact a forest of themselves. The common long grass, which I found about there, had a most delicious odour of verbena when rubbed in the

hands ; I believe it is from this grass that all the so-called oil of verbena of commerce is made ; the flower is a very ordinary-looking, long, thin spike. Secondly, I observed isolated forest-trees left evidently on purpose, when the woods were cleared, for their value,—a case which I have seen nowhere else in South America ; these were chiefly *lapacho*, now all green. And thirdly, there were extensive plantations of maize, looking very neat and rich.

November 16.

At six A.M. we left the Campamento on the Government post-horses, or rather ponies,—very reasonably good little animals,—with two soldiers for postilions. About a mile after leaving the village we entered the palm-forest ; myriads of these trees (and no others), with feather-shaped leaves of a greyish-green colour, extended over the plain as far as we could see. In a marshy district called Terovellaco we crossed the arm of a rush-grown lagoon in a canoe, it being too deep to ride through. I saw some flocks of great blue parrots as big as crows, and plenty of a wild pine-apple of a most gorgeous kind ; the outer or lower leaves of the plant are green and spreading, the inner ones bend suddenly down at a sharp angle, so as to be nearly horizontal, and are of the most splendid scarlet, forming a sort of cup of fire, in the midst of which sits the flower-clump of little white blossoms stuffed in a cushion. It ought to be called the phoenix-

plant : it is just like the portraits you see of that bird grilling.

At the next stage we saw several wild turkeys, trumpeting sonorously, (they are very handsome grey birds, with a black and a white collar round their necks, and no wattles, and the sound of their wings like a mighty wind, with a flight like an eagle,) and quantities of wading birds. About noon we stopped at the post-house of Induré, where was an old woman industriously spinning cotton, with a spindle in her fingers, and any number of naked little girls.

Another two hours, and two leagues over an open country of pasture and swamp, with numbers of wading birds and quantities of ducks, brought us to the *Estancia* of San Solano, belonging to the State, where we got accommodated in a nice room of a new house built for the General of the Forces, the President's son. I got some of my beans cooked, and, as the General was away and kept the key of his plates, they were served up in the cauldron. I took a bath in a small lake at the back of the house. Here were immense *corrals* (enclosures of fences made of strong timber) for the horses. This place was five leagues from the Paso, and seven from Pilar, our next resting-place. I slept on my *recado*, on the ground under the verandah, and soundly too.

November 17.

At five A.M. we started, and soon passed numerous

lagoons of thousands of wild ducks; among them were some magnificent black fellows, with white secondary quills, as big as geese, which are almost only seen in pairs, and at least four species of snow-white herons and egrets (the smallest a delicate little thing about the size of a gull), several of those glorious fellows with black heads and scarlet collars, and rosy spoonbills. This marshy plain was covered with ant-hills, in many places about three feet high, and very hard. In the afternoon we passed through a swamp half a mile long, with water up to the horses' knees. Here were two flocks of wild turkeys feeding, one of a hundred, the other of thirty. But as for the ducks, the soil was in some cases brown with them: I never saw such multitudes of any other animals except insects: they were very tame, and would rise close to you in myriads, quite obscuring the sky on the side where they flew, and settling again in a dark patch at no great distance.

At the other side of the plain we reached the village of Pilar (as it is called, after some Saint), formerly called Neembucú, presented ourselves to the Commandant (the only disagreeable fellow I have yet seen in Paraguay), demanded board and lodging, and received the same in a little house or room, one of a row, with a verandah along it, facing a large lawn, with the church on the opposite side. The church is a neat, low building, with wide-spreading, sloping roof, and verandahs on each side, with (by way of a

belfry) a neat wooden open scaffold-tower, about fifty or sixty feet high, standing near it. Pilar is the prettiest village I have ever seen. The streets intersect each other at right angles, forming regular squares, occupied by the houses; every street is a beautiful lawn, without a stone, or scarcely a cart-rut even, to be seen. It is beautifully situated on the bank of the Paraguay, the visible channel of which is here very much narrowed by a large island covered with wood. The houses, or rather cottages, for none have upper stories, are very neat and clean. I scarcely had time to refresh myself by a bath in the neighbouring little river Neembucú, before a thunderstorm and heavy rain came on, which we were very glad to have escaped.

It was soon over, and I sallied forth to get some provisions for the rest of the journey. Having got a *vaqueano*—soldier—to take me round the village, I found an old woman who undertook to bake some bread for me, specially without grease, which they generally put in bread, with some faint-tasting seed-water. There was no bread in the town, for there were no foreigners, all having removed in consequence of the opening of the capital to them since the fall of Rosas; the last, an Englishman, left two days before our arrival, in a canoe, for Assumption, where he arrived eight days after us, having, with all his boatmen, been asleep when the steamer passed, so that they lost that conveyance. The Paraguayans, instead of bread,

eat a kind of cake called *chipa*, which looks just like very light bread, but contains no flour, being made of mandioca, *almidon*, or starch (a kind of tapioca), eggs, cheese, and grease; notwithstanding the objectionable ingredients it is undeniably good when fresh, but in a day or two becomes tasteless or musty. I got some *chipa* for the G——s. The old woman bargained to bake me ten little loaves for a dollar by three o'clock next morning, and to deliver them before I was ready to start, at four. I calculated on being seven or eight days on the road, and having to supply my unprovided companions too. As we only got one meal a day usually, and that at the end of it (except a cup of milk at the first stage in the morning), I reckoned on having a little loaf for breakfast *en route* on horseback, besides something eatable for my fixed meal. I slept outside the house, on the ground.

November 18.

I rose at four, and, my bread not having come, went down to my bakeress, and got it pulled out of the oven not quite baked,—well enough however, and very fairly good. It was a rainy morning, and the G——s did not get under weigh till seven o'clock. Close by our lodging was a little school, with one hundred and fifty small boys, soldiers' children, gabbling away, and supposing that they were learning to read and write Spanish; I could see no master in the room. Guaraní is never taught in the schools, though

every native soul in the country speaks it; the upper hundred affect to despise it. In the country very few speak anything else, though they may be able to read Castilian, as they call it. (A woman has just come in with a stuffed ant-eater on her head, wanting to sell it; she and it together make a most queer picture. This is certainly one of the most marvellous animals in creation: body about three feet long, and tail the same, or more; tail an *enormous* bush of extremely coarse hair or rather bristles, immensely long; the skin is stuffed with *yerba*, and ten dollars demanded for it, which she is not likely to get.) About a mile above the town we got ferried, and our horses swam across the Arroyo de Neembucú, which is here a river twice as big as the Wey, or nearly as big as the Thames at Weybridge. We then passed for about a mile through a marsh overgrown with rushes. These swamps have all hard clay bottoms, so that they are not dangerous, though not pleasant; (here we had the only rain we had during all the time we were on horseback, but it soon passed off;) they skirt coppices, invested with beautiful long hanging lichens.

At about ten A. M. we stopped at the post-house of Talavera Montuoso, and took some milk. A nice little slave-girl wanted Madame G—— to buy her. This post-house was more ruinous and dirty than those I had seen before; but the master was a very good-looking, fair man, with light hair. Here I saw the only pig I have yet seen in Paraguay (another evidence of

the cleanliness of the people is the rarity of this beast) : it was of a bright red colour, the only red pig I ever saw ; by red I mean the same colour as human red hair, or a very red cow. There were goats about the place, too, of the same colour, and the man himself was what the people here call red (*rubio*, that is, fair) ; in short, all the animals were red.

After leaving this post-house we entered a fine belt of wood, and waded through a pretty stream, with very black water, named Montuoso, which it fringes on both sides ; then we crossed an immense open plain, overgrown with a sort of sedge-like grass, and very swampy. At the side of a little brook, which, sawing its channel through the clay-land and running very fast, showed how easy it would be by a little industry to drain and cultivate this plain, we passed a single palm, of a species quite different from those of that forest through which we passed near the Paso. It has fan-shaped, not feather-formed leaves : it is called *garanda-igh* in Guaraní. Whether or not it is the carnauba, of which I saw a single specimen at Pernambuco, and which I heard was the common palm of the country, near Maceio or Ceara, I forget which, I cannot tell. The leaves are of the same shape, yet I think the colour is greyer, and the physiognomy of the tree not so elegant as that which I saw at Pernambuco. It has hooked thorns on the leaf-stalks, and bears a branch of nuts three or four feet long, like a huge, thin bunch of grapes ; very few were in



fruit, they were mostly in flower ; the nuts are about the size of large grapes ; the leaf-scales remained on near the ground, but at the upper part of the tree were all rubbed off, evidently by the action of the wind on the hanging leaves,—the reverse of what happens with most palms, on which, if the scales stay anywhere, it is at the top.

We occasionally skirted woods of thorn-bushes, with a few larger trees, and swamps, with tussocks of sedge in them ; very nasty riding, especially for Madame, who carries her parrot on her arm, and her arm, at my suggestion, in a sling. I may as well describe our cavalcade : the vanguard consists of one of our postilions, leading a horse that carries the G——s' luggage ; then come we three, with the parrot on Madame's arm. As I like to be compact, I carried my baggage with me ; my personal decoration I have before described. At my *recado*, in front, was tied on each side one of a pair of India-rubber leggings, as bags, one containing a caoutchouc poncho for rain ; the other, a white cotton poncho for sun, a piece of bread, some raisins, and black tobacco for heart-winning of postmasters and *vaqueanos*. Behind said *recado* was tied on each side one of a pair of boots, which were either thick or thin according as the condition of the country or the weather required thin or thick upon my legs. Throughout the greatest part of our ride through Paraguay I was obliged to keep my legs in water-boots. Behind my legs, on each side, hung my saddle-bags, and be-

tween them, behind my back, my precious bundle of bread, which gradually diminished in size, tied up in a towel, and then wrapped in an old oilcloth poncho. This was a considerable weight for a pony to carry ; but the stages were generally so short and our pace so leisurely, that it caused no inconvenience to the nags. The rear was brought up by the G——s' servant and the other postilion, driving before them our five horses.

We met today at our third stage the first cart and oxen we had seen on the road ; the style of these was the same as at Corrientes and in the other Argentine States. The fan-palm now became common, the island-like woods being fringed and studded with them : I have not seen a single specimen of the palm so numerous near the Paso for the last two days. This fan-palm is not *here* in forests of *its own*, like the other trees. At one post-house one of G——'s horses, of whose strength he was particularly proud, showed signs of knocking up, and was to have been left behind and sent on next day ; but as soon as he saw that his companions had started off he would go too, and crossed the river with them.

We arrived at the estancia of Yacaré, belonging to the State, by beautiful moonlight, at eight P.M., passing a large field of maize, and huge *corrals* made of palm-poles, belonging to the farm. The farm-house was not a very grand affair, but better than the post-houses, and the *capataz* (steward) was a very good fellow. We were tolerably comfortable, and I got

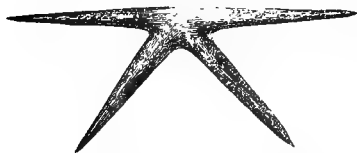
my beans decently cooked. I always made it a rule to go into the back premises and make friends with everybody, and I found I was always cheerfully served and civilly treated. I slept on November 18th on my *recado* in one of the tilted carts of the country, which was standing under a shed close to the house.

November 19.

We remained all the morning at the estancia, to give G——'s horse rest. A swarm of miniature locusts were visiting the premises,—little grasshoppers, not quite an inch long, black and brown, in stripes from head to tail,—no wings, consequently could eat nothing but the ground-herbage. They chiefly attacked the grass, and almost bared the ground as a red-hot iron would wherever they touched; when disturbed they all hopped at once, making the air thick: the ground was quite black with them, in *patches* of several yards in length in some places, and of at least fifty yards in one place near the house. During the two following days of our travel we were continually crossing swarms of these insects, busily engaged in clearing the road of grass. I did not observe any bird or other animal feeding on them.

Mr. Darwin speaks, in his 'Journal of Researches' on the 'Beagle' voyage, of measuring a pair of spurs in Chili, of which the rowels were six inches in diameter: Here is the form and size of the rowel of a pair of spurs, hanging up in the room we occupied at this

estancia; I have no measure, but I think it beats



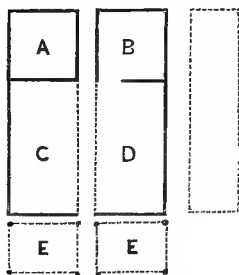
Mr. Darwin's.\* The rowel and mounting were of iron, forged; the buckles of silver; of course the star was complete.

About five P.M. we left the estancia (which with its homestead stood on a sandy soil, elevated a foot or two above the rest of the country by a very gentle slope, and consequently dry), and, after riding about a league, suddenly emerged on the green pasture on the banks of a most beautiful river, the Tebicuaré. This was a most pleasing surprise to me, as I had no notion that we were coming to so fine a stream. At the place where we crossed it, which I suppose was not many miles from the point where it falls into the Paraguay, it was about the size of the Thames in the widest part a little below Putney bridge, and the wooded banks on the opposite side reminded me of the gardens on the Middlesex side of the Thames there, with grassy slopes down to the water's edge. This was a most beautiful spot; the reach of the river was about a mile long, and turned away into beautiful green woods at either end. We were soon ferried across in a canoe, which then returned, and in two trips brought the horses over, they swimming while a

\* The size of the original sketch is  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches from point to point.—ED.

man in the boat held the head of each; two were thus brought over at once. The fifth came over with the G——s' servant swimming with him; the man swam at the horse's side, holding by his mane or tail, and kept the animal's head forward by splashing water in his face if he attempted to turn.

While we were waiting on the shore watching the arrival of the horses, an old lady with two young ones, her daughters, one of them with a child in her arms, came down to greet us; she was the wife of the postmaster, and told us she had two more, equally fine girls. The ferryman was the postmaster, and the post-house was close by, on the top of the slope. The sun was soon set, and these most hospitable, excellent people made us very comfortable with a good meal; instead of bread we had mandioca-cakes, exactly like flat oatcake in appearance; and we had *catres* and hammocks for the night.



As the post-houses are good examples of the country cottages, and this was a good specimen of a post-house, I will give you a notion of it. Here is the plan :\* it consists of two thatched cottages side by side, with about a foot of space between the eaves of

\* A, Kitchen; B, Bedroom; C, Lumber-shed; D, Living-shed; E E, Andramára.

the two, part of each of which is walled, forming a room; the other part is open at the sides, the roof being supported by sheds. One of the rooms is occupied by the family, and contains their bedsteads; the other is the so-called kitchen, a place without chimney or fireplace, where a fire made of bits of wood on the floor boils things in three-legged pots, and roasts meat on sticks stuck in the ground slanting-wise. The atmosphere of this apartment consists, when the fire is lighted, of wood-smoke, horridly painful to my eyes, apparently agreeable to the natives; the under side of the roof consists of a coating of soot. Under the living-shed the hammocks, usually made either of cotton or of a hide cut in this fashion into a



net (like ceiling fly-papers: the strokes represent cuts), are slung to the posts; and the *lassos*, *bolas*, *recados*, horse-gear, etc., are hung to the beams, or over

tressels. (In the post-house of Tebicuaré everything was in its place and in order.) In the other shed stands perhaps a cart, and other odds and ends. In front of the house stands the *andramára*, or four-post bedstead of Paraguay: this is a stage of poles of palm-tree or other straight beams, with (commonly) split bamboos laid across, or a thick bed of palm-leaves on the top; it is supported by four strong posts, one at each corner, stuck in the ground, and about ten feet high; sometimes one side is a little higher than the

other, so as to slope the platform, sometimes it is horizontal: there were two such in front of our model cottage. A bamboo ladder or a notched palm-pole leads to the top. The purpose of this mysterious affair is for the people to sleep on when the mosquitos become very annoying; they say that the mosquitos keep for the most part near the surface of the ground, and thus are to be escaped by mounting. In Brazil it was generally said that the mosquitos do not bite the natives or old-stagers in the country; here they spare no one: I am sure there are several species.

There is generally another stage of similar construction, but of open bamboo-work instead of close flooring, near the house, as I have shown by dotted lines in the plan; this is for training the vines upon, and a most beautiful addition it is to the premises. The vine grows and bears luxuriantly; the grapes are said to be delicious. A gentleman has just brought me in a guayaba ripe, the first I have seen; it is a yellow fruit, like an apple, with a thin skin, and full of a softish rose-coloured pulp with seeds in the middle, like a melon; the taste is exactly the same as that of strawberries, but not so good. There were said to be so many tigers about here, that it was necessary to tie up the horses at night close to the house. We were now ten leagues from Pilar.

November 20.

At six A.M. we left the house of Pedro Luis Villa-

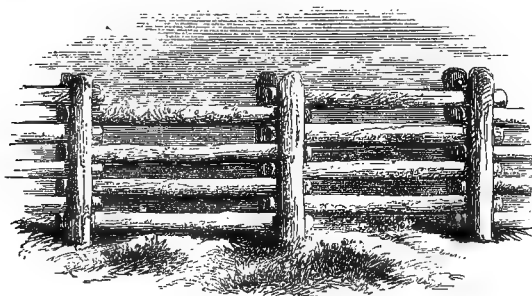
mayor, whose name be known, as he is a trump. Our road (which is still, as it has been nearly all the way, about north-east by north) lay at first through the beautiful belt of wood that skirts the Tebicuaré; beyond it were coppices of thorny shrubs, with quantities of small brown pheasants chattering lustily. We got out on a marshy plain, where there were plenty of wading birds, among them the screaming lapwing of the Pampas, still plentiful. There had been a road, at least a track, through the woods; but here we left it, as there was less water to be passed by another road. We passed through two *esteros*, overgrown with rushes, with water nearly up to the horses' knees, a mile broad each. We then came to a country with scattered wood, the urundú-igh growing to a good size. This is one of the best timber-trees. The outside wood is yellowish-white; the inner heart deep brown-red, like rosewood, and very hard. It looks like an ash-tree, which its leaves resemble, and they have a very nice smell, something like those of walnut. It is the most elegant of the forest-trees here, I think.

The first post we stayed at (a league and a half distant) is called Amarilla. Of course these leagues have never been measured, only estimated: a Paraguay league is 5000 *varas*, each *vara* not quite a yard; a Correntino league is 6000 ditto. After this we passed again across *esteros*, with lots of ant-hills standing in the water in some places, through scattered woods of



thorns, with a few larger trees ; thus far we had seen no palm-trees on this side of the Tebicuaré. The ovenbird and scissortail flycatcher were to be seen, but they were not so numerous as about Corrientes.

At the second post, Mora Aquina, the *corral* was not made of palm-poles, as those on the other side of the river, which showed the absence of these trees in these woods ; for they are so convenient for this purpose that they would be sure to be used wherever they are found. The Paraguay *corrals* are thus made :



two strong posts are driven into the ground close together (*i. e.* nine or ten inches apart), just leaving between them a space wide enough to admit the thin tree-trunks—palm-poles or some other timber—which form the crossbars. These posts stand side by side, across the direction of the fence. Each pair is of such distance from the next as just to hold the ends of the poles, which reach from one to the other ; the poles then lie alternately one upon the other, as shown

in the diagram. At top, above the upper beam, the posts are bolted together by cross-ties wedged in their place: this makes a tremendously strong fence, and there are very few fastenings.

At this post-house the river Paraguay was in sight, about half a mile off. Some time after leaving this we entered a pretty wood, which reminded me much of some parts of the New Forest. I noticed here, for the first time, one or two feather-leaved palms (by which I mean having leaves of the common shape, like those of the cocoa-nut), of a different kind from those near Pilar, the leaflets having a peculiar bend, which gives a very graceful appearance to the tree; the colour being a fresh green, not a dull grey and green, indicating, I think, richer life. We stopped about noon at Chevaria, the third post, it being so hot that Madame G—— was unable to proceed with comfort. The post-house was very prettily situated in an open space in the forest. The postmaster showed us the scar of an awful wound on his arm, inflicted about two years ago by a tiger, which attacked him in open day, as he was riding; his horse was not hurt, and the tiger left him without further attempt on his life. (*Mem.* The thatch in these parts is the most beautiful I have seen; it is made of the flat stalks of a sedge, laid very close and fastened to laths underneath with clay.) They gave us a meal of the universal boiled beef, which I left to the G——s, and a very nice dish of pounded mandioca and milk, fol-

lowed by the favourite sweet dish of Paraguay and Corrientes, new cheese and treacle (or *miel*, honey, as they call it). This treacle is tip-top ; it is not the dirty stuff drained out of the sugar which we get in England, but the entire juice of the cane boiled down to a syrup,—not boiled so far as to solidify. I was much disappointed at Corrientes when I saw lots of huge ponchos, each made of an entire ox-hide, hanging up in a distiller's shed, and which I was told was *miel*. I thought I should have jolly breakfasts if honey was so plentiful, but I soon found it was only treacle. I cannot make out that the people use the honey at all, though lots of bees, and wasps too, make it for them ; at Corrientes I heard that a small quantity was brought from the Chaco by the Indians, but I never saw any.

Here I noticed, for the first time, the trees covered with a beautiful lichen (I suppose, though it looks somehow as if it ought to flower), called *barba de velho* in Brazil. The forests were quite grey in some places in the Organ Mountains, with the long tresses of this elegant plant. It does not seem to be *fixed* to the branches at all, at least I could not discover its attachments. The long lichen I before mentioned, just like an English one, abounded here also. While the G——s and their hosts went to sleep, I strolled out into the wood to see the world. On the trees also were, besides the two kinds of air-plants, or epiphytes, I had seen up these rivers, another kind

with long, thin, cylindrical leaves, and a species of misletoe very like the English, but with longer and narrower leaves.

I counted seven kinds of cactus about here. No. 1, with flat, short, oval lobes, that bears a fruit like a fig, and is, I believe, the cochineal plant, with yellow, rose-shaped flowers. No. 2, with large, fleshy, upright stems, with twelve or thirteen longitudinal ribs, star-like bunches of thorns, and young shoots quite globular. No. 3, a three- or four-ribbed sort, bowing and straggling, with white flowers and lots of long stamens. No. 4, a four- or five-ribbed sort, which, like No. 1, grows to a great height: I have seen trees of this thirty or forty feet high in the woods, and more than a foot in diameter at the trunk, which looked brown and woody, and round like any tree, all the ribs having disappeared. No. 5, a small, eight- or nine-ribbed sort. No. 6, a crawling sort, with long, elliptic lobes. No. 7, a cylindrical sort, with three rows of thorns, climbing up the trees, and hanging in trailers from the branches.

Among the trees were stretched across, from one to the other, quantities of white spider-silk, which I wonder has not been used for making lace in this country: it is much stronger than cotton, though not so strong as silkworm silk. The little locusts were about everywhere, rattling like rain on the herbage as they hopped away from me. At half-past three P.M. we proceeded, the road still through the

forest for two or three miles, with a few fan-palms by the roadside, but all young and small (seeds dropped, I suspect).\* Hitherto we had passed very few habitations except the post-houses; here we passed several cottages, giving a more cheerful aspect to the country, which was still the same unvaried flat. We then passed for half a mile through a clayey district, with *pantanos* with an upright plant bearing a pretty, large convolvulus flower; it is almost the only plant in the *pantanos* in some places, for instance about Corrientes; it grows five or six feet high. We then came suddenly upon the bank of the Paraguay, with the green forest of the Chaco coming down to the water's edge on the other side. The road then ran parallel to and near the river, through a wood with plenty of the *rebora-hacho* (a tree looking like a mixture of plum and elm-tree), and the algarroba, a kind of mimosa, both valued as timber. We soon arrived at the charming little village of Villa Franca, where, at half-past four P.M., we stopped for the day.

\* *Ornithological Notes*.—"Exquisitely beautiful small nest of a . . . finch. Female pale yellow and grey; male black, with the brightest yellow breast and forehead. Nest ten feet from the ground, on branch covered with creeping fern (?) or moss (?). A little brown finch sits on its huge stack-built nest and sings sweetly, something like a robin. Nest as big as my body, without the head and limbs; hangs from the extreme end of a long hanging twig, eight feet long. Found a similar nest without the channel, with three eggs, ground dirty white, purple-red spots all over; belongs to a yellow-bellied, brown-backed, tyrant flycatcher. The birds sing very sweetly here, one, like a blackbird."

We rode up to the quarters of the Commandant (there are soldiers in every village in Paraguay, I believe), dismounted, and asked to see him. In a few minutes the doors opened, and we were walked in. He kept us waiting for two or three minutes; it was evident in a moment why: the excellent fellow had been taking off his undress of calzoncillos and Paraguay shirt, or perhaps his uniform, and rigging himself in an English shirt, waistcoat, and trousers (no coat), made at least twenty years ago: the waistcoat reaching down to about the middle of his breastbone, and his trousers to his ankles. I never met with a greater trump than José de Carmen Gomez. I went to bathe in the Paraguay, the bank of the river consisting of a white clay crammed full of crystals of selenite—I never saw the like thereof.

Nothing can be prettier than Villa Franca. It consists of about fifty houses in continuous rows, all thatched (except the Commandant's), with a verandah all along in front, covering a path. Most of them are arranged on two sides of a square, at right angles to the river; a third side is occupied by the lodging of the Commandant and the soldiers' quarters; the fourth side is open to the Paraguay, the bank of which bounds it; the whole area of the square is covered by a beautiful lawn. The rest of the houses are disposed in short streets, proceeding with perfect symmetry from the corners of the square. Opposite to the village is the end of a large island, which, by dividing

the river, as the place is approached from the south, gives the appearance of the junction of another river with the Paraguay. The island and the Chaco opposite are richly wooded, and beyond the village on the north side the open space on which it stands is abruptly terminated by a beautiful wood within two hundred yards of the houses, with green pasture in the spaces between.

The Commandant entertained us very kindly,—gave me a huge dish of *porotos*, which would have dined all the vegetarians I know, and various good dishes for the others. A remarkably clever young man, whom he appeared to have invited to meet us, asked me in the course of talk whether the city of Alemania (Germany) was near England; and Madame G—— says he asked me whether Buenos Ayres does not belong to the English! Such is education hereabouts! Our good host turned out of his bedroom for the G——s, and slung up hammocks for himself and me in his sitting-room.

November 21.

At six A.M. we left Villa Franca, and proceeded by a road through a rich green forest of largish trees, among which the rebora-hacho prevails, to the first post-house, in an open glade surrounded by the forest, with lots of cows.\* The goître prevails very much in this country: we saw one or two instances of it at

\* Few cows in this country yield more than a pint of milk in the day, taken in the morning.

this post.\* After leaving this post the road passes through a wood, which becomes more straggling, the fan-palm appearing again in the open parts; then among thorny mimosa-thickets, the timber-trees disappearing. The soil now became more clayey, and we soon emerged on an open meadow grown with rushes; waded a *riacho* about as large as the Wey, as deep as the bottom of my saddle-bags, called the Pasopé, and entered again a district of thorn-thickets interspersed with fan-palms above and *pantanos* underfoot, till we came to the post-house of Estero Cora, so called from the *estero*, or tract of country overgrown with rushes and water-plants, and covered with water except in dry weather, which we had now to cross. The road continued through a wood of fan-palms interspersed with thorns; then the thorns disappeared, and the palms only formed the wood by themselves, pretty thickly distributed, and extending for many miles over the plain. Soon after this we crossed the *estero*, under water nearly up to the horses' knees for about a mile and a half, interrupted only by a small piece of drier ground in the middle, with palms on it; after this the road ran through a wood consisting chiefly of good-sized mimosa-trees of various kinds.

The next post was close to a large lagoon, overgrown with various water-plants; among them one

\* At Assumption I think there is at least one lady more or less goitred in each family I have visited.



bearing a spike of most beautiful pale blue flowers, the upper one of the six petals of each having a bright yellow spot in the *middle*. It was about noon, so we stopped to rest Madame G—— and spare her the sun. The good, hospitable people gave us the best victuals they could, which amounted to some beef and a very nice cake made of maize flour. With the latter, and some bread and raisins, I managed a good lunch; and then, while the people slept their *siesta*, walked out to look about. I dare say you will fancy that walking about with thick waterproof boots reaching far above the knee, under a noonday sun in these latitudes, was tiring work; I did not find it so, but if I sat down *with my boots on* I soon began to feel sleepy. I noticed in the woods two or three epiphytes on the trees that I had not seen before: I expected to see them increasing in numbers as we got northwards. There were lots of wild ducks and several trumpeting turkeys about the lagoons near the house.\* At two P.M. we started again, the roads *beginning* actually in the lagoons up to our horses' knees, the garden-hedge, which we skirted, bordering the water. We soon came to a vast *estero* (through which we waded about a league), dotted thickly with ant-hills and tussocks of sedge, the tops of which were as high as my head. At last we came to a beautiful wood, which

\* "Wild turkey, decidedly in habits a wading bird; has blue down on his head, and a tuft, larger at the back; no wattle; a black collar, edged above with white."—*Note-Book*.

however we did not enter, but only skirted : here appeared a new feature in the scenery,—a number of a beautiful palm-tree, with feather leaves of a bright green, *in* the wood, among the other good-sized trees (the species of which I mentioned before, having seen one or two) ; then again across more of the *estero*, overgrown with various long grasses and occasional cardoons, a thistle-like plant with leaves something like a pine-apple, which grows in vast quantities, six or seven feet high and very rapidly, in many parts of the plain as far down as the Rio de la Plata ; it is different from the Pampas thistle. We then skirted a wood where the fan-palm and the green feather-palm were again growing side by side among the timber-trees. The three kinds of palm I have mentioned are all *trees*, growing commonly twenty to thirty feet high, and occasionally very much higher ; the diameter of the trunk eight inches. I heard here the blacksmith frog tinkering away furiously ; I do not remember to have heard him further south, though he abounds in Brazil. Another half-mile of *estero*,—the last hundred yards through a belt of magnificent rushes, with a very elegant head as high as my own,—took us out of the tedious *estero* of Yatapé, which must be nearly two leagues across, and in which listening to the splash of water had become almost as natural to me as breathing.

We then passed through a belt of beautiful sandal-wood, with large mimosas and rebora-hachos, and

emerged on an open meadow surrounded by the wood, with several cottages dotted about its borders, and numerous refreshing patches of maize. Amongst these was the post-house of Campo Rivera, a somewhat larger place than most of those we had passed. We soon changed horses, and, after crossing the open campo, passed through a pretty wood, and then a marshy flat; and after another such league came to the post-house of Sanchita. Here they told us we were twenty-five leagues from the capital; I was not sorry to begin measuring distances from that end of our journey. (*Mem.* Madame G——'s parrot always chattered when other parrots flew near it, recognizing its *congeners*, though of species quite different from itself.) We arrived at our resting-place, Olivá, after sunset, not however without G——'s horse shying and swerving a little, and depositing him consequently in the mud in a very dirty bit of road. We were very civilly received by the Commandant, who had but a score of soldiers under him, and seemed to be of inferior grade to our friend at Villa Franca. We had but a rough supper, and I soon fell asleep on my *re-cado* under the verandah in the enclosure at the back of the house.

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November 22.

Olivá is a pretty village, about a mile from the Paraguay, which is not in sight from the village itself. It consists of about twenty houses, arranged

in a square, built continuously in two opposite rows, with the Commandant's house and the soldiers' quarters on the other side. At six A.M. we started ; skirted a beautiful wood, with cleared spots planted with maize, and a few cottages among them ; crossed a little brook, skirted a large marsh overgrown with sedge, with some few palms scattered about,—a thorn-wood on our right,—the soil sandy clay ; milked at a post-house prettily placed by the side of a wood, with thorn-scrub in front ; passed through a wood of thorns and fan-palms, with occasional *pantanos*. The country was uninteresting, so when we rested during the heat of the day at a dirty estancia, I extracted what amusement I could from oiling my boots, and went to sleep. No good water was to be had ; that used by the people of the house, from a neighbouring brook, was quite dark grey with clay and dirt, and undrinkable : yesterday we had too much water, today we could get none. At four P.M. we started again. Some time after, crossing a small brook, the country was diversified by several cottages at intervals, with orange-trees close to some of them ; the fruit not ripe, but green as they were, the juice of half-a-dozen was soon devoured by me.

Among the fireflies at Saladillo (where we slept, after crossing in a canoe the brook of that name) I noticed one very pretty little fellow just like a death-watch, or the little ticker we used to call such, in shape and habit of knocking ; he carries his light not under

his tail and at the end thereof, as in the other two species I have seen, but on the top of his thorax, at the hinder corners, in two very distinct and bright points, by the light of which I could easily read small type in the darkest corner, when he was held quite close to the paper; his light, too, was quite continuous, not intermittent like that of those I had seen before in Brazil, and of which there are many here also. I took a bath in a little puddle full of frogs near the house; supped on porotos, which were here the fashion, as the only dish offered the G——s was haricots stewed with cheese; a very good dish, for the new cheeses here have no taste at all, as there is scarcely any butter in the milk to give it a flavour by turning rancid.

The G——s had their hammocks slung under the shed, and I spread my *recado* in the open air on the grass in front of the cottage, vainly thinking I would cover myself up and defy the mosquitos, which we soon found abounded here. The heat was too great for me to bear any covering except my light clothing, and through that the winged fiends stung me easily. I could not even bear a handkerchief over my face; so, after two or three valiant endeavours, alternating with a stroll among the tobacco and orange-trees in the garden, I mounted the *andramára* (where the G——s' servant and a Peon or two had wisely disposed themselves before), and with a poncho for a feather-bed (for here the round palm-logs had no

covering at all) courted the balmy air. There were plenty of mosquitos up here too, but not so many as below; and the air was a little cooler, the place being completely exposed to any little breeze that there might be. I slept a little, notwithstanding the grumbling of the poor G——s, whose dignity could not preserve them from the mosquitos, and who spent great part of the night sitting up in despair.

There was no danger of our over-sleeping ourselves. I was moving at four A.M. on the 23rd, and the rest were also soon in motion. I always had to saddle my own horse, as all the time of the postilions was taken up in arranging the G——s' *carguero* horse; and as soon as this was done they started, without waiting for me if I was not ready. I usually managed to be so first however, notwithstanding my hard work; but this morning the horse assigned to me happened to be a frightened, restive beast, and it was a most difficult thing to get all my traps on his back without assistance. G—— called off a man who was holding the animal's head while I was getting on the saddlebags, and then started off some time before I was ready; the consequence was that my traps were not so compactly fixed as usual. The G——s got so far ahead, that I saw nothing of them till we got to the next post, as I stayed behind with the loose horses, and the *vagueano*, whom I kept to show me the way.

However, about five A.M. I got under weigh, a little before sunrise; but before I had proceeded far (through

woods with *pantanos* interspersed, and an *estero* with a belt of wet meadow skirting a wood), somehow part of my rigging got shifted, and my animal took fright, and set off plunging and rearing in a not very pleasant style, considering the amount of packages among which I was buried, and the certainty that every plunge he made must make matters worse by loosening the gear. At last the whole affair was loose on his back, and as he swerved to avoid a tree, off I came, and away went the horse, scattering saddle and *herias*\* in every direction. The *recado* was torn by the ripping of the packages that were tied to it, and the leather to which the stirrups are slung was torn bodily off, and one of my spurs dragged off my foot. In a little time however the beast was caught, having got rid of everything but the girths and saddlebags, and my traps rearranged on the *vaqueano's* horse, who put his saddle on my animal.

I found my left knee a little stiff and bruised on the inside, and it was not till I stopped at the next stage that I found the cause of it in the print of the horse's hoof on my boot; he had evidently stamped on my knee, and I was very glad I had boots on, and he *no* shoes. This was the only bad horse I had all the journey; one or two were lazy, but most of them were capital little brutes. After skirting the marsh, passing through a beautiful wood with fine timber-trees, and then through a wood of smaller trees and

\* *i.e.* Reins, in the widest sense, including all the head-gear.—ED.

fan-palms, we stopped at the post-house of the State estancia of Pará-ugh, situated on the bank of a river of the same name, about the size of the Wey, with a very pretty wooded bank on the other side, and a winding channel. If we had come on here the previous night, we should have been better lodged, and should have been saved a good deal of a hard day's work,—hard work especially for me, as I had to unsaddle and saddle and pack my animal while the G——s were resting; and they were always in a hurry at the posts, and never in a hurry on the road: they would never go beyond a walk or a slight jog-trot for a little distance. G—— remarked, on hearing of my accident, “We have both had a fall now, and there's no jealousy any more!”

We were ferried across the river, and the fresh horses swam over, and were then saddled on the other side. Then came the old story, of timber-woods (always refreshing to the eye,—the trees still only of English size and shape, nothing like the Brazilian forests), thorn-coppices and marshes alternating; a deep brook to wade, not without wetting our saddle-bags; a swampy district with scattered thorn-bushes; then an open *estero* to cross, water-plants intermixed with rank pasture, with cattle feeding.

In the middle of this wide *estero*, suddenly from behind some trees in the distance appeared a small knot of rugged mountains, bearing about east-north-east, quite by themselves, with their blue peaks in



relief against the sky, apparently some ten leagues off or more, called, I was told, Acaai. This is the first thing that can be called a hill I had seen since I left Buenos Ayres; it was like a draught of water to my thirsty soul. And nearer still, more towards the north, was a low range of wooded hills, which looked, almost incredibly, as if our road might possibly pass among them.

The water of the swamp was too nasty to drink, so I amused myself by fishing up cupfuls and dashing them in my face, by way of basting to the roast. Our guide, thinking I was going to drink, told me not to do so, that we should find some good water a little way ahead. Accordingly, after crossing this ocean of swamp, we came to land at a projecting spur of wood. Here was the good water,—a dirty little puddle, which differed from the rest of the swamp in being a few inches deeper, and under the shade of a tree, so that it *was* a little cooler! But we were not yet out of the marsh; we had at least another league of it to pass, skirting the wood, with just the tantalizing fact that the road was *not* in the shade of the wood.

We stopped about noon at the miserable post-house of Suruby-eugh, where, for breakfast and lunch, I ate a little bit of bread, a bit of Paraguay brown sugar, and a head of roasted maize, which was almost too hot to eat. I was longing for a bath. We stayed here for an hour, and then started again through a wood at the back of the house, where to my disgust

we passed by a bridge (actually the third I have seen in this country) over a rushing little river called the Suruby-eugh, or water of the fish called *suruby*. If I had but known how close we were to that stream, I should have been so jolly fresh, instead of feeling like a roast flapflob.\* At this post-house we heard that the steamer had passed up the river the evening before. No doubt this little river came from the hills we had seen a few miles off. We then passed on the edge of a marsh, and entered a wood of thorn-trees, the soil of which under the trees was devoid of verdure, the ground being perfectly dry—a clayey sand; a strange contrast to the swamps we had been passing, due only to a difference of a foot or two in level, and a little less clay in the soil!

While we were at the next post, a *Chasquí*, or letter-carrier,—that is, a soldier with two men, all on horseback of course, each of the latter carrying a large leather case in front of him as big as himself, each probably containing one letter,—arrived; and as the *Chasquí* required the men, we now only had one postilion. Soon after this, proceeding through the thorn-wood on parched mud, we passed a mysterious, military-looking, square, uninhabited building, surrounded with a stockade, and a flagstaff appended. I suppose it was a guard-house, as the river was near, though not seen for half a mile after. We passed an

\* The Winchester name given to a certain section of a breast of mutton.—ED.

*estero*,—water nearly up to the horses' knees, overgrown with what I call the shrub-convolvulus,—and entered a beautiful fresh green wood, strikingly different from that on the other side of the *estero*, full of acacias and the green feather-palm—to my eye always suggestive of a rich soil. After this we suddenly emerged on an open flat country, with the almost incredible sight of a hill-country just in front of us,—at least of a long, low, undulating down, perhaps fifty or sixty feet high, that reminded me of the country near Monte Video; and beyond it was a range of higher wooded hills, perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet high, towards the east on our right. Before reaching the bottom of the slopes, we had to wade through a deep and almost quite stagnant brook of dirty water up to my saddle-bags.

The arriving on the sloping ground was much the same to me as landing after a long voyage at sea. The low downs, for hills they cannot be called, were covered with greensward and cattle-pasture, with here and there a small house, and a grove of orange-trees near it. The post-house of Paitanby was about a mile from the bottom of the rise, with a fine view of the undulating woody country beyond, and a remarkable conical hill standing up above the others. The soil here consisted of sand, with a pale reddish tint; some lumps of a coarse sandstone lying about seemed to indicate that there was more of it beneath the surface. I had been obliged to ride, the latter

part of the day, with my bruised leg resting horizontally on one of my packs on my saddle-bow, for it was painful when in the usual position. I was getting very tired with the work of shifting my saddle, and our slow pace was much more fatiguing than galloping. Another two leagues of this undulating open pasture took us unto the post-house of Guazucora; I think this district is called Villetta. The sun had now set; I was hungry and thirsty and longing for a bath, but we started again for another post of two leagues, across just the same rolling pasture-country; flashes of lightning in the south seemed to indicate a coming storm, and the sky was becoming overcast. About nine P.M. we arrived at another post-house; here the G——s began to discuss whether they would proceed or not, in hopes of getting better quarters; they were told that two posts further on there was a good house: this was a very miserable place. While they were settling the point, I asked if there was any place where I could bathe. I was told there was an *arroyo* (stream) close by, so I gladly took a little boy to show me. But, behold! the *arroyo* was a little muddy pool, not even worthy of the name of a ditch, full of croaking frogs, and the air full of mosquitos; however, I stripped and dabbled in the water (not three inches deep), till I felt more cool and a little fresh. On returning I found my friends had decided to eat something, and then start again, to reach the next post-house, if possible, before the storm came: I had

scarcely eaten anything all day, so was not sorry. There was no food ready cooked at the post-houses, so my provision of bread and raisins was acceptable.

Soon after leaving this post-house we passed a brook, on the other side of which we mounted a steepish bank, with a real hill sloping up from it. Here the scenery suddenly changed: it was the most interesting part of the whole route. It was so dark that I could only see that the country was very richly wooded, and cultivated too in many places, with frequent cottages at the roadside. It was very tantalizing not to see this, after having waded over sixty leagues of flat. I took off all my clothes, except Jersey and trousers and boots, and tied them up in my India-rubber leggings, to prepare for an apparently inevitable ducking, keeping my waterproof poncho in readiness for Madame G——. However the storm did not come, so we proceeded, as the G——s were very desirous to get on, so as to be able to reach the capital pretty early next morning.

We arrived about midnight, bright moon, at the post-house next but one to the capital, called “Cudyaty.” Here, instead of the promised good house, the poor G——s had not even a place to hang a hammock, and were obliged to lie down on a hide outside the rancho of the post-house, on the sandy ground, and I at their side, on my *recado*. I never was so tired. I had been either on horseback, or drudging at the really hard work of unloading and loading my

horse, or at something else, ever since four A. M., without having eaten a pound of food, and had had a fall off my horse into the bargain. It was hard too for my friends ; but they had had two meals of some sort, and a ten minutes' rest at least at each stage : none of us had much sleep the night before, neither got we any this night, for the mosquitos.

At four A. M. on November 24th we got up, with only two stages before us: the soil a beautiful rich red sand, with sandstone showing itself here and there; the country richly wooded, but cleared near the road and planted with maize, with quantities of the beautiful palm-tree which they call "coco" here: it is something like a cocoa-nut tree, but the leaves are darker green, and not so yellow; the nuts, about the size of a grape-shot, hang in large bunches. We had now only three leagues to go. We stopped at the last post-house, about half-way; here I washed myself in a pond, and we changed our clothes, to enter the town with decency. I rejected Jersey, poncho, and long boots, and took shirt, coat, and short boots; so we proceeded, after polishing off the last of my loaves. The scenery was still of the most beautiful, quiet, and rural description imaginable, and the ground undulating; the road (for we were now on a real road, though only of sand) with numerous ox-carts going in both directions, and women carrying things on their heads. Here and there we had a beautiful view, far away over the Chaco in the distance; the conical hill

I have mentioned making at one or two points a fine feature in the landscape, with occasional glimpses of the river. At last we came to the top of the last hill, and the town was below us, with the bold sweep of the river in the mid-distance, and the luxuriant desert of the Chaco stretching away in the horizon. It was about nine A.M. on the 24th of November when we arrived.

We had been eight days on the journey from the Paso, a distance of about seventy leagues. It did not cost us a farthing; for if you have permission to travel by the post, that implies that you use the horses of the State, which of course is above being paid, and the simple and generous people gladly give you such food and lodging as they can, in the freedom of their hospitality.

The G——s went to the house of some friends of theirs, with whom they meant to stay. I betook myself to the house of Mr. Thompson, a young English merchant (called here Don Guillermo), where I did not find him, but two equally hearty fellows, Welsh and Scotch respectively, being however first received by a capital old gentleman, a native, son-in-law of the G——s' host, and landlord of mine.

These gentlemen soon made me feel quite at home, and before Mr. Thompson came in I had fairly taken possession of his house; a capital, gentlemanlike fellow he is, far above the usual run of merchants. I devoured some bread and an incredible quantity of

oranges, to refresh my blood, which had been drained by mosquitos and parched by want of water; I afterwards dined, as is usual here, at twelve o'clock, with my new friends, and then, according to the custom of the country, but contrary to my own habits, lay down to sleep: but it was no mere *siesta* for me; I slept from about one P.M. to six without an instant's interruption, and most unwakeably—an event with me.

The most curious thing is that a steamer, which is both the first *private steamer* and the first foreign trading-vessel (*i. e.* under flag not Argentine, Paraguayan, or Spanish) which has come up to Paraguay since—ever, arrived here the very day before us, having left Buenos Ayres the day before we left Corrientes, and thus having come up from Buenos Ayres to Assumption in exactly the same time that we have been coming hither from Corrientes. Had I felt inclined to be vexed at being beaten thus (but I was not beaten, because it was in Paraguay I wanted to arrive, not in Assumption, and I was in the country ten days before the steamer), my annoyance would have been entirely dissipated by the most welcome receipt of my letters; and not only had the steamer brought my letters, but it had on board my portmanteau, which I had left behind at Rio de Janeiro in charge of a friend, and about which, having sent for it, I felt not a little anxious, as it had to pass through the hands of many persons and barbarous waters to reach me. You cannot imagine how delighted I was



to get my letters ; I scarcely dared to ask if there were any for me. I thought the chance so slender, that every link in the chain I had laid for them would hold tight ; and when, on inquiring if any had been heard of for me, I was told that Don Juan A——, whom I knew at Monte Video, had one for me, I gave up my hopes, because his brother had promised to send me a letter of introduction here, and I made sure this was it. However, when I awoke from my *siesta* I found a packet of letters for me on the table, and myself as fresh as a lark : it was about the most luxurious moment of my life, and when I had washed and sat down to read them, there were very few people that I would have changed places with.

## CHAPTER XI.\*

## PARAGUAY AND THE GRAN CHACO.

HIGH QUALITIES OF THE PARAGUAYANS.—SAXON APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE IN MANY CASES.—THE GRAN CHACO THE EMPTY CRADLE OF A GREAT NATION.—CAN THE CHACO INDIANS BE CIVILIZED?—COLONIZATION OF THE MISIONES—OF RIO GRANDE, IN BRAZIL.—BAMBOOS.—SLAVERY.

Asuncion del Paraguay, Nov. 30, 1852.

HERE I am, in this curious capital of Prester John's country in the South. When I arrived at Corrientes I despatched a letter for you.† It was sent by a private hand, on board a steamer which had been sent up to Paraguay by Urquiza, just before I arrived at Buenos Ayres, and which arrived at Corrientes on her return from above just after I got there. I find that Urquiza, who after his fall had retired to Entre Rios, stopped the steamer on her descent, and perhaps he got hold of my letter; if he did, I guess, if he found any one to read it to him, he must have considered that he had given letters of introduction to a man either mad or of a very dangerous description, for the

\* Addressed to a friend.

† Chapter VIII.

river Paraná broke its banks in my head, and rushed into my soul in a stream of prophecy, of which I gave you the benefit.

You are nearer Buenos Ayres than I am, so I will not pretend to give you any news about these parts, which are yet far from being in a quiescent state. I came here with the double purpose of taking a look at the country, as to whether it is the promised land or not, and of putting myself in a position to let people at home know what this country is really like. As to the first of these objects, I do not think it is the country to *begin with*, being somewhat too hot *perhaps* for people fresh from cold England; however I begin to think that Saxons stand heat better than any race except Negroes, and not much worse than they. Here I find everybody complaining of the heat, and sleeping for two hours in the middle of the day, except the Englishmen, of whom there are four here, young merchants. As to the second, there is a rap to be hit at Sir W. P——'s book about the River Plate, for which he has evidently been paid by Rosas. No one here, not even the natives, know anything about their country. That it has been shut up for some mighty purpose is quite obvious. It has been the focus to which the docile race of the Guaraní Indians and the organizing talents of the Jesuits were concentrated; it was besides the part of Southern America where the civilization of the Spaniards was first planted,—the spot where the seed of the first

crop, now effete, was sown. The insular position of its territory, and the seclusion in which the people have been kept by the diabolical tyranny of their own rulers and their neighbours, have fostered a true feeling of patriotism in the people. The peasantry are a noble race; there is no aristocracy, Francia extirpated it; the present upper hundred are comparatively a miserable set, though good-natured. I am convinced that these people are to be a part of the hands by which English heads are to do wonders for civilizing the rich deserts of South America.

The most curious thing about these people in this country,—where undoubtedly the fusion of the Spanish and Indian blood was most complete, where all the Conquistadores took Guaraní wives, and where too there seems to have been less opportunity for mixture with the fair-haired European races,—is, that among high and low there is less appearance of Indian blood, and more resemblance to English complexion, than in any part of South America I have seen. In poor cottages in the country I have seen numerous children whom I should have supposed to be the offspring of some high-bred English family, with delicately cut features, rather long than broad, and hair as fair as any Saxon; among many of them I see reddish hair, quite Scotch. Now the Jesuits, who of course were of various nations, are allowed even by their enemies to have been sexually continent ordinarily; and the half-dozen English or Scotch prisoners

whom Francia kept in some remote towns are scarcely sufficient to account for this physiognomy, notwithstanding that the extreme laxity or rather almost total absence of morality among the women may have facilitated, when possible, the intermixture which the despots sought to prevent. I am driven to conclude that among the Spaniards who peopled this part there was a singular absence of Moorish blood, and that the Northern Vandal has turned up here. One thing must be observed, that there is certainly far less Negro blood here than in the other parts, so small a tincture that it amounts to nothing; whereas in Brazil, and even down this river, there is plenty of it everywhere.

I fancy that the vastness of everything here has revealed to me more the infinite love and the vast power of our great Father, and has made me feel the possibility, if not the reality, of hope on a huge scale; has somehow turned me inside out, and made me feel to the quick what I only was logically convinced of before, that there are joys for all who love Him, in worlds where the capacity for love will be to that of men and women on earth as the capacity of life in the glorious Chaco, right opposite here, is to that in Jacob's Island.

At present I do not give much thought as to what is to be my future work; I only see very clearly that I have some work to do here. One day, when I had been meditating upon the marvel of this splendid un-

occupied paradise, I took up the Bible to read, and happened to fix on the first chapter of Joshua, as to which I had no recollection of what it was about: ever since then the words, "Be strong and of a good courage, for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land," has been singing in my ears. How long I may have to remain here now I cannot tell; but I feel that the future work, or at any rate some great part of the work of my life, has to do with this country. I told you, in one of my first letters from Brazil, that I felt sure I had been sent out for some purpose, I could not tell what; I felt as a fool when I thought of it. I had no plans, nor even motives of action; but various people and circumstances, one after another, in a most curious chain, have told me, as if from a guiding spirit, and have cleared the way for me to go on up hither. Sometimes I think that, to enable me to mature something or other, I am to be Consul here for a time, and so I mean to lose no opportunity of trying to get that office; trusting that God's will will be done, for I do not want to have it the least: at any rate, my work is pretty well cut out for me for some months in learning Spanish and Guaraní, and seeing the richness and the nakedness of the land.

One thing is abundantly clear to me, viz. that the Gran Chaco is the yet empty cradle of a mighty nation: it must be the theatre of a new era in history—it is *the* place. Just cast your eye upon the map:

just see the tract of land, in length from Santa Fé ten degrees of latitude northwards, and some six degrees of longitude in breadth from the Paraguay-Paraná towards the west, and consider if it be not a marvel. A splendid country, possessed by wild Indians alone, who live on nothing but wild beasts,—men who, by their neglect of the earth, have forfeited their right to claim national property in it,—a wild garden, surrounded on all sides by provinces occupied, or pretended to be occupied, by Spanish tribes, none of whom dare set foot in this territory, and yet have the impudence to claim it as their own,—this territory is actually an undiscovered country. One white man's boat has descended the Bermejo, from Oran to the Paraguay; and the Bolivians are offering £4000 to any one who will bring the first boat up the Pilcomayo to them (I would soon relieve them of this, for the benefit of the Association fund,\* if I had the money to build a boat and buy beads). It is just known that the rivers are or may easily be made navigable, and the rich verdure of the country is visible from the top of this house; and that is all that is known about it. Not only is the country unexplored, but no nation of white race puts in a claim to its possession, founded on anything that can be considered legitimate. The earliest acknowledged title to the country was, I presume, that of the Spaniards, derived from the ludicrous

\* *i.e.* The fund of the then Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, to which the writer belonged.—ED.

grant by the Pope of one part of South America to Spain, and the rest to Portugal : but the old Spaniards do not lay any claim to any part of this continent now. The republicans of the different states drove out their parent claimants from the districts they occupied ; but they never expelled them from the Chaco (for neither party was there), nor have made any attempt to occupy that land. This country then is still open. The only positive right which the neighbouring republics or provinces claim with respect to the Chaco, is that which they doubtless have in common with the rest of the world, that each may extend its frontier so far as it can into the Chaco, by encroachment of actual occupation. But not being able to do this, they add the negative manger-dog claim of refusing to other people the right of doing the same.\*

Besides the cultivation of the Chaco-land, there is the cultivation of the Indians to be effected. These are the "untamable Guaycurús," etc., which tradition says never can be tamed ; the answer to which is, "Tradition is a liar, Gentlemen ; Jack, put your head in his mouth." I have no doubt it is perfectly true

\* The following extract from a friend's letter to Mr. Mansfield, dated October 1, 1854, will show that his colonization scheme for the Gran Chaco was by no means premature. "Benigno (Lopez ?) informs me his brother has contracted with a company at Bordeaux to give them some land in the Chaco opposite Asuncion, which they are to colonize with a thousand families, Irish, French, and Spanish ; the latter two, I suppose, will be Basques." And see Appendix C., "The Gran Chaco."—ED.



that these savages cannot be tamed by the Spanish republicans. The Conquistadores treated them treacherously and cruelly, and never showed them an example of life much more human than that which the Indians themselves pursued. A traditional enmity has ever existed between the Indians and those whose ancestors looked upon them only as material for slavery; but I firmly believe that Englishmen with some real Christianity in their souls would civilize them in some degree. At Corrientes they come across from the Chaco, and work bravely enough for those who will employ them. Of course they cut the Correntinos' throats if they come into the Chaco, because they suppose their visitors only come to enslave them; and so they are said to be as treacherous as Satan: I dare say they are treacherous enough, but not worse than the rest of mankind. Whether or not the Indian race is to die out, there can be no doubt that it is our duty to do all we can to preserve it, just as we do the life of an old relation whose disease may be mortal. The maltreatment of all the Indians by the Iberians, and the reckless pursuit of mere gold which carried them on, seem to have brought a curse upon them, which prevents them from advancing with the rest of the world: they must yield to another people, who must be tried in their turn.

But the Chaco is not the only point at which colonization must commence. There is the district of Misiones, lying between the Uruguay and the

Paraná, about the point where they most nearly approach each other. This district is now absolutely a desert so far as man is concerned; the rats have not even left their tails. The Brazilians, Paraguayans, and Correntinos have been fighting about it, pretty nearly, I suppose, ever since the Jesuits were expelled; and now, since I have been in these parts, they are going to settle the matter by ceding the territory to Corrientes. Every one says it is a beautiful country,—the choice of it by the Jesuits would be sufficient ground for believing so. This district must be colonized, and the present Governor is very desirous that it should be. See what a position it is, nor forget the Socialist *prestige* which the Jesuits have given it,—the Paraná always navigable, the Uruguay nearly always, and easily made so no doubt. Then again in Brazil, in the beautiful province of Rio Grande, colonization by Germans has already been commenced: its climate and richness point it out as a necessary position, and, to tell the truth, the pseudo-imperial Government of Brazil would be a much pleasanter atmosphere for a weak infant colony than any of the pseudo-republics of the rivers.

I am thinking of a small speculation for the Association fund. I mean to bring home a collection of all the portable productions of Paraguay that I can carry\*; and fancy having a small exhibition at a penny

\* Part of this collection was eventually disposed of to the Museum of Ornamental Art, Marlborough House.—ED.

and a shilling a head, for the benefit of the Associations !

I have been quite unable to write for Mrs. H——, for want of time. I have too much to learn now, to have any time for imparting instruction to others ; and as I have a more or less limited time for taking *in*, I had better make the most of it, and give out at my leisure by-and-by. Meantime I have kept a diary, in the form of letters to my family, which I have sent home. Unfortunately one of the most interesting of them has been lost ; and unless I can pass into a state of trance, to recover my memory of things therein contained, I shall have nothing left but general impressions.

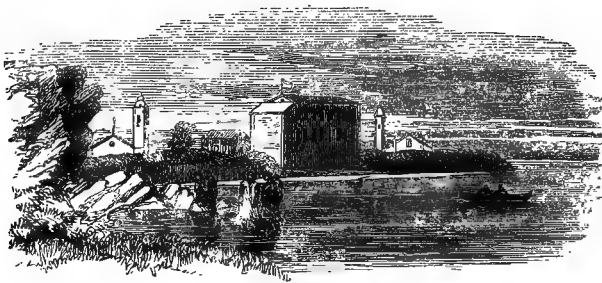
Tell F—— that, having a beard of six months' growth untouched, I much sympathize with his affection for his excrescence. If he had (as did the English in Entre Rios, when Urquiza ordered them to cut off their beards, some years ago) snubbed a tyrant and asked for his passport, I should have applauded the continuity of his hairiness. Curiously enough, shaving is here universal, and whiskers, like our English ones, are the most general.

The scenery I saw at Rio was of course far grander than that of Pernambuco. There I saw lots of the bamboos about which you enthusiaze ; they form, in clump, certainly as graceful a form as anything in nature. *The* bamboo of commerce does not grow wild in any part of Brazil that I have seen, but is

planted frequently near houses. In the forests are any amount of allied species ; and the tree-ferns, and the infinite other ferns in the mountains about Rio—THAT is exquisite beauty. How I wish I could carry out my design of a picture gallery for the million of actual portraits from the life of the tropical plant-life ! But God has taken me away from that for the present.

Do not suppose I had any opinion about slavery which requires altering. I knew what was the cause (physical) of the Negroes' erectness, and had mentioned it in one of my letters ; but I am certain that no human being, unless he be conscious of some kind of dignity, can habitually hold up his head, nor even keep it up for long together, by muscular effort. I suspect the Negroes know that they are the finest race in Brazil ; at Bahia they undoubtedly are. The Brazilians are certainly kind to their slaves in general : I only once saw a fellow thrashing a black man—self-love prevented me from knocking him off the pier into the water—at Rio. Slave importation is nearly stopped in Brazil now. There is here a condition of slavery allowed, which I cannot get informed about ; some slaves are kept as such while children, but become free at eighteen ; others are permanently slaves. A fine Negro, one of a very few I have seen here, presented me a paper the other day, saying that he was for sale, for about £14 ! I am almost sorry I did not buy him off, as I shall want a servant soon.

You see I have not told you much about Paraguay, for the simple reason that I do not know much about it yet. The striking feature in the physiognomy of the country (after Brazil and the down-river towns) is the great cleanliness of the people and their houses and streets.



THE CABILDO, ASSUMPTION.

## CHAPTER XII.

## ASSUMPTION.

TEMPERATURE.—THE SIESTA.—INTRODUCTION TO AND INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT. — PASSPORTS. — FRUIT. — WASPS.—THE GUARANI LANGUAGE.—A FUNERAL SERVICE.—SMOKING.—MOUNTAINS.—FALLS OF THE PARANA.—INDIAN CORN.—MANDIOCA.—A SWEDISH NATURALIST.—SALT-MAKING.—THE CHACO.—THE PAYAGUAS.—MARKET-PLACE.—ARRIVAL OF SIR C. HOTHAM.—TAME BIRDS. — SALUTATIONS. — INTRODUCTION TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.—SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.—CHRISTMAS DAY.—FETE OF THE MANGER.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—THE GUARANI LANGUAGE.—A GRAND BALL.—A CURIOUS REFUSAL.—FUTURE PLANS.—SUDDEN DETERMINATION TO START FOR ENGLAND.—FAREWELL TO THE PRESIDENT.—PASSAGE TAKEN.

December 2.

I WONDER how you would all like the temperature here; I find it very pleasant: I am never too hot or too cold anywhere out-of-doors, when able to move about, but I find it rather warm in the house. The

thermometer on the table now (half-past three P.M., sun shining) is  $82^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit; it varies during the day between  $80^{\circ}$  and  $90^{\circ}$ .\* At night I usually sleep in a hammock under the verandah in the court, with only a sheet on me. Most of the people here sleep in the middle of the day, dining at twelve, and taking a siesta afterwards for an hour or two; I do not find any necessity for sleeping, unless I have been parti-

\* "Temperature, Assumption, November 26 to December 10, 1852; in-doors, in the shade, when not otherwise marked:—

Nov. 26. 8 A.M. $82^{\circ}$ Fahr.	Dec. 6. 10 A.M. $84^{\circ}$ Fahr.
„ 1½ P.M. 88	(In-doors.)
„ 4 P.M. 90	„ Noon. 87
Nov. 29. 10½ A.M. 80	„ 2 P.M. 89
(After a storm, cloudy, during rain.)	„ 5 P.M. 90
Nov. 30. 8½ A.M. 80	„ 6½ P.M. 90
Dec. 1. 3½ P.M. 84	Dec. 7. Noon. 89
(After storm.)	„ 1½ P.M. 92
Dec. 2. 11 A.M. 84	„ 6 P.M. 91
Dec. 3. 10 A.M. 82	Dec. 8. 7 A.M. 86
„ 3 P.M. 88	„ 8 A.M. 88
( $116^{\circ}$ in sun.)	„ 10½ A.M. 92
Dec. 4. 7 A.M. 82	„ 6½ P.M. 93
(Cloudy day.)	„ 10 P.M. 86
„ 10 A.M. 84	(After storm.)
Dec. 5. 8 A.M. 82	Dec. 9. 8 A.M. 79
„ 3¼ P.M. 88	„ 11 A.M. 77
Dec. 6. 8 A.M. 78	„ 2 P.M. 77
(Rain in night; out-of-doors, cloudy.)	Dec. 10. 6 A.M. 84
	(Out-of-doors.)"— <i>Note-Book.</i>

"From November 26 to December 15 the temperature out-of-doors in the shade, in the morning at seven A.M., is usually about  $78^{\circ}$  Fahr., and about five P.M. about  $90^{\circ}$ ; gradually increasing, except during south wind after storm, when at seven A.M. it is about  $64^{\circ}$ , and at five P.M. about  $80^{\circ}$ ."—*Memorandum.*

cularly hard-worked or without sleep before, nor do my English friends. I am in the most perfect health, and have never had an hour's illness or uneasiness, barring sea-sickness, since I left England.

I am much obliged to Lady F. Hotham for her letter of introduction to Sir C. Hotham; a good word from him to the President will be very useful to me here. By my singular good fortune in meeting with Admiral Grenfell at Rio de Janeiro, and falling in with G——, who stands high in the books of the President, I had secured for myself a more favourable reception with that queer old gentleman than has ever been accorded to any traveller. My friend M. Cerruti, the Sardinian Chargé d'Affaires, also is coming up here in Sir C. Hotham's steamer, having gone as far as Corrientes in the 'Manuelita,' which has just arrived; he has diplomatic business here; and with his good words, and best of all, Sir C. Hotham's, I hope to be in clover; but already I have got more than I ever expected.

I went to the President the day before yesterday, and presented the letter which Señor Derqui,\* the Argentine Envoy, gave me. He asked me what I wanted; so I told him that I wished to see the country, and without further ado he told me I might go wherever I liked; that nothing was necessary but that I should come to him before I started, and he would give me a passport that would carry me everywhere. There was only one condition which he made, and that was


\* By mistake called "Durque," pp. 284 and following.



that I should lodge with him, for the national archives, a report of anything I might observe worthy of note. By this stipulation he has given me an opening, which I mean to avail myself of, for telling him what I think of the state of the country, and how its resources may be developed ; so you see I have already nearly got all I want in prospect from him. Sir C. Hotham may clench the nail for me, by telling him he has not misplaced his confidence. That I am in high luck you may imagine from this, that not only no foreigners, but not even the natives, may leave the capital without asking permission. I believe the former may go out for a ride, provided they come back before night, but they dare not go to such a distance that they must sleep out, without a passport, which is equally necessary for the natives if they want to go to any other place. I believe that lately permission has been granted to the natives of such foreign states as have acknowledged the independence of the " Republica del Paraguay " to go to certain places on taking a passport ; but ordinarily a special application to the President himself must be made for every trip, and leave is often refused. Shortly before I arrived in Paraguay an Englishman, who had been living at Pilar, wrote to the President for leave to come by land to the capital ; after waiting eight days, the necessary time for the delivery and return of the despatch, he received a refusal ; he had to start in a canoe, and he only arrived this morning.

I have Prince Adalbert's Travels, and was much amused by the simplicity of his account of his doings at Rio de Janeiro: he exclaims with joy at his feat of shooting an anú, a bird something like an English blackbird, fully as common, going in flocks, and much easier to hit; I have not yet read his account of the Amazon voyage. Here we have no fruit at present but oranges, and plenty of big insipid *sandías*, or water-melons; the former are very plentiful, and far better than those of Corrientes. Bananas\* grow here pretty commonly, and are, I am told, good; *guayabas* grow abundantly; I passed through a wood full of the tree growing wild, the other day; they are now in flower, which is white, and very pretty, not unlike that of the orange, but not so sweet, having only a faint, agreeable odour.†

\* Otherwise called Pacóvas, Pacová (Gu.), or Plantanos.

† The following scattered notes as to other fruits and plants of Paraguay are here collected from Mr. Mansfield's Note-books and Memoranda: — "*Chirimoya* (Sp.), *Araticú* (Gu.), a small yellow fruit, which I met with in the garden of the T——s at Assumption. *Papamando*, a glutinous fruit. *Aguaigh* makes an excellent preserve; the fruit said to be acrid when raw, and requiring to be boiled. *Pines* were beautifully ripe about January 20, selling twenty for one real. *Grapes* were first ripe about January 6. *Mani* (Sp.), *Mandubí* (Gu.), a small plant with four leaves, thus , planted in the fields; it yields a bunch of root-nuts underground, from which oil and a coarse *dulce* is made; the oil by a hand-press: the oil is colourless and delicious, devoid of taste, and better than olive-oil (Campo Grande, January 17, 1853). *Beans*, many varieties; coral-red, with black spots at end; dull morone-red; large and white, like flattened pigeons' eggs, one inch by two-thirds and one-third; in pod nearly a foot long by an inch and a half broad and half an inch thick;

We have here 'Illustrated London News' in profusion up to August, and one country newspaper of September, so my notions of English general news are very limited. I should be thankful for a few late numbers of the 'Spectator' or 'Illustrated News' sometimes.

I saw nearly a dozen hornets' nests under the verandah in front of the house where I was staying, at Riachuelo, near Corrientes; they were however no bigger than the little wasps'-nest under the glass at Weybridge, being tenanted by only four or five insects; I was stung by one such the other day on the neck, but it did not hurt me for more than a few minutes. I am not troubled much with fleas here; I see a good many, but they do not bite much, and are very easily killed; they are relaxed by the heat, I suppose. The mosquitos do not annoy me at all; but the last two nights of my journey up were rendered sleepless by the attacks of these creatures; they stung through one's clothes without the least hesitation. I saw a jolly little humming-bird's nest a few days ago, on a vine-twigg under the verandah of a house I went to visit at; the little thing was sitting on two

ten to fifteen in a pod. *Palm*, which produces nuts that yield oil, not much made, called *Coco* by the Spanish, *Bocadyáacá* in Guaraní; the tree very plentiful. *Caraguatá*, the scarlet-headed wild pineapple, grows everywhere; yarn, twine, and ropes are made of it (doubtless the same plant as the *Cravata* of Brazil, from which fibre is made). *Diamella*, a flower peculiar to Paraguay, like a small white double camellia, with a rich, feeble odour." And see Appendix D., as to "Paraguayan Woods."

little white eggs. C—— H—— would certainly have thought the bird was a little insect.\* I met with Melville's 'Whale' at Pernambuco, and came to the conclusion, from what I read in it, that no doubt there is such a fish as a thrasher, but that what we saw at St. Vincent was only the tail of an old sperm-whale. I found out some time ago\* that I was wrong about the creepers in the forest; and if one of my former letters ever reaches you, you will see that I had found out since what the true explanation of the affair is. Unfortunately in Brazil there is no such thing as an insulated forest-tree except palms, and the *charred stems* of timber-trees; so the behaviour of the *vis-gueiro* under such circumstances cannot be witnessed.

The state of society here is very curious: the people are very good-natured, but extremely poor, and utterly uneducated: the only amusement they have is visiting, and this goes on all day, from eight A.M. to ten P.M., except during siesta-time, twelve to three P.M. I generally make several visits in the day: a short time ago I made three morning calls to the same family in one morning, dropping in with one or other of my friends, and it was all right. Of course I want to talk as much as I can, for the sake of learning the

\* This observation seems to have been made at Campo Grande, November 28. The following notes occur in connection with it:—"Uraca (*Acáé*, Guaraní), black-headed jay; lays cream-coloured eggs, mottled with a spot of light grey-brown at the thick end: three found in cup-nest of sticks, root-lined."—*Note-Book*.

\* See pp. 37, 103.

language (Spanish), but I find my deafness a great drawback ; I cannot make out any words in conversation, unless I have first learned them from book. I am learning the Guaraní tongue too ; it is a very queer gibberish, but not devoid of elegance ; it is full of vowels ; but the chief difficulty is, that the consonants are so indistinctly pronounced that it is difficult to represent them phonetically. I wish I knew Mr. Ellis's mode of representing outlandish sounds, that I might use the same notation. I mean to make a dictionary of it, if I can accomplish it ; one is in existence, made by the Jesuits, but it is very scarce ; I only heard of one copy at Corrientes and one here. I would give anything for J——'s quick ear and nice discrimination of vocalities. The Guaraní word for water is the shibboleth of the language ; they say no foreigners can pronounce it ; it is more like the vowel part of the Gaelic word for a calf, quickly pronounced, than any other sound. The more respectable people here, the dozen families corresponding to the upper ten thousand in New York, have a sort of used-up look, which is not inviting. Among the numerous Paraguay *ladies* I have seen only one is good-looking, and many of them have the goître ; but she is very handsome. Among those of the lower classes very many are pretty, and the peasant men are decidedly a noble race. The curious thing is, the number of fair English and Scotch-looking faces that one sees, with fair, and even red hair ; you see none among the Spanish-speaking natives

of the countries lower down the river. Every Paraguayan, male and female, speaks Guaraní, and most of the lower classes nothing else; but Spanish is the official tongue, and the "gentry" affect to despise the Guaraní.

December 3.

Last night I went to see the Brazilian Minister and his wife, who came up in the steamer the other day; it was most refreshing; they are *very nice* people. Both speak English nearly as well as I can, and I think Madame does quite; she is a Porteña (Buenos Ayrean) by birth, her husband of course Brazilian; she would pass for an agreeable, nice-looking person in London, and is quite young: their tea-table, in thorough English family style, was very jolly; it almost induced me to take a cup of strong green tea, for she had forgotten to bring any black, and could not get any here. I considered it a prophetic indication to hear a Frenchman who was present and this pair conversing perfectly in English, without any Englishman joining in the talk. So it will be everywhere in due time!

I went this morning to a funeral-service in the Cathedral, on occasion of the burial of a lady who died last night. I was much astonished by the performance of a mulatto-man, who formed part of or rather the entire choral force of the church, and who chanted, or rather drawled through his nose, with great gusto,

the whole service in Latin. All this coming out of the mouth of a man with no shoes or stockings, or other dress but a shirt and drawers, with a piece of green baize for a poncho on his shoulder, was striking, as also was the solemnity with which he spat from time to time on the pavement. I never saw such a scoundrelly-looking set of fellows as the corps of priests who officiated. As soon as the service was over in the church the coffin was carried outside the door, under the verandah, to await the hearse, which was to carry it to the Recoleta (the cemetery, with a very neat church attached to it, about three miles from the town). The chief mourner prepared for the procession by sticking a cigar in his mouth. Everybody here, except the *young* ladies of the upper dozen, and even they when alone, smoke vigorously at all hours and places: the tobacco is said, by those who can judge, to be excellent, scarcely if at all inferior to that of Havannah.

In the steamer there came up here a party of mountebank-tumblers, to exhibit: this is the first spectacle that the inhabitants of Paraguay have ever seen, and, poor people! they were much amused. The men got leave to put up a marquee and exhibit, on condition of giving three gratis performances; I went to see it just after sunset. With the thermometer at least 85° outside, the stew within was something awful; there were full one thousand five hundred persons (all the female part of the spectators dressed in white), in the tent, which covered a kind of circus, in which

these fellows exhibited their miserable antics : a far superior performance in the way of agility and strength may be seen half-a-dozen times a day in the streets of London ; and this was all, except that the performance wound up with a caricature representation of a man being shaved. I never saw anything so terribly absurd ; it was quite humiliating and painful to think of any fellow-creatures being amused by such rubbish ; yet such was the first theatrical display in Paraguay, and such, next day, some ladies told me they thought “ muy lindo,” *i. e.* very pretty !

I think it very likely I shall stay a year. There are many interesting specialities to be seen, besides the general interest of everything in the country : there are the *yerbales*, or woods where the Paraguay tea grows ; the timber forests of the north ; the Indian villages, which were formerly the Jesuit reductions ; and last, not least, the Cataract of the Paraná, in the latitude of Concepcion, said by Azara to be nearly as large as the Falls of Niagara.\* No one living in civilized or half ditto parts has ever seen it. I heard of one old man who had been there, but on seeking him out I found that he had only heard it at a distance of eight leagues. I hope to see these before I turn homewards. It is pretty certain that some representative or other of our nation must be left or sent here ; I think it desirable for the general interests of humanity that it should be me ; so, if her Majesty is

\* See Appendix E., “ The Cataract of the Paraná.”



wise, she will appoint me for a time; but perhaps it is some other business I have to do.

The nicest possible dish may be made in England with Indian corn, even though it will not ripen; they call it *chocolo* here: it consists of the young ear of the corn when just turned yellow and still soft, simply boiled or roasted; it would pay well to plant it for this, and to feed the horses on the green stalk.\* I picked up one day on the road a head of maize in a particular stage of its growth, in which it was one of the most delicious things I ever tasted; the grain was exactly like the richest possible fresh milk; I have never seen another in the same stage. They do not eat so much of *mandioca farinha* here as in Brazil, but the root of the non-poisonous species, boiled, is the staple vegetable, and I believe the chief article of diet of the poor.† Meat is not so frightfully cheap as lower down the river, but the people are fully as carnivorous, notwithstanding the rich vegetality of the soil.‡ Most of my acquaintances are very much astonished at my abominating flesh; a lady asked one of my English friends yesterday what religion I could be of. Nobody supposes the English to be Christians, though they are great favourites here.

\* A dish is also made of the ripe maize with wood-ash ley, called *masamora* (*cagweudeugh*, Gu.).

† *Almidon*, or starch, is also made of it by means of mills.

‡ “The hides, value two dollars each, are exported, and are worth more at Buenos Ayres than the Buenos Ayres hides, being preferred for the American market as being lighter; they are exported only sun-dried, never salted.”—*Memorandum*.

The thermometer stands at  $116^{\circ}$  in the sun, being  $88^{\circ}$  in-doors (two P.M., December 3) : it is very agreeable, even in-doors, while I have nothing on but a shirt and a pair of Gaucho calzoncillos ; out-of-doors one puts on more clothes, but I never feel the heat disagreeably when walking or riding.

An hotel was opened here for the first time a fortnight before I arrived. There is a Swedish naturalist here, who has been in Paraguay four or five years ; he has been collecting specimens of the birds, insects, and plants of this country for his Government, and now they cannot get him away. They sent for him last year, and a ship of war was waiting for him some months at Buenos Ayres, but he would not go. He is a man of great talent, and speaks, it is said, all the languages of Europe,—he certainly talks English very well : he is very shy and retiring, but I hope to get round him somehow. He showed me infinite lots of insects the other day ; he has sent homewards already one collection, but the Swedish war-ship conveying it was lost at sea ; he is now packing up a second lot. He is said to know more of the country than any person living.

December 23.

I am still here at the capital, which I have not left at all, having been here for a month ; I have lived a very monotonous life, without any incidents to make it worth while to keep a journal, so I have very little

to communicate. I have been principally occupied in trying to learn Spanish and in reading in-doors ; for the weather has been so hot, that although I could have roamed about with great pleasure if I had had a companion, I have not felt inclined to do much in the way of exploration alone. My acquaintance with the country is confined to what I have seen in occasional morning and evening rides about the environs for a few miles. The country round the town is the very



CHACRA, NEAR ASSUMPTION.

perfection of quiet rural beauty ; I think the scenery is the most charming I ever saw ; it has the beauty of some of the prettiest parts of England, enhanced by the richness of the verdure of the palm-trees with which the whole country is studded. There is nothing of the grand about either the surface scenery or the

vegetation; the trees are all small, but the foliage exuberant, with dark greens prevailing. The greatest part of the country here seems to have been covered with wood, a good deal of which still remains; but now its general aspect is one of tolerably industrious cultivation. The cultivated land is all divided into fenced fields, or *capoeiras* as they call them (a *capoeiron* is a large field), wherein grow maize, mandioca, and sugar-cane;\* and the cottages dotted about in every direction complete the pleasantness of the aspect of nature. There are roads in every direction, not kept in first-rate condition, but still decently good,—far better than any I have seen since I left Rio; those that are most used are very sandy, of which substance the soil mostly consists; but the cross-roads, which are not so much worked, are beautiful grass lanes, or rather lawns; for they are often of considerable width, and for the most part perfectly straight. In some places the country presents the appearance of a splendid park, studded with rich coppices, and dotted with palms, which seem to have been left when the forests were cleared, for they are of the same size as most of those growing in the woods.

About six miles from the town, down the river and on its shore, is a curious isolated conical hill,

\* Some cotton seems also to be grown. “Two thousand arrobas of cotton were exported from Assumption by the ‘Manuelita’ steamer; it was found to lose seventy-five per cent. in cleaning from seeds, the residue being valued at sixteen-pence per pound.”—*Memorandum*.

about three or four hundred feet high, covered with wood; it is called Lambarré: at the foot of it is a miserable village, the inhabitants of which live by making salt from the mud of the river-bed. The same branch of industry is carried on on some banks of low land in the river, just above the town. I suppose the salt comes up from below; for when the river is low it leaves exposed in certain spots the salt mud, or sand; the inhabitants collect this and put it on cloth filters, where it is washed with water, and the brine trickling through is evaporated in pots over the fire: the river of course is perfectly fresh. The *capilla*, or parish church, is a pretty little building, as all small white-washed buildings surrounded with verdure always are, with a wooden scaffold-tower standing near it, and the bells under the roof at the top.

Nothing can be prettier than the ride from this place to the town, with the occasional glimpses of the splendid river between the near woods and the Chaco,—the magnificent park kept here for the amusement of the Guaycurús. My favourite view is from a little upper room at the top of this house, which is nearly as high as any point in the town, and commands a view over all the better part of it, with the river in front, and right over the Chaco to the distant horizon. There is an indescribable wonder and awe to me about this Chaco, which nobody seems to appreciate: there it lies, apparently a most rich alternation of woods and possible pastures,—now probably rank

long grass, full of tigers,—looking exactly like a finely cultivated country, with large tracts of waving corn and wood, yet without the faintest sign of anything living. I often scan it with my telescope, in hopes of seeing a *capincho* or an Indian; but never anything animal but a carrion hawk appears, to indicate that there are any eyes to look among the trees there and behold the mysteries. Nobody ever goes there, except some of the Payaguás, who are on speaking terms with the savages that sometimes appear on horseback and armed with lances on the other side, as I am told; but I have never seen them.

The Payaguás are very queer creatures: they are tame Indians,\* the descendants of the people whose name the Spaniards corrupted into ‘Paraguay,’ and gave to this river and land; so far tame, at least, that they will live near the white men, without mixing with them, imitating them, or cutting their throats. I believe their fathers made in ancient days an alliance with the Spaniards, after having been thrashed by them; and that in consideration thereof they have been allowed to drag on their miserable life unmolested, on the soil taken from them by the white men. They have a village (consisting of about twelve huts) on a low bit of waste land, close to the river-brink just above the town, and another just at the port; I believe they have other villages in other places. They

\* Desperate pirates at one time. See Appendix F., “The Payaguás in the last Century.”

are miserable-looking creatures,—a few of them fair-haired; the men look just like women. One or two of them are large and well-built however, but ugly. The men gather their hair up into a small knot on the top of their head, and wear queer bits of cane, size of a cedar-pencil, through the lobes of their ears,



instead of earrings. The women are distinguishable from any of the Paraguay women by their extreme hideousness, and their not wearing any white, which, if they wear anything at all, is sure to be the dress of Paraguayan women. These Indians wear precious little clothing, but what they do is generally of dirty bluish or greyish woollen or cotton cloth, a sort of

pinafore without sleeves, and a kind of sack frock; they wander about the town and pick up a living by selling birds and little things which they make; wherewith they buy in the market such food as they cannot catch for themselves. It is not true that Indians do not laugh, for the Payaguás laugh much.\*

The market here is a very pretty sight,—such a contrast to that of Corrientes! In the first place, there is no market-building, as there is at the latter town, but there is plenty of traffic in it, which there is not there. The country-people who daily come in on foot, on horseback, and in carts, from all the country round, and some from great distances, bring their goods,—spread them on the ground in the open *plaza*, and for any shelter they may want resort to their carts (if they have them), which stand in rows in one part of the square. The wares for sale are maize, mandioca, oranges (now scarce), water-melons, pumpkins, bread, cakes of various kinds (cheap and nasty for the most part, mostly made of coarse sugar); salt; grease, which they colour yellow, like the stuff used for rail-car wheels (butter is not made); combs, very nicely made of horn; and lastly, all sorts of rubbish, necessary or unnecessary, from England, which the poor people buy of the merchants and shopkeepers, and then sell again for a next-to-nothing profit. It is curious to see some of the countrymen of the better

\* See Appendix G., for some further details as to the Payaguás, communicated to the Philological Society by Mr. Mansfield.



sort coming into town on horseback, with no shoes or stockings, the long fringes of their calzoncillos dangling about their bare legs, and their toes stuck in massive silver stirrups; silver also decorating their bridles and headstalls with a considerable weight of metal. But the market itself, as I said, is a very pretty sight, being crowded all the week round, Sundays included, with women in white (as snow) cotton dresses; their petticoats flounced with lace, coarse or fine according to the wearer, about a foot deep, and above the flounce a broad band of embroidery in black wool like that of the chemise, not to speak of the scarlet girdle; with here and there a man, equally in white, but with a scarlet or blue poncho slung over one shoulder.\*

Yesterday a great event happened, viz. the arrival of the first English man-of-war steamer, with his Excellency Sir C. Hotham and a minister from the United States on board, the first live ambassador they have ever had here from a European power, and sent to

\* In connection with Paraguayan costume it may be mentioned that Mr. Mansfield's Memoranda refer to several dyeing materials found in Paraguay:—"Cochineal (*grana*), said to come in April on the cactus outside the Chacra, at Campo Grande: I did not see it. A red dye is made by treating the olive-coloured wood of the Lapacho with a wood-ash ley; the red solution thus produced is turned yellow by acids. A yellow dye is made from the wood of the Tataduwa (*Tatajuva*?). Another yellow dye is made from certain yellow flowers." The following Memorandum may also here be inserted:—"Whetstones, fine and coarse, of excellent quality, are found abo Assumption."

Paraguay as to an independent republic. The steamer 'Locust' left Buenos Ayres on the 25th of last month, in company with the French steamer 'Flambard,' which had on board the French Envoy, M. Saint-Georges: however the French vessel, though a much more swift and powerful one than the little 'Locust,' has been left behind somehow or somewhere, probably owing to their national desire of being first everywhere, and so getting into a mess by being in too great a hurry.

December 24.

Tomorrow is Christmas Day: it will be a strange Christmas Day for me, far away from you all, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade at eight o'clock in the morning. We were going to have endeavoured to make a pudding for the celebration, but no currants were to be had. Sir C. Hotham has taken the best house in the town for six months, so it is to be presumed he is going to remain here for some time, though not of course for that period, but it is said that the proprietor would not let his house for less than that time. The same man has let his country-house to the G——s, so he is making a good thing of the foreigners. I have not seen Sir C. Hotham yet, as he is too busy to be called upon. When the 'Locust' arrived at the Guardia of Tres Bocas, at the mouth of the Paraguay, she was stopped by the little guard-ship there, and detained till a messenger could

be sent up to the capital to ask what was to be done, a matter of four days; of course the President sent down word to let her pass instantly. The people had their guns loaded, and were standing match in hand, ready to fire on the steamer if she attempted to pass, just like a tomtit defending his nest from an eagle, and that eagle a friendly one: at the same time the Commandant begged them not to force their passage, or that his throat would not be worth anything. Of course it is pretended that this was an accident, that instructions had not been sent that the steamer should be allowed to pass; but it was evidently a dodge of the President's, to show his authority.

The woods here are full of parrots: there are seven or eight species quite common, of all sizes, from that of a tomtit to that of a pheasant.\* I have a pair of each of the three smallest kinds, sitting on an Indian

\* "Parrots of Paraguay, from Dr. Eberhardt's collection, beginning with the smallest:—

"*Psittacus passerinus* (Azara, 288): green; blue tail-coverts in male; blue wing-spot five inches long; blue under-wings; short tail.

"*Psittacus virescens* (Azara, 283): green; yellow wing-spot; longish tail.

"*Psittacus mitratus* (Azara, 284): green; orange-red on the top of head and forehead; blue under-wings, and blue tip to tail; shortish tail. The female has not the head red.

"*Psittacus cotoro*, or *tuigh* (Azara, 282): green; dirty grey forehead and breast; bluish wing-quills; long tail, bluish near tip. [Seems the same bird as described *ante*, as *Cowrito*.]

"*Psittacus aureus* (Azara, 280): green; forehead and area of eye orange; brownish-grey breast; brownish under tail; tail long.

"*Psittacus aureus* (Azara, 278): green; dull blue forehead, top

arrow at the table here; they are the prettiest little things alive. In Brazil I scarcely saw any, and nowhere so abundantly as here. The birds are most wonderfully tame, not only in the sense of the wild birds not being shy; but when caught or taken from the nest, and brought for sale to the houses, as they are continually, they are as tame as lap-dogs. For a few shillings one might soon get quite a large menagerie: the people bring in every day some queer bird for sale. One of the Englishmen in this house has a happy family of curassows, owls, macaws, and parrots, which he is sending down to Buenos Ayres, as presents to his friends.\*

of head, and cheeks; reddish-brown under tail; about twelve inches long.

"*Psittacus aureus* (Azara, 279): green; black head; dark black-blue wing-spot and quill ends; tail long, black beneath, bluish above; scarlet thighs, bluish breast.

"*Psittacus menstruus* (Azara, 287): green; head mottled with dark inky-blue; the edges of the feathers so tinted; breast inky-blue; under tail-coverts bright crimson.

"*Psittacus militaris* (Azara, 274): green; forehead with orange-red spots; head inky bluish-green, shading off to green; dull red patch on belly; wing-quills and upper end of tail blue; lower mandible very deep.

"*Psittacus Amazonicus* (Azara, 285): green; the feathers with black end fringes, mottling; forehead pale blue; top of head and cheeks yellow; scarlet wing-spot; wing-quills blackish-blue; shoulders yellow, orange-spotted. The female has less yellow on the head."

—*Note-Book.*

\* "Nest of blackbird (Gwèr-a-u), under banana-leaf, with one white egg, purple-spotted. Found at Campo Grande, 17th January, 1853. *Saigria*, a bird with a crest falling forwardish, of long thin feathers just over base of bill; long feathers on neck; very long red

The 'Locust' has brought us down the news of the Duke's death; I can well imagine what a sensation this must have caused in England. I am still living with Mr. Thompson, and am likely to continue to do so; my only fear is, that I shall have to quarrel with him because he will not let me pay fairly for what I consume. The living habits of the people here are very absurd; they get up at sunrise, which is very wise, take a cup of coffee or *maté* then, and breakfast at noon; then go to sleep for an hour or two, and eat no more till ten o'clock at night. I cannot stand this; so, after suffering discomfort for a month, I have taken to dining by myself in the afternoon, by way of dividing the day a little more reasonably.

About eight miles from the town, on the border of an open plain of pasture, about three miles across and six or seven miles long, called Campo Grande, is the *chacra* or *quinta* (country-house) of Mr. Thompson's landlord, named Aramburú, a very pretty place; we

legs; the hind toe an inch above the others; powerful red bill, like a cock; plumage grey; about eighteen inches long. Sits with the carpus along the ground, and heel touching the ground. A wading type of the *Gallinacea*.—Caterpillar of Sphinx, feeding on tomato-leaves, three inches long; pea-green, on seven last segments a sloping line downwards and forwards of white (with a small eye behind near lower end); bordered above with a purplish-black streak, and a shade of grass-green; tail-segment like a hippopotamus' head, with a mouth-like line of yellow, and yellow lower edge to hinder foot; turns purplish and dull on January 14th, 1853, and on 15th seems to be looking about for something, so give it some soft moist sand. It buries itself very soon—in a few minutes."—*Note-Book*.

sometimes ride out there to spend the day. The house, like all the others here, except a very few in the town, consists only of a ground-floor, and on each side of it are large shady stages, covered with vines bearing a profusion of grapes, which will soon be ripe. About ten days ago Thompson and I walked out there, to the great astonishment not only of the good people there, but of everybody in the town who wears shoes, for the upper class have no notion of walking; however we both got our feet hurt by our shoes, which were new and did not fit, and Thompson is still laid up with the effects of a blister on his heel; mine has quite recovered.\*

I have only seen the President once since I was introduced to him. I then met him on the road as I was out riding; he was coming into town from his country-house in a queer old coach,—the only one in the place,—with as great an escort of soldiers and officers as the Queen would have. Everybody is obliged to stop and take off their hats when he passes; so of course I did so, and received a most gracious bow in return. In Francia's time everybody was forced to take off their hats to every soldier, and the country-boys, who wear no clothes at all, were obliged to wear hats for the purpose of saluting them. I was saluted

\* "At the Campo Grande, in the capoeira, I found a sensitive-plant with entire leaves, six together, in two sets of three, not feathery, like the mimosa; it grows like clover or lucern, has a catkin flower, of pink colour, and has small thorns on the stem."—

*Note-Book.*

the other day by a boy who had no clothes whatever but a hat, which he doffed as I passed.

I went two or three days ago to be introduced to the President's wife and daughters; she was a stout old lady, and her daughters *very ditto* young ones: they live sometimes in the town, sometimes at their *quinta*, about six miles out: at this latter place I went to see them. She at first received us very stiffly and formally, but by degrees relaxed, first moving the chairs out under the corridor, then trotting us out into the garden and showing us her curiosities, viz. two fine coffee-trees, the only ones as yet in the country, and then leaving us to chat with the two princesses, which I did not do, as I did not care about plunging into my bad Spanish, but my friend did, with the characteristic familiarity of the country. The ladies of the Royal family (as they ought to be called, for no king is more absolute than the old gentleman) do not seclude themselves from the society of other people, but mix with their fellow-creatures like ordinary mortals, keeping a little more state, in tune with their greater wealth; for almost every other family in the country except their own has been impoverished by exactions.

The President himself rarely sees or receives any society: he is, I suppose, more utterly alone than any man in the world, for, unlike other kings, he has neither ministers nor advisers of any kind; everything is arranged by his own head, every officer of the execu-

tive appointed by him. The Bishop is his brother too, and the General of the army his son. The President is immensely fat : as he sat to receive me with his hat on, cocked a little on one side, he looked like George the Fourth. Strange as the system of government



PORTRAIT OF LOPEZ.

is, it cannot be denied that while nearly all their neighbours have been cutting each other's throats for the last quarter of a century, Paraguay has been in a state of peace with the world without, if non-intercourse can be called peace ; and internally they have been, to the best of their abilities, industrious. An Englishman, accustomed to freedom, is scarcely able to pass a fair judgment on the state of things here ; the people ought not to be measured by the same rules as ourselves, for their antecedents and circumstances



have been utterly different.\* I suppose the system is, like the nature of human beings in general, a mixture of the hateful and the admirable.†

\* "A man who applied for a passport having been reported to the President for tearing up a piece of stamped paper which was returned to him, as not being of high enough price, was shot."—*Memorandum*.

† "This is the most curious association of those curious animals called men that you can conceive,—a sort of forecast shadow of the present French republic in the dim distance of half-peopled America. It calls itself a Republic, but is a society governed by the despotic will of one very fat old man. This is rather an interesting moment here: our Envoy has just arrived, and is to acknowledge the independence of the Republic (?), and to make a treaty with the Government. It is not unlikely that this may cause a change in the internal system of the state, tending to develop the resources of the country, which are very great. The people have in them the elements of life, which is more than any others of these south-eastern Spanish states have. But I do not think even the Paraguayans will do the kind of work we want done on the world's surface without the help of Englishmen. . . . Here are we, in a town of some 20,000 souls, and on the other side is the Chaco, wherein of these 20,000 not one dares set his foot. Can you conceive the looking from your window over a luxuriant desert, where not even a landlord or a gamekeeper ever treads,—where perhaps once a year a party of Indians may be seen on horseback for a day or two, and then vanish? I can stand for hours and gaze from the hills here over that Chaco. There is about it an infinite mystery, which nothing that I have seen elsewhere approaches, except the sight of the starry heavens. To see this alone is to me worth having come all the way from England. But you cannot see it without coming here; for till you reach Assumption, or very little below it, there are no elevations of the land worthy of the name of hills, even on the occupied side, from which you can get a view; and if there were, till you get to Paraguay the river is too wide for you to see the scenery,—at least you would have no foreground to lead your eye into the distance, with a suggestion of what it is like."—*Extract from Letter to a Friend*.

P.S. *Christmas Day*.—We had a storm last night, which soon sent the thermometer down twenty degrees.

P.S. *December 26th*.—Yesterday we ate plum-pudding on board the 'Locust' with the officers; in the evening there was a grand ball, very well got up and conducted, and kept up till an early hour this morning; you will be surprised to hear that I remained there till the end, though I did not dance. The accessories of the ball were most curious, the ante-rooms being so crowded with the poor people, some in their best clothes, others in none at all, that one could only move with difficulty; the heat was awful, for the wind after the storm turned back, north, again.

January 2, 1853.

A happy new year to you all! If you are only half as happy as I am hot, you will rejoice greatly. There is one very curious way of celebrating Christmas Day here, which I should not think was to be seen anywhere else: in several of the houses of the better class of the poorer sort they rig up what they call a *pesebre*, which is, being interpreted, "a manger." No doubt it was originally a representation of the birth of our Lord; but it would seem that this meaning of it is quite lost, and nothing remains but the most painfully silly exhibition you can conceive. The room, which may perhaps be twelve feet square, is half filled by a sort of bower made of calico and

lace; under the canopy of this, on a stage raised about four feet from the ground, are scattered (you can neither say arranged nor grouped) every kind of little figure that can be collected; the centre of the background is occupied by a doll which represents the Virgin, and all around are the stupid little figures, which look as if they were gleaned from the toy-shop of some remote country village in England, if there be such a thing. There were grotesque little images of Oliver Cromwell and Robin Hood, with an apostle or two, and little dogs mounted on squeaking bellows, with little patches of live grass dotted about among them, and candles to illuminate. The visitors' room is crowded in the evening with spectators, many of them on seats placed for their accommodation; and these poor people sit and gaze in admiration on the motionless spectacle, and every now and then break out in a melancholy chant or song, which I suppose is meant for some act of reverence. If this was seen in a newly discovered country, there can be no doubt it would be set down as the worshiping of their idols. The spectators consist chiefly of the *Chinás*, or women of the lower orders; but the ladies of the higher families go about to see them as an amusement, and not, I fancy, without much gratification.

The more I see of these simple people, the more I like them: there are three or four families whom, though I have only known them a month, I should

be sorry to see for the last time, if I were going away tomorrow. The artlessness of the young ladies is particularly pleasing; of course they are utterly devoid of education, beyond reading and writing. An elderly lady of one of the best families asked me confidentially the other day whether people went by land or by sea from Buenos Ayres to the United States, displaying an amount of ignorance of the state of the country in their own vicinity which perhaps you will not at once appreciate. The ladies are always visible from eight A.M. to ten P.M., except between twelve and three; in the morning one commonly has to wait a little while till they are dressed; in the evening they generally sit in state to receive visitors in the *patios* of their houses, or on the causeway in the street, under the corridor: their morning dress is about of the style of an English housemaid on a work-day, and that for the evening like ditto on Sunday; their ball and holiday costumes about the same as that of an English lady of the sensible sort. One or two families, who are a little ahead of their neighbours in following the *estilo de abajo* (the "style of below"—down the river, which includes Buenos Ayres and all the rest of the world), I suspect have even introduced stays.\*

A great deal of my time is consumed in visiting. The oftener you come to see any family, the better

\* "A few short jackets and waistcoats are still worn [by gentlemen], but are almost superseded by the *estilo de abajo*."—*Memo-randum*.

they are pleased, and no length of time is too long for one to stay. I dare say you will wonder how I manage to find conversation for more than a minute with them ; however this is very simple, for I am not able to understand much of what they say, and so they have to repeat over and over again till I catch the sense. It is very difficult to hear anything *indoors*, for there is such an echo from the absolutely bare, whitewashed walls, that no sound is distinguishable to my ears. There are no pictures ; and the furniture usually consists of a chest of drawers, with sometimes a little looking-glass on the top, a small table, and any number of chairs that can be crammed round the walls of the room. Then Guaraní forms a never-failing source of talk and fun ; for I make them tell me words, and when they have repeated them a sufficient number of times for me to be satisfied of the phonetics, I write them down : then of course I say, by way of thanks, “ *He oro haipú ndébe,*” which means, ‘ I love you very much ;’ or, “ *Che oroipotáité cheribéricora,*” ‘ I should like you very much for my wife.’ Take for another specimen of a Guaraní compliment, “ *Nde pügweüghpe capiúpécha, ndepópe rosa potricha,*” ‘ I am under your feet like the grass, and in your hand like a rose.’ In this way I manage to pick up Spanish and Guaraní together. I am so plucky in Spanish that I took some of the officers of the ‘ Locust’ the other day to introduce them to some families, and acted as interpreter, which is something great,

considering I had never spoken half-a-dozen words in Spanish when I came here.

The Guaraní is a queer and difficult language; I do not expect to be able to learn much, but I am trying to make a glossary of it,—no easy task, for very few people I ask can tell me the Guaraní equivalent of any Spanish word; even the substantives are difficult to get at. For instance, I asked one person the word for the head (*la cabeza*, in Spanish); he told me “*nyanaäca* ;” another told me “*chaäca*.” I afterwards found out that the real word for head is *acá*, the first of the other words meaning *our heads*, the second meaning *my head*. They speak in phrases, not in words, and most of them are quite unable to analyze the sentences; but the queer compound words seem all to be formed according to some rules, which I hope to make out by the help of the Swede, who is an extremely nice fellow and of the most singular modesty, and an intelligent Paraguayan, who has sent me an imperfect copy (the only one in the country, I believe) of an old Guaraní dictionary, compiled by some of the Jesuits before the expulsion. The Guaraní of the dictionary is however of no use here, the language being very much corrupted: it is said that the Guaraní spoken now in the Indian villages of the Misiones of Paraguay is the same as that of the dictionary; there are no words of pure Guaraní for most of the articles of Spanish introduction; for instance, horse is *cabajú* (*caballo*, Sp.); but for some reason or

other *mbudjyapé* is bread, a substance certainly not known to them.

We English are quite strong here now ; there is Sir C. Hotham, and his brother Captain Hotham, acting, I believe, as his secretary, and two other young men, the Secretary of Legation and an *attaché* ; the latter a son of Sir W. Gore Ouseley, formerly our minister at Monte Video ; and the officers of the steamer. I hope the Paraguayans consider us the first nation on earth : I am inclined to think they do ; at any rate we are very much respected, which is a great thing.

There was another ball last night, given by a native merchant who wishes to make himself conspicuous, and he is going to give another tonight. The day after tomorrow Sir C. Hotham, to recognize publicly the independence of the “republic” on the part of Great Britain,\* is going to give a ball in his house, for which purpose he is flooring part of the courtyard with boards and awning it with sailcloth, to form a supper saloon ; an innovation which will, I hope, be taken as a hint by the Paraguayans, who give their balls in their rooms, not being up to dancing out-of-doors, in a climate where nothing but imitation can

\* The recognition of Paraguayan Independence by Great Britain was published on the 4th January, 1853, in a handbill signed by the President ; and to give some notion of the extent of publicity in Paraguay, it may be mentioned that three hundred copies of the handbill are ordered to be printed, in order that it may speedily reach the knowledge of every one (“Imprímanse trescientos ejemplares, á fin de que brevemente llegue á noticia de todos”).—Ep.

ever have led people to wear clothes, much less to a dance in a house. The thermometer was at 92° in the room last night; what it must have been under the coats of the dancers I cannot say; and the men do dance here with a vengeance, or rather the down-river people, a good number of whom are here, do. The people who were not admitted into the room adopted a novel method of looking on; they thrust their naked legs through the bars of the windows *into* the room, holding on to the upper part with their arms, while their grinning faces shone out above.

I was riding along the street yesterday, near the square in which the Government buildings are, and heard a precious firing of rockets and *viva*-ing. Behold! the people were carrying the *portrait* of the President from the Cabildo to the ball-room; the noise was adulation of the effigy. In the evening he came to the ball; he arrived a few minutes before I did, so I lost the sight of his entry; when I came he was sitting in an armchair at the end of the room in a magnificent uniform, with a huge gold-headed cane in his hand: there he sat for about two hours, the most perfect picture of pompous good humour; on his right sat his wife, like any queen. I did not notice a single Paraguayan except his wife and his son (a young lad of twenty or so, the General of the army) go near him. The Representatives of the foreign Powers that are here went up and saluted him as they came in; he stood up to shake hands with Sir



C. Hotham, an honour which he also accorded to the Brazilian Minister, but to no one else. I went up with two other Englishmen and made obeisance to him, at which he looked highly pleased; I do not think any one else went near. Two gentlemen, Argentines, actually danced a solo before him, intended for and called an English hornpipe. At last, about ten P.M. (the ball was opened at eight, by his son dancing with his daughter) he rose and walked out of the room, amidst the obsequious bows of some and the retreating of others; and as he departed, under shouts of *Viva la Republica del Paraguay! Viva el excelentísimo Señor Presidente!* the stiffness suddenly relaxed, a hum of talk pervaded the room, the good-natured Presidentess burst into a bland smile and swept into the seat just vacated by her husband, and there she sat without moving, except once to go and take refreshments, till the end. I did not stay very long, as not many of my special friends were there, and I had already seen enough of the humours of a Paraguay ball.

There is a person here who wanted to make an expedition with me to Villa Rica.\* I was not very anxious myself to have him as a travelling companion in this country, as I knew him to be a most indiscreet individual. He was talking very big a week or two

\* "The inhabitants of Villa Rica and Carugaty are called Guayrenios, those towns having been peopled from the province of Guayra, of which the inhabitants were withdrawn from their settlements on the Paraná, near the Salto Grande."—*Memorandum*.

ago about his being great friends with the President, who was going to give him the post-horses to travel with, and so on. But the other day he went to ask leave to go to Villa Rica, and was astonished by the President answering him with "You don't go: the police know your irregularities; you will leave the country instantly!" and then turning on his heel and leaving him gaping in the room. However, by means of the young General he managed to get let off the banishment; but *his* trip to Villa Rica of course comes to nothing, and he has found out of a sudden that business requires his presence in Monte Video early in February! His offence was, that at a country-house where he went to stay a few days, he, by request of his host, magnetized one of the ladies, and cured her of a headache, and astonished the people with some antics he played with his patient.

The French steamer is not yet arrived with the Minister, though she has arrived at Corrientes; having been twice aground in the river for many days. I have prepared for my journeying thus far, in hiring a servant, a very honest, willing fellow;\* and my horse turns out a trump, fully justifying my opinion of him, in spite of the counter-opinion of my friends at Corrientes: I shall be quite sorry to leave him when I leave the country. Sir C. Hotham looks very thin;

\* The following Memorandum as to this proceeding occurs in one of Mr. Mansfield's Note-books, and may serve to give an idea of servants' wages in Paraguay:—"1853, January 1, Asuncion, Paraguay. Take as servant Vicente Fruto Alvaré, at four silver dollars a month, and one real a day for food when I do not find him therein."

he says he finds the heat very relaxing. Hitherto I am very well, and like the heat, though I hate my clothes. I am thinking of making a wholesale extract of *yerba maté*, Paraguay tea, for the preparation of *thein* on the large scale. By the way, the people here do not drink much of this infusion; they send it down the river (or rather the President does, who monopolizes the sale of it) to the Argentines and Orientals, who are always drinking it: I like it better than tea.

I dare say you will not be sorry that this letter is not quite so long as my former ones. I hope and trust that the year now commencing, and which will be pretty far advanced before you receive this, will be a happy one for you all; and I fervently hope to be with you again before it is ended. I cannot tell when I shall turn homewards; having come into this unexplored country, I do not like to depart without making some attempt to see something of it, and this cannot be done in a hurry,—first, from the difficulty of getting on in a perfectly strange country; and secondly, on account of the expense. By remaining stationary for some time, I economize my forces so as to enable me to launch out in spurts every now and then.

I have lately learnt from the Brazilian Minister that since I arrived in South America (July last) a steamer has been started by a Brazilian company to run up the Amazon to the frontiers of Peru; I should very much like to make that voyage, but shall probably however be a great deal too home-sick when I

leave this, to think of running across the continent again; I should like best to go hence to Peru by land, and then *down* the Amazon.

I have not made any sketches, always finding that I have too much to do (it takes such a long time for an unskilled artist); but I am every day and hour longing for the power to draw.\*

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*January 12th.*—The French steamer ‘Flam bard’ arrived, having been aground eight days at one place, and four at another, besides several at Corrientes; she brought up the French and Sardinian Ministers.

*January 18th.*—I have spent my time in an almost continual round of visits, except when interrupted by a rick in the back, which I received from a fall out of my hammock on the last day of last year, and a somewhat severe cold, which was accompanied by a swelled face and toothache, during which time I was altogether rather a victim: but I am quite well again now.

*January 19th.*—Three scorpions were found alive under packing-cases in the warehouse.

*January 22nd.*—A man brought me a horse which he offered to sell for ten dollars; I liked his looks so much that I told him to leave it for me to try: after dinner I started (at two P.M.) on the charming little animal, and rode out to Campo Grande, where I spent

\* Owing to the sudden departure of the writer from Assumption, that part of the Diary from which the remainder of this Chapter and the next are extracted was never posted as a letter.

a very pleasant afternoon, and left at eight. During my ride back, I came to the determination not to buy the horse, but to go down the river by the first ship, and return straight home to England.

*January 27th.*—I went down to the Government-house to take leave of the President. After waiting for about one hour and a half, I was ushered in, and talked with him for half an hour, during which conversation he was very civil, and told me that I might come again with perfect freedom. I returned to dinner, and about four p.m. we rode out to the country seat of the Señora Presidenta, and bade farewell to the affable old lady.

*January 30th.*—Having heard that a ship called the ‘San Vicente’ was likely to start soon down the river, I went down to the port to get an interview with the Captain; I found him with his feet in the stocks in the guardhouse, and he then and there agreed to take me to Buenos Ayres for twenty-five dollars, and to sail on Tuesday morning next, certain, if the wind was favourable.\* In the afternoon I started with

\* Memorandum as to Paraguay money :—“The current money is Spanish patacoons, or dollars, no difference being made between the two. There are pieces of four reals, two reals, one real, and half a real; those of the last three values being stamped and cut. The cut money is of all irregular shapes, the real being sometimes difficult to distinguish from the two others. There are also gold ounces, and fractions of ounces; and paper-money of these different values, all circulating at par. Payments may be made either in gold or silver, or partly in specie and partly in paper,—paper-money not being a legal tender for more than one-half the sum paid.”

The success of the Paraguayan paper-money does not seem to be



REPUBLICA DEL PARAGUAY



N. 26323

2 reales.

*En el Tesoro nacional de la República del Paraguay se pagará  
al portador de esta la cantidad de dos reales valor recibida*

*Scrito y firmado Mariano González*

a party consisting of father, mother, three daughters, little boy, and a baby in a servant's arms, to take them over the 'Locust.' On the way I offered my arm to one of the ladies, when she declined, alleging that such a method of joint progression was forbidden in Assumption during the daytime. We passed a very pleasant evening on board the steamer; one of the young ladies ventured down into the engine-room, and was the first Paraguayan who has performed that act. She was followed by two others; a fourth *could* not venture.

*January 31st.*—Sir C. Hotham recommended me to take a passport, so I went to the Stamp-office to get a stamp, and then to a lawyer to get the petition written,

owing to any very refined calculations as to currency. The following sample of a Paraguayan currency law (March, 1847) might make a Birmingham financier's mouth water:—

"The President of the Republic, wishing to give greater freedom to the circulating medium, as befits the workings of the national industry and trade, and to try a suitably calculated issue of paper-money, either towards forming a bank, or for paper of credit (*O sea para la fundacion de un banco, ó sea para efectos de crédito*), subject to the necessary precautions against the withdrawal of the metallic currency, or the depreciation of notes, decrees as follows:—

"*Article 1.* The National Treasury shall issue notes up to the total value of 200,000 dollars.

"*Article 2.* Such notes shall be divided into five classes with separate numbers; those of the first class being for one dollar; those of the second for three; those of the third for five; those of the fourth for nine; and those of the fifth for twenty, conformably to the accompanying pattern.

"*Article 3.* At the Public Treasury and the other public offices such notes shall be received as current coin in payment of duties, or other claims whatsoever of the State, one-half being first paid in metallic currency."—ED.

which I left with the officer of the palace guard for the President's signature; I then got another stamp and permit for my luggage, which was signed at the Custom-house. A tremendous storm of rain came on in the afternoon, but as it was my last chance for paying my farewell visits, I put on my india-rubber poncho and leggings, and went out and accomplished that duty.

*February 1st.*—There was considerable delay in getting my passport, but thanks to Sir C. Hotham I did get it at last; Thompson had to persuade the consignee of the 'San Vicente' to keep her waiting till I was ready. Sir C. Hotham said that he would send me a bag of letters for the British Consul at Buenos Ayres, and a letter for myself, saying that I was the bearer of despatches.



HEAD OF PAYAGUA' INDIAN.



## DROPPING DOWN THE PARAGUAY.

*February 3, 1853.*

I went roving in the woodlands,\* where the Sun unsleeping glows,  
Fondly watching the rich silence of his cherish'd Earth's repose ;  
Where all Nature lingers resting, swathed in light of gorgeous sheen,  
Painted petals, gilded plumage, flecking her undress of green.

"Earth is slumb'ring, Sun is waiting, till the dawning of the day  
When the Lord's own chosen people shall turn hither for their play,  
For the work to which the busy iron-islanders go forth,  
Shaming all the sloth of ages with the labour of the North.†

"Then the bridegroom of the heaven shall relax his ardent gaze ;  
In her fresh robes Earth shall laugh then with the kisses of his rays,  
And, her loose dishevell'd tresses braiding up with loving art,  
Gather graces new to gladden her king-planet's giant heart.

"Then, where now its tangled burden, in mid-region of the air  
Poised aloft on stately columns, waves the forest wild and fair,  
There the land shall pour her sweet milk through the golden-shafted  
cane,  
From her bosom, garden-vested, jewell'd o'er with fruit and grain."

Thus I mused in southern woodlands, as I wander'd, seeking ease,  
Seeking rest with birds and herbage, consolation from the trees ;  
Steep'd my sense in infant wonder at the endless picture-scroll  
By the loving Father painted to delight the sinning soul.

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\* Brazil ; see Chapter II. and following.      † See Chapter IV.

Then to me a Voice came whispering, "These are timbers, ferns, and palms,  
Feeling not, not stirring. Sea-like, minds will fester, wrapt in calms.  
Here is sleep where should be action. Thou hast learnt what here shall be.  
Enough! this ne'er will staunch thy heart; thou hast other sights to see.

"Get thee quickly down to Egypt, where the floodstream of the South  
Weary yawns for fleets to pour in ling'ring commerce to its mouth;  
There, among its plains and peoples, more of peace thy heart shall know  
Than the Indian jungles ever to thy dreaming brain can show."

So I hied me down to Egypt, where the mighty Silver Nile\*  
Tells by its lying name the shame of a greedy nation's guile;  
Greedy still and murderous ever,—in whose city of Sweet Breath†  
I stood aghast, and gasp'd thick air, heavy with the smell of death;

Where the tiger tears the wild-horse, and the flesh-hawk's gorge is full  
Of the scraps the wild-man's noose and knife may leave of tortured bull;  
Christian cheats and butchers Christian, and would roast and eat him too,  
But that beef is cheap and coarser, men too delicate and few.

"O my God! these plains are crimson, sure no peace can here be seen!  
An aching heart is craving peace, aching eyes are craving green."  
Then the Voice came to me whispering, "Faithless murmurer, be still!  
Who pursueth good encountereth shapes of evil,—take thy fill."

So I sat me down expectant, by the Still Voice cheer'd meanwhile,  
Bones and carcasses around me, where the tainted Silver Nile  
Rolls not sands of treasure-spangle, but a gloomy tide of mud,  
All appropriately tinted with the ominous hue of blood.

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\* La Plata.

† Buenos Ayres, see Chapter VI.

Rose at last the welcome whisper, "All the banks of Silver Nile  
Are not so imbued with murder, not so stain'd with passions vile ;  
Far above, in Abyssinia,\* towards the ocean-river's source,  
Lies the good land of Prester John ; thither, vagrant, steer thy course.

"There a nation dwells unknown yet to the world of wealth and strife,  
Hidden there for many ages, full of love, of peace, of life ;  
There in mystery imprison'd by full many a jealous wile  
Of the savage dragon-pirates† cruising on the Silver Nile.

"But the evil power is broken, and the wary dragon slain,  
And the savage pirates conquer'd, Prester John's land free again ;  
Now the city gates are open, hie thee up the Silver Nile,  
To the plains of Abyssinia : there the truant time beguile.

"As thou voyagest thou shalt witness round about thee and within,  
Proper sights to cheer the spirit in this weary world of sin ;  
Only ever, nothing doubting, fold strong hope about thy breast,  
That for thee too, in yon charm'd land, is reserved a store of rest."

Then came stealing o'er my mem'ry dim day-dreams of wayward  
youth,  
Childhood's long-forgotten fancies, half-prophetic shades of truth,  
That one day in strange and lovely Prester John's land I should find  
Some enigma dark unriddled, peace denied else for my mind.

Many a week and many a day then, many a long long league and mile,  
Sail'd I up the torrent ocean of the mystic Silver Nile ;‡  
But nor weeks nor leagues were weary, for there whisper'd still the  
Voice,

"Yon is the land of Prester John, there e'en thou may'st yet rejoice."

Hope half-conscious glow'd within me, tho' I could not yet conceive  
What hope could bring, how joy could come, to a heart past all re-  
prieve,  
Held by head-winds lounged I brooding o'er my bark's side on the  
flood ;  
Then my vision teem'd with wonders, carved in clouds of fleeting mud.

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\* Paraguay.      † The Argentines.      ‡ See Chapter VII.

Sparks of hope flew briskly upward, as I saw the Silver Nile  
 Turn to life-blood of new nations, stirring Earth to breed and smile ;  
 Far and wide dispensing forces, strung in thews of gum and steel,  
 From the wild flood's endless power, harness'd to the patient wheel.\*

Sped I o'er the waste of waters, perching up on topmast high ;  
 Then the tract of huge Zahara† lay stretch'd out 'twixt me and sky ;  
 This the Voice would show me, whisp'ring, " Canst thou fancy, faith-  
     less child,  
 That in a living universe this must e'er be desert wild ? "

Hope flamed brightly through my being as I saw the sands grow green,  
 Harvests springing, cities ringing, all the land one vast machine ;  
 As I saw the engines whirling hills of ice across the flat  
 From the far Moon-peaks, to temper sultry winds in Tafilat :

So I floated, busy dreaming, and I dream'd and floated on,  
 Till I reached the ancient haven, where the town of Prester John,‡  
 Like an old, white-mantled matron, with her ever-cheerful smile,  
 Sits and ponders on the ages mirror'd in the Silver Nile,

Sits the dame in easy-chair there, draped with softest velvet green,  
 Broider'd o'er with fruits and blossoms, feather'd fantasies between ;  
 Lories quaint and tiny sun-birds lap the grapes and kiss the flowers,  
 Where the lilies link the corn-fields to the old town's silvery towers.

There, around the pillar'd porches, ceil'd with antic thatch and tile,  
 Kindly races, gentle brothers, till the banks of Silver Nile ;  
 While fair sisters 'neath the vinesheds and the fragrant orange bowers  
 Spin and braid the snowy gossamer all the shady summer hours.

There they quaff sweet influences, love-diffusing, quelling bile,  
 From the heart-enchanting lotus|| of their own dear Silver Nile ;  
 Heeding nought of foreign tumults, pillow'd in contentment calm,  
 Doat they ever on their own land, as they sip the lotus balm.

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\* See Chapter VIII.

† The Chaco.

‡ Assumption.

|| The *yerba maté*.

Hither then a wanderer came I, and, to seek rest, sat me down  
 In the corridors and bowers of the ancient mystic town ;  
 'Neath each corridor and bower everywhere I found a friend,  
 And the Still Voice now was whispering, "Here the curse will have  
 its end."

Through the summer nights I fancied all the wonders I would do :  
 How I'd scour all Abyssinia ; make a trip to Timbuctoo ;  
 Track the Niger\* from its sources ; see the mighty Silver Nile  
 Pouring all its headlong thunders o'er the cataract's craggy pile.†

And the days went plunging downwards, noon-heat drown'd in  
 deepest books,  
 Mornings blithe with birds and flowers, wash'd away among the  
 brooks ;  
 And the evenings follow'd faster to th' eternal sea of hours,  
 Down the stream of mirth and converse in the corridors and bowers.

For in free and merry converse with the swains and maidens young  
 Learn'd I there to lisp the accents of their old mysterious tongue ;  
 Tongue so sweet in maiden's prattle, yet so strange ; what pedant's  
 lore  
 Shall by quirk etymologic trace it to the Ark of yore ?

And I sipp'd their witching lotus, Prester John's own magic herb,  
 Fit spell loving hearts to fasten, potent roving souls to curb :  
 And it wrought me charming landscapes o'er dissolving-views of home,  
 Winning me to love the strange land, winning me from wish to roam.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

So a life-long chain seem'd broken, and a clinging curse repeal'd ;  
 Seem'd that from my limbs fell shackles, and that fest'ring wounds  
 were heal'd.

In the sighing of the south wind whispers e'er the still small Voice ;  
 Dark eyes twinkling in the stars too, prophesy, "Rejoice ! Rejoice !"

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\* The Amazon ; see p. 399.    † The Falls of the Paraná ; see p. 372.

## CHAPTER XIII.

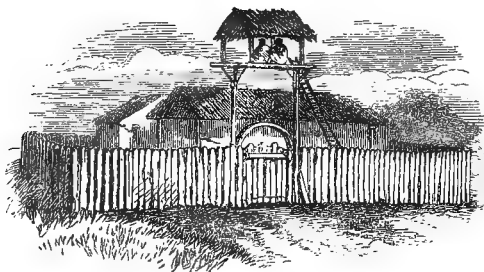
THE VOYAGE HOME FROM ASSUMPTION TO  
SOUTHAMPTON.

GUARDIAS.—CICADAS.—A DEER SLAIN.—THE ‘VIXEN.’—THE ‘SAN VICENTE’ TAKEN BY THE ‘CORREO.’—PASSENGERS TRANSFERRED TO THE LATTER.—THE ‘MERCED’ TAKEN.—THE ‘VIXEN’ COMES UP AND PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED TO HER.—ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AYRES.—A SIEGE.—VOYAGE TO RIO JANEIRO.—SCARCITY OF BIRDS.—VOYAGE FROM RIO TO PERNAMBUCO.—NEARLY TOO LATE.—ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

*February 1st.*—I left my good old horse as a legacy to Thompson, and having bid farewell to all, I went on board the ‘San Vicente,’ and we sailed off slowly with a light east wind, passing under the ‘Locust;’ the letters not being quite ready, they were sent after us in a boat. About sunset, the low red sandstone cliff, with its beautiful foliage above, shut out from my view Assumption and all it held—for how long? Soon after dark the ship stopped, and I hung my hammock with its mosquito-net under the boom, though there were but few of those plagues about. As I left London on my own birth day, so I leave Assumption for home on my brother’s.

The 'San Vicente' is a filthy vessel, with a cargo of hides and bamboos; the cabin is about eight feet by ten, horribly dirty and stinking, and stuffed full of luggage; there is no berth in it: there are two men passengers besides myself, and lots of parrots, puppies, monkeys, and coatis.

*February 6th.*—We had not many incidents during the last few days. The banks of the river were mostly



A GUARDIA.

wooded on both sides, the trees not very large, but richly green; the Chaco all verdant with long grass and woods. On the Paraguay side we passed several *Guardias* and an occasional cottage, the latter fenced closely round with a barrier of stakes, and the former with elevated platforms, to spy from. In going round one sharp corner we scraped the bank, missed stays, and ran our bowsprit right into the clay cliff of the Chaco, just under a point where the ruins of a corral fence indicated a former attempt at a settlement.

Before anchoring above Pilar we passed on our right hand a beautiful island, with most richly varied tints of green,—the *chicharras* (cicadas) ringing their silver bells merrily. The weather was tremendously hot, and the only shelter to be had was under the sails; and about eleven, when I breakfasted, not even there. We passed the mouth of the Bermejo without knowing it; but a little below we noticed the deep ochre tint of the water, which for some distance remained distinct from that of the Paraguay, and for a long time after appeared in insulated spots in the eddies, till at last the whole river became of a uniform muddy tint. The *chicharras*\* sing most vigorously a little before sunset, and then come out the mosquitos: as we often sailed during the night, I was on these occasions deprived of sleep and exposed to the unmerciful attacks of these insects, as the only place for me to sling my hammock was under the boom, which of course was impracticable as long as we continued in motion.

At Tres Bocas we passed a lot of cottages in the water, the river being high. The Guardia and a collection of huts were now (since my sail up-stream) established on the other, or Chaco side. There were soldiers, and an officer or two about. Among them I observed a fair young man in white shirt and trousers, whom I concluded to be, and who was one to whom I

\* “There are three kinds of cigarra, or chicharra; *nyacúingra*, the largest, has a note just like a silver bell. The loud, ringing note of these insects becomes however a loud chirp when in the hand.”



had messages and parcels,—a very fine young fellow, but smallpox-pitted and shoeless.

About eight P.M. today we span out into the magnificent Paraná, and soon lost sight of Paraguay in a mirage; the river was open to the horizon at both ends, which can nowhere be seen on the Paraguay: we passed Corrientes without stopping. There were now but few of a blue-green stinging fly, with black wings and transparent wing-tips, plentiful and annoying on the Paraguay.

*February 7th.*—We went along at a rattling pace till about four P.M., when signs of a coming storm began to show themselves: we had arrived about this time in the Vuelta of Jabontiri, so we fastened to a tree, the same, I believe, which we shaved so closely in going up in the 'Rosario' that I plucked off a branch. I dreaded the heat of the cabin during the storm, so I put on my India-rubber poncho and paced the deck during the torrents of rain till midnight, when my eyes ached so much from the lightning that I was forced to go below. I made up a bed there on my bags, and put up my mosquito-curtain, but it was useless; the whole air rang with them; they came up through the chinks of the floor and filled the net, so I did not sleep a wink, which indeed was pretty much the condition of every one else on board.

There were lots of cicadas about. The note of the great cicada begins with a series of beats, gradually becoming more rapid till they seem to merge in a

vibration, then a hum, and then a clear, ringing, bell-like, musical note, not unlike the railway whistle on one line in England; this suddenly stops, and then the loud chattering beat begins again, and so on: the note of one in the wood on the bank could be heard distinctly above the sound of an organ that was grinding on board our ship.

*February 8th.*—The wind being unpropitious, we made fast to a tree, under a pretty wood, with bamboos twenty feet high. What a change has come over me! If in going up-stream I had found myself in such a place, how I should have rushed into the wood to seek the beautiful! But now I have found it, and am contented; and I lie all the afternoon on deck working Spanish out of Ollendorff, sleeping, and reading Maurice's glorious 'Kingdom of Christ.'

*February 10th.*—While running rapidly down-stream between low, flat island-meadows, we caught sight of an unfortunate deer swimming across from one island to another. A musket-ball was sent after it without effect, and then the men went after it in a boat, and hit it on the head with an oar; it sank like a stone, so they lost it.

About ten P.M. we came in sight of the *barrancas* of Entre Rios, and the tall masts of a steamer beneath them; this turned out to be the 'Vixen,' Captain Bernard, which had come up to wait for the 'Locust.' I went on board with the bag of letters, and found to my delight a large packet for myself from England.

Another incident of my travel, for which I have to be very thankful, has been the receiving the letter-bag for the 'Vixen,' without which I should scarcely have ventured to go on board, and so should have lost my own.

*February 11th.*—The wind being adverse, we tied on to a tree on the Chaco side, opposite Antonio Tomas (Entre Rios). A fine stag was browsing three or four hundred yards off, which the men stalked, shot at, and missed. After breakfast we sailed across to the Entre Rios side, where a schooner was loading with crooked timbers for the wheelwrights; the poor fools were carrying and dragging it downhill, and then up into the steamer by hand. The river here, I suppose, is about a mile and a half wide. The cliffs, which are not perpendicular, are about two hundred feet high, and covered in many places with scrub; they consist of a calcareous-looking clay with a stratum of hard white nodular stone running along for miles, at about a hundred feet above the water.

We went into a miserable *rancho* belonging to an old Paraguayan seventy-five years old, and as active as a lad of fifteen: the men laid in a stock of *carne* (meat). On the top of the *barranca*, in the scrub-wood, I observed the curious crown of thorns of the fan-palm of Entre Rios, very different from that of Paraguay; it is a stunted plant, tall at ten or twelve feet; the leaf-stalks, which are very much flattened, have no thorns on them, but each leaflet of the fan is bifid at the point, having two sharp points or thorns

when old, apparently only one when young, splitting at the longitudinal fold which each leaflet has ; the trunk-bark is scaly with the roots of leaves ; each leaf, as it comes, has for case-cover below a most curious white network ending in long thorns, with lace below, like a lady's back-hair comb, carved with open work ; the flower is in a raceme, with two or three chief branches ; it bears small nuts of the size of grapes, and very hard.

The Captain and two of the passengers, a gunpowder merchant and a grinding organist, stopped on shore for a dance at the *rancho* ; I recrossed the river and bathed ; the current, even close to the shore, was more than I could swim against. What a contrast to the placid Paraguay ! However, just above its junction with the Paraná, the Paraguay is more rapid. Beautiful sunset : the prismatic colours in exact succession, from red at the horizon to violet, and then grey up to the blue sky, at an angle of about 30°.

*February 12th.*—We stopped at the Bajada, or Paraná, about two P.M. I went on shore to call on Captain Gore, the English Minister, recently arrived in the 'Vixen,' to deliver letters to Peña, the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to see the town. There was a new theatre, dedicated (as said a gilt inscription over the curtain) to Urquiza ; and three churches, one unfinished. The town itself was somewhat neat and straggling, full of scrubby gardens with fig-trees, and here and there peach-trees. I ate some hard peaches, said to be ripe, with bread and grapes,

at a carpenter's, friend of our Captain's. The cliffs were sprinkled with stunted thorn-bushes, and seemed to be of a calcareous marl with a zone of hard shell limestone near the water's edge, and the white layer of nodular stone above.

My visit to the town was curtailed by one of the passengers coming and telling me that it was necessary to start immediately, as the Captain had private information that his vessel was likely to be stopped to carry troops to San Nicolás. As I was embarking Captain Gore came down on horseback, and requested me to call on Rosas on my return to England, and tell Manuelita that I had seen him on her horse. We dropped down this night below the "Bank of Patience," and in our way passed a small snake swimming across the river (here a mile in width) with its head erect out of the water.

*February 14th.*—The low barrancas near San Lorenzo are quite different from those of the Entre Rios shore above, being not over fifty feet high, so that the topmasts and upper yards of a small schooner lying in the port were seen over the cliff from our ship, and from our cross-trees I could see right over the cliff to the base of the monastery, half white-washed, half red brick. These cliffs too are of the Pampas alluvium, while those of Entre Rios are not, being of quite a different rock or rocks, and four times the height in most places. The ledges and the land at the top of the latter also are generally clothed with

scrubby trees; those of the Pampas formation are bare, with thin grass at the top.

*February 15th.*—We had passed on the previous nights Diamantes and Rosario, where the Captain had expected to have been stopped if seen; but about sunset today we saw a steamer coming down stream behind us, which we immediately suspected to be the ‘Correo,’ in pursuit of us; and so it proved to be. We were ordered to anchor, and the Captain to go on board; on his return he informed us that he was ordered to sail up with soldiers to San Nicolás. Some English sailors (in service on board the ‘Correo’) brought the soldiers; and they informed us that they had an Irish surgeon on board their vessel, so I told them to tell him that I was carrying Government despatches. Soon after this came the captain of the ‘Correo’ and the Irishman, and I had to show my letters. It ended in the Captain (a very gentleman-like fellow) saying that out of compliment to Sir C. Hotham he would take me and my luggage on board the ‘Correo,’ and put me into the first ship he should meet going to Buenos Ayres. I asked permission for the little one-eyed Spanish powder-merchant to accompany me, which was granted; and so we went on board the ‘Correo,’ where I found the commandant of the squadron, an old weather-beaten, one-armed tar, and was accommodated with a berth in the cabin. I was told that the ‘San Vicente’ was the property of one Casares, who had taken a very active part

against Urquiza; that three or four of his ships had been taken already, some armed; and that his son was on board, a prisoner (till lately in irons), and to be shot instantly if his father fired a single shot against the outside party.

*February 16th.*—In our way down-stream we overhauled a ship, which was allowed to pass, and anchored alongside another which had brought up some goods for the 'Correo,' and a load of Capuchin monks besides.

We breakfasted at twelve; there were present the Commandant, the Captain and officers, the prisoner young Casares, an individual half prisoner half *employé*, and the little Spaniard. Soon after we passed out of the mouth Guazú into the La Plata, and ran across to the island of Martin Garcia, where we anchored, having previously stopped and questioned three or four more vessels.

*February 17th.*—At seven A.M. we got up steam, and soon saw a steamer ahead towing two trading goletas; she was recognized as the 'Merced,' a little war-steamer belonging to Buenos Ayres, and in possession of the inside party. So we started in pursuit: she cast off the vessels in tow, and soon two boats were seen to leave her, which were supposed to contain officers escaping. The decks were cleared for action, the guns run out; about sixty ragged-looking soldiers dressed in Gaucho costume, Indians, Niggers, and half-breeds, were ranged on deck with their mus-

kets loaded, and we two passengers were ordered down below. We gained steadily on her, and after about an hour's chase the 'Merced' fired an unshotted gun, dipped her ensign in the water, and hoisted a white flag. They then sent off a boat to us, in which was the captain, with a cigar in his mouth, white jacket and trousers; he buckled on his sword only to take it off again, and to present it to the old commandant. The prisoner captain looked almost as much pleased as his capturer, who jumped for joy at this stroke of good luck. We then took the 'Merced' in tow, and picked up the two goletas, which the 'Correo' had been expecting and had liberated in this unexpected way. The 'Merced' was almost entirely manned by Englishmen,\* fifty out of sixty of the crew being either Britons or Americans: she only carried about twelve soldiers. The captain spoke English well, and gave his orders in that language; he told me that he surrendered from motives of humanity, as he knew that he had no chance, and did not wish to sacrifice the men. He said that he was captain of the artillery at the affair of Obligado, where there were thirteen hulks with their masts taken out sunk, and three chains thrown across, two fore and aft of one inch, and one amidships of an inch and a quarter: he peppered away till all his ammunition was exhausted. All the ships anchored for the night near Martin Garcia, the pilot not knowing the way.

\* The 'Correo' had about a score of English seamen.



*February 18th.*—Soon after getting under weigh we saw a large steamer coming towards us, which was recognized as the ‘Vixen;’ she anchored near Martin Garcia, and we ran alongside her. Captain Bernard offered myself and the powder-merchant a passage to Buenos Ayres, and so we with our traps were speedily transferred on board the ‘Vixen.’

I walked about the quarter-deck with some of the officers, and exhibited to them my collection of Paraguay productions. About five P.M. the ‘Correo,’ which we had seen run aground, and which the ‘Merced’ had been trying to tug off, sent to us for assistance, saying she had orders to go up to Urquiza immediately: this was of course refused, as it would have been a breach of neutrality. I dined with Captain Bernard, and he kindly gave me a berth in his cabin.

*February 20th.*—We had been detained some time owing to the lowness of the water, but it now having, as was expected, risen sufficiently for us to proceed across the flats, we started about two A.M. for Buenos Ayres. When I got up at seven the town was in sight, and the ‘Prince’ steamer approaching; she got into the inner roads just before us; we anchored at half-past nine in the outer roads. Captain Bernard put me on shore. The captain of the port allowed my luggage to pass without inspection, on my stating that I was the bearer of despatches. I tried to get lodgings where Admiral Henderson and Captain Bernard were, but there was no room, so I put up at Amonsens

Hotel. I delivered the despatches to the Consul and got a receipt for them, which I enclosed in a letter to Sir C. Hotham, keeping a duplicate myself. I called on Admiral Henderson, who was very kind and civil: it rained nearly all day; my feet had been wet all the morning. In the evening I walked back to my hotel without shoes or stockings.

*February 24.*—Señor De Angelis,\* a Buenos Ayres acquaintance, tells me he has studied Guaraní from books, and has a large collection of some fifty volumes in Guaraní and other Indian languages, all of which he has now sent to Paris to be bound. He is writing an essay on Guaraní and the Indian languages, which he intends to send to some learned society in Europe. He considers the Guaraní to be the most philosophical of all languages; everything can be expressed in it; the radical ideas are expressed in monosyllables, the more complex notions by circumlocutory compositions thereof. Thus, he says that Paraguay means the *water of, or coming from, the sea*: *Para* = sea, *gwa* = of, *y* = water; meaning the river that runs out of the lake of Xarayes. He says that Payaguá is an altogether different word; that it is Guaraní, and means “hung to their oars,” because the Payaguás are *the especial boatmen* of the river.†

\* Author of ‘Coleccion de Obras y Documentos ineditos sobre el Rio de la Plata, por Don Pedro de Angelis. Buenos Ayres, 1836; six vols. 4to.’

† The following memoranda may here be inserted:—“*February 23rd.*—During the siege the price of corn was 270 dollars the fanega;

(The day after my above conversation with De Angelis I saw in the paper that he was put in jail, to the great exultation of the 'Progreso;' thus:—"De hoy en adelante la traicion y la cobardia no se anidarán en el corazon de esta ciudad magnánima siempre, siempre noble y valiente.")

*February 25th.*—I had to go to a money-shop to get a bill on my London bankers cashed. I was paid in ounces at 66s. each, part of which I had immediately afterwards to pay away to the secretary of the steam-company at 65s., and so was done out of a sovereign. Going to eat grapes at a friend's house, I saw some of the barricades still standing at the street ends.

*February 26th.*—At the police office yesterday, taking out my passport, the fellow wanted to charge me for *two* passports, because on asking me where I was going I had answered "Brazil and England."

*March 2nd.*—I bought some Spanish and English Bibles, dictionaries, and grammars, as presents for some friends in Paraguay. There are no Bibles in that country: one lady has a Spanish one, printed in London, which she prizes as a curiosity, but does not like it "because there is so much repetition."

now that it is over, parties undertake to supply it at 70. *February 25th.*—Beef costs here 40 dollars (Buenos Ayres paper) the arroba, and 2 dollars the pound at Tigu, above Buenos Ayres: it costs (in *plata*, or silver) 4 dollars the arroba; and one can buy a bullock of 28 arrobas for 106 dollars (about  $22\frac{1}{2}$  dollars of Buenos Ayres = 1 patacoon = 50 pence)."

*March 3rd.*—Mr. Fitzgerald, captain of a small English trading vessel, a young, spirited fellow, tells me he has often been up to Santa Fé, and knows San Espíritu, a league or two (?) below Santa Fé. Gabot's Tower is here, a small, ruined vestige, eight or ten feet high, of the wall of a round building. The shore of the Paraná is here very gently sloping; ships cannot come near for the shallowness of the water. The river which runs in is about a hundred and eighty yards across. The tower stands perhaps fifty yards from the water's edge. A few *ranchos* are there, but scarcely any inhabitants; the country beautiful, perfectly flat, with groves of trees about twenty feet high, with spreading heads. (The Fort San Espíritu is between the mouths of Rio Carcavanal south, and north Rio Santo Tomé, "qu'à la latitude de Santiago on appelle Salado." Azara's maps, just below extremity of Isle of Santa Fé.)

*March 4th.*—Nothing of importance occurred during my stay at Buenos Ayres. I spent my time mostly calling on friends, writing, and reading newspapers at the club, or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in my room. The town was besieged in a quiet way: the little one-eyed Spanish merchant told me that one of his children had been shot. One day I strolled out to the Retiro, where there was a review, and also a skirmish going on about a mile from the breastwork. Infinite ladies were walking about on the slopes looking on, and from time to time a shot gun was

fired close to us, over the heads of the reviewing cavalry, at the enemy.

At four P.M. I started off for the steamer 'Prince,' which was to take me to Rio Janeiro, with a tremendous toothache, one of my old swingers; camphor was ineffectual, so I tried a compound of mastic and creasote, which was recommended to me; it had no immediate effect, but soon after I got in motion the pain stopped.

*March 6th.*—At Monte Video I called on old and new friends, had a fruit feast of peaches, apples, and nectarines (there being also pears, figs, and grapes), and heard service performed (it was Sunday) at the English church by the chaplain of an American ship.

*March 12th.*—We had a splendid passage from Buenos Ayres; the Captain said that he had never known such weather, nor ever had such a passage; but we did not go very fast, there not being sufficient wind to draw the fires, and being obliged to burn anthracite, as there was not enough of the proper coal to be obtained at Monte Video.

While on the voyage down in August last, there was an infinite number of Cape pigeons and albatrosses flying about the ship during the voyage, but this time there were no birds at all to be seen, except on two occasions a solitary Cape pigeon. We saw some turtles, and the Captain went out in a boat to try to catch one, but it dived and escaped; we also saw a small shoal of large white porpoises. We an-

chored in Rio Janeiro harbour at ten this evening, having had the Sugar-loaf in sight before sunset.

*March 16th.*—I spent the last few days calling on old and making new friends in Rio, and was able once more to pay country visits in that civilized vehicle, a 'bus. I went this morning to see the great diamond found in Minas, which was deposited in the bank; it was offered for sale at £200,000 to the Brazilian Government; but as the directors were not in I could not get a sight of it. In my way down to the boat this evening which was to take me on board the 'Tay,' a custom-house officer wanted to stop my luggage because I had no permit to embark, and wanted a bribe of twenty milreis to let it pass, upon which I told him to stop it if he liked: he let it pass for nothing, after a little gammon. When I got on board the 'Tay' I found one passenger who had come out with me in her from England, but the captain and all the officers except the surgeon, purser, chief engineer, and two middies, were changed.

*March 22nd.*—At four P.M. yesterday we steamed into Bahia Bay, and after our five o'clock dinner I went ashore. For the first time on landing, I found myself without friends; so, after walking up to the public garden with a young fellow-passenger, I returned on board at eight. I should have remained on shore to take a ride into the country, but were told we should start early the next morning, which we did not. All the grass was parched quite brown;

the trees even were not *bright* green. There has been no rain for some months, and the sugar crops are failing for want of water.

*March 25th.*—After running along for some time in easy sight of a beautiful, undulating, wooded coast country, with cocoa-nut trees along the shore, we stopped one night at Pernambuco, where all my old friends and their cooks and Negro servants were very glad to see me, and left that place for Old England this Good Friday, at noon. I was nearly left behind; when I got to the beach I found that the mails and all the passengers had started half an hour, so I jumped into a boat, went off as fast as four Negroes could pull me, and found the steamer already under weigh: but she waited for me. The mails had been closed earlier than had been expected, the Captain having told me that I need not be on board before twelve.

*March 29th.*—We passed the line at eight A.M. The phosphorescence of the sea is now very beautiful at night. There are large flashes of light in the wake of the ship, besides brilliant spangles; but I think the sea itself is not generally luminous, as in our latitudes.

*April 7th.*—About five P.M. I saw the Peak of Teneriffe, a pointed shadow, hanging high up in the sky.

*April 17th.*—We had a good passage, and arrived at Southampton at six this morning.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY.

[On his return from Paraguay, Mr. Mansfield was requested on various sides to give the results of his voyage and observations in a lecture or lectures. He was however only able to deliver one, at the Hall of Association in Castle-street East, Oxford-street. Only the notes for the historical portion of this Lecture appear to have been made out by Mr. Mansfield : these are here given, with some additional developments, derived from documents which he had collected.]

PARAGUAY, as now understood, is the district situated between the Paraguay and Paraná rivers ; it formerly included all that part of South America which is washed by them.

In 1492, Columbus of Genoa, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, discovered Cuba and Hayti ; in 1493, Jamaica and the other West India islands ; in 1498, Trinidad and that part of the coast of South America which is now called Cumana.

In 1497, Vasco de Gama, in the service of Emanuel, King of Portugal, sailed from Lisbon to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1499, Pedro Alvares de Cabral, being sent out by the same King to India, was carried by the ocean-



current to the coast of Brazil, in latitude  $10^{\circ}$ , and so, without any search, discovered that part of South America. He sent home an account of his discovery, and went on to India.

Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine, was then sent out to survey the coast, which he did, and, having published an account of it, has had the honour of giving his name to the continent.

In 1515, Juan Diaz de Solis, Great Pilot of Castile, sailed from Spain to continue the examination of the Brazilian coast, and search for a south-west passage to India; and on the 1st of January, 1516, he discovered Rio Janeiro, and continued down the coast till he came to the mouth of the great river (then called Paraná Guazu, or Great Sea-like River) now known as the Rio de la Plata, and sailed up it as far as the island of Martin Garcia (so called after his pilot), where he was killed, roasted, and eaten by the Indians in sight of his companions, who returned with the intelligence to Spain.

A vague story is told of some Portuguese having gone overland from Brazil to the Paraná, and so on to Peru, and of their having been murdered by the Indians on the Paraná on their return.

In 1519, Fernando Magelhaens, searching for a western passage to India, entered the Plata, but finding that it was not a strait, he left it; and after coasting down Patagonia, he, in October, 1520, discovered and passed through the Straits of Magellan. He sub-

sequently left the service of the King of Portugal, because he would not give him 2*s.* 6*d.* more per month, and entered the service of the Emperor Charles V. of Spain.

But the discovery of Paraguay was reserved for Sebastian Gabot, an Englishman, who was born about 1477. His father was a Venetian merchant, who had settled at Bristol. He, with his two brothers, was included in a patent granted by Henry VII., in 1496, to his father, for the discovery of foreign lands. In 1497 he discovered Labrador. After the death of Henry VII., Ferdinand of Spain sent for Sebastian, and made him a captain and a member of the Council of the Indies, and gave him a salary. On the death of Ferdinand, Gabot returned to England, and Henry VIII. sent him to look for a north-west passage, when he seems to have entered Hudson's Bay. He then returned to Spain, and was made by Charles V. Pilot Major of the kingdom. In consequence of Magelhaens' discovery of the south-west route to the Spice Islands, a company was formed at Seville to carry on the trade to the Moluccas, and in April, 1526, Sebastian Gabot was asked to take the command of an expedition thither. Some of his officers and men having mutinied, he put them ashore in Brazil, and being obliged to give up the expedition to the Moluccas, he went northwards, and entered La Plata.

Having explored the Paraná, and made some settlements, he sent home an account of his discoveries.

The merchants refused to support him, but the king undertook the expense of the expedition, and sent him out supplies.

Gabot left his large ships in La Plata, and with two small vessels entered the Paraná on the 8th of May, 1527. He anchored off the mouth called (then Carcarana, now) Tercero, where he built a fort, to which he gave the name of San Espíritu,—the first settlement of Spaniards in those parts. Having left a small force here, he proceeded up the Paraná till he came to the cataracts; he then descended again as far as the junction of the Paraguay, up which he sailed as far as Rio Bermejo, where he was attacked by the Payaguás (then a warlike race) and lost his first-lieutenant and many men. He beat them however, and the Indians, like true heroes, conceived a great admiration for their conquerors, and gave them provisions, and gold and silver ornaments, which they had obtained from Peru. So Gabot sent word to Spain, by George Barlow, an Englishman, that he had found the road to the celebrated gold diggings, the existence of which had been previously reported, but the whereabouts was unknown. When Barlow arrived in Spain (May, 1528) he found Francisco Pizarro there, who had returned to report that he had actually been to the country of silver (Peru) by sea from Panamá. So the King sent no answer to the “good Gabot” (as he is called by several contemporaries who mention him), and five years after he returned to Spain and

resumed his office of Piloto Mayor. He afterwards went to England, and Edward VI. granted him a pension of 250 marks (£170) per annum. He was of much use to our country by his advice, which his experience as a navigator rendered very valuable : he seems to have been the first person who particularly noticed the variation of the compass.

The reports of Pizarro and Barlow about the marvellous gold country in Peru roused all the heroism and avarice of Spain. There is this difference between the Spanish gold-fever of that day, and the English one of the present : now, those who flock to the lands of gold are chiefly men who have but little of the yellow ore, or at least are not derived from a class that must be expected to know better ; but the Peruvian fever attacked chiefly the more comfortable classes, who seem to have been even more eager to better themselves than the honest labourers who now go to the diggings, to get some tickets for the produce of industry which they cannot earn at home. “ Nobles of the highest rank and hidalgos of every grade,” we are told, “ pressed forward to offer their services to the Crown, and to solicit as a favour to be permitted to embark at their own cost and expense for the gold lands. Never had so many cavaliers of noble and gentle lineage embarked for the New World as Hernando Pizarro took with him on his return, in 1534, to join his brother Francisco in Peru ; but scarcely had this expedition started when a more brilliant one was prepared.”

And what has become of this nation of gold-grasping aristocrats? It has fallen into irrecoverable sloth and utter hopelessness of life. I think that all those who love England may thank God that the highly born and highly educated of our country are not those who hurry after the glittering prize. I think we may take this as a certain augury, if such were wanting, that whatever may be the effect of the gold mania upon our nation, it will not be the same as it was formerly upon the Spaniards. There was doubtless a fire of heroism, of adventurous daring among the conquerors of the New World, but greediness and cruelty were but too prominent features in their enterprises. It is difficult to see to what good end their avarice and bloodshedding has led; it seems as if they had had a trial on the magnificent field which was opened to them,—as if they had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The same love of getting is now drawing off thousands from our shores; let us pray, heart and soul, that our brothers there may pass the fiery ordeal, and that out of the confusion of the scramble there, God may lead those brothers, through their English love of law and right, up into a vigorous nationality.

But to return to the “River of Silver,” as by one of the singular misnomers which characterize the nomenclature of these parts, the Paraná (which has never yielded a particle of that metal) was called. Gabot had sent home some ornaments (brought, as we

have seen, from Peru), and the Spanish nobles concluded that the river was to yield them an endless store of silver ; so they called it Río de la Plata, and forthwith prepared to seek the metal on its banks.

So Don Pedro de Mendoza, a gentleman of the Emperor's household, started, by permission of King Charles V., with fifty individuals of distinction and a force of 2500 men, to conquer the gold, the silver, and the Indians in honest Gabot's mighty Paraná, in August, 1534.

He entered the Paraná in January, 1535, and on February 2nd founded the settlement of Santa Maria de Buenos Ayres (another misnomer by the way). But they were soon driven out, and those that escaped with their lives went up to Corpus Christi, or Buena Esperanza, as they named a fort which they built in the neighbourhood, or on the site of Gabot's deserted settlement of San Espíritu. Here they mustered only 500 of the original expedition ; 2000 had died.

Mendoza sent Juan de Ayolas up the river to explore—of course with the intention of finding the way to Peru. As he did not return within a year, Mendoza started for Spain, and died of grief and fatigue on the way. Ayolas went up the river, fighting as he went, and on the 15th of August, 1537, had a battle with the Payaguá Indians, in which he was victorious, and immediately afterwards built a fort on the banks of the river in the neighbourhood, which he called Assumption, from the day on which the engagement

took place. He then went higher up the river, and started to march overland to Peru, but was murdered, with all his companions, by the Indians.

Ayolas had been appointed Commander (*Adelantado*) in case of Mendoza's death, and in the event of the death of Ayolas the settlers were to elect their own governor: they unanimously chose Don Domingo Martinez de Irala (1538). In the meantime all the rest of the Spaniards had deserted Buenos Ayres and Corpus Christi, and come up to their comrades; and thus, says an old account, they were all collected together "in the form of a republic" at Assumption; and Irala was the first Governor of the first permanent settlement on the shores of the rivers of this part of South America (1538).

They were here in a very different position from that which they had been in at Buenos Ayres. The natives of Paraguay, the Guaraní Indians, were more civilized than those of the Pampas; they cultivated maize, mandioca, sweet potatoes, and cotton, from which they wove cloth. After a conspiracy or two, and the receipt of a good thrashing, they yielded to the Spaniards, who intermarried with them, and adopted their language. And thus sprang up a race, of which an old Spanish writer in 1612 wrote as follows:—"They are commonly good soldiers, and of great valour, inclined to war, skilful in the management of all kinds of arms; excellent riders, so that there is none among them who cannot break in a colt;

and above all, very obedient and loyal servants of his Majesty. The women are generally of noble and honourable sentiments, virtuous and beautiful, endowed with discretion, industrious, and well skilled in all kinds of needlework, in which they are continually engaged." (This is in great part true at the present day, especially the last characteristic.\*) But however this may be, the King of Spain had no notion that an independent colony had been, or was likely to be, established. He had received intelligence of Mendoza's death, and having received no tidings from Paraguay, felt assured that Ayolas was also dead; so he sent out, in 1540, Don Alvarez Nunez Cabeza de Vaca (who had offered to spend 8000 ducats of his own in the enterprise), with power to make another endeavour to found a settlement, and to assume the government, with the title of "Adelantado del Rio de la Plata," charging him not to tolerate any lawyers or attorneys in his province.

This man, a real hero, full of sagacity and courage, landed on the island of St. Catherine, and took possession of it in the name of the crown of Castile. Here he learnt from some Spaniards (who arrived there soon after him, having escaped in an open boat from the wreck of the colony of Buenos Ayres) the state

\* 'Argentina,' p. 61. This writer's work has been recently reprinted in *Assumption*, apparently for the purpose of insinuating that their nation was originally established under a republican form of government.



of things, and the foundation of the settlement at Assumption. He therefore determined at once to march directly across the country through Brazil to that place, and to send his ships round by water. He accomplished his hazardous march, by the aid of the Guaraní Indians, with the loss of only a single man, who was drowned in crossing the Paraná. At Assumption he was received by Irala, at the head of the garrison and municipal officers of the new settlement, read his commission, and was at once saluted and acknowledged as Adelantado; he was however afterwards deposed, packed up, and sent back by ship to Spain, under a false accusation of maladministration (1545). Irala was ultimately confirmed by the King in his government, and after a long and vigorous rule, chiefly occupied in subduing the neighbouring hostile Indian tribes and in embellishing his capital, died of fever, in 1557, about twenty years after his first election.

Thus matters went on: two or three governors succeeded each other duly and unduly, till at last one of them, named De Garay, seeing the necessity of a port at the mouth of the river, determined again to form a settlement at the original place occupied by Mendoza, and accordingly founded, in 1580, the town of "Santísima Trinidad de Buenos Ayres," the original seedling of the city of that name of the present day; and succeeded in establishing the settlement on as firm a basis as Irala had that of Paraguay.

Thus Buenos Ayres was an offshoot from Assumption of Paraguay. In 1620 the Government of Rio de la Plata was established, including all the settlements on the Paraná and La Plata, south of the confluence of the Paraguay and Paraná, but still forming part of the Viceroyalty of Peru.

In 1542 Tucuman had been founded.

In 1562 Santiago del Estero.

In 1573 Cordova.

In 1582 Salta.

In 1593 Jujuy.\*

These were offshoots from Peru, founded by adventurers who had accompanied Almagro in his expedition to Chili; they were consolidated into a separate province under the name of Tucuman. Thus three separate Governments were established, to which the access was by the River de la Plata, viz. Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, and Tucuman.

Under the Emperors Charles V. and Philip II. missionaries (at first Franciscans) were sent out to Paraguay, and in 1547 the city of Assumption was made a bishopric, under the title of "Oppidum seu Pagus de Rio de la Plata."

The Spaniards parcelled out the Indians who submitted to their authority into Departments, or *Comandos*: they were granted to private persons for a certain number of years, after which time they were

\* This colony had been previously twice destroyed by the Indians of the Chaco.

employed in public works, or again handed over to private individuals, for whom they were obliged to work two months of the year, and pay a certain tribute besides. In return for this their masters (or *Encomenderos*) were to provide them with all necessities, and instruct them in the principles and practice of the Christian religion: this arrangement, as might have been expected, worked very badly, and ended in the Indians being in fact reduced to a state of slavery, and the Crown at last was obliged to interfere to put a stop to it.

Luis de Bolanos (a Franciscan) founded the first Christian colony among the Guaraní Indians; it afterwards passed into the hands of the Jesuits, and was the germ of the churches of the Paraná and the Uruguay.

The Jesuits had firmly established themselves in Brazil and Peru by this time (Ignatius Loyola was born about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus); and about 1588 they settled at Assumption, at the request of the bishop. The first Jesuit church was built in 1595. They were very popular for some time, owing to their excellent management of the Indians; but ultimately this very cause led to great hostility being shown towards them, for, indignant at the cruelty and oppression with which the Indians were treated by their masters, they strongly and publicly remonstrated against it, and represented the state of affairs to the home Government: in

consequence of which, in 1609, the King of Spain sent express orders that for the future slavery should be abolished, and the Indians converted by mild means, and not by the sword.

The Jesuits endeavoured to carry out this plan, and though they received much opposition from the Spaniards, who knew that they were opposed to the *Comando* system, succeeded in establishing several settlements of converted Indians, "Reductions," as they were called: the first of these was Loretto. The authority of the Jesuits in these settlements was authorized by Philip III., and confirmed by his successors. In 1756 there were thirty of them, and no Spaniards, except such as were in attendance on the Jesuits, were permitted to enter them.

In each village were two schools, one in which reading and writing were taught, and in the other dancing, singing, and music. Every family had a piece of land assigned to it sufficient to supply the necessaries of life; "as for superfluities (says Charlevoix), they are strangers to them, and there is every reason to hope that they will ever continue so." Other lands were set apart for the repair of the churches, the support of the widows, the sick and infirm, the maintenance of soldiers, civil officers, etc., and any surplus went to swell the tribute to the King. Beggary was not allowed, and any one convicted of that offence was condemned to cultivate the reserved lands, or "God's inheritance," as they were called.

It must not be supposed that the Indians of the "Reductions" enjoyed a life of quietness under their Jesuit instructors. On the contrary, each settlement had a host of foes to contend with,—heathen tribes, always at war with the new converts, Spaniards; especially from Santa Cruz, by whom regular slave-hunts were frequently organized, and whose misconduct towards the Indians was such that their stay at any of the Reductions had to be forbidden by law; and lastly, the so-called Mamelukes of Brazil, a horde of land buccaneers, so to speak, than whom no more atrocious community probably ever existed.

These Mamelukes were in fact the inhabitants of the Brazilian town of São Paulo, a race apparently of half-breeds, recruited by scoundrels of all nations, and by fugitive Negro slaves, who found freedom at São Paulo on the terms of helping to enslave others, Indians especially. This community, by favour of an almost inaccessible position, had ended by becoming virtually independent of the crown of Portugal. They enforced the most atrocious system of slavery in their mines and sugar-plantations; they destroyed all the surrounding tribes of Indians, or laid them under heavy tribute. In search of slaves and plunder of other descriptions, they performed forays of the most extraordinary nature, as far even as the banks of the Amazon; and parties of them are said to have traversed a thousand leagues of country in five or six months, ravaging everywhere as they went. Fourteen Christian Re-

ductions had been destroyed by them in the middle of the eighteenth century; it was reckoned that in a hundred and thirty years they had made slaves of upwards of two millions of Indians, of whom fifty thousand were Christians; and it appeared by authentic registers (so harsh was the treatment inflicted) that of three hundred thousand captives carried away by them, scarce twenty thousand remained at the lapse of five years,—a mortality of ninety per cent.

One of the stratagems of the Mamelukes consisted in sending a few of their number disguised as Jesuits, together with a certain number of Indians, who represented the converts, by whom the missionaries were generally accompanied on their excursions. They pretended to have come for the purpose of taking the Indians to some spot where they should have better dwellings, and where, joined with others, they should form a numerous tribe. By the time that a sufficient number of dupes were collected, the remainder of the band came up fully armed, and the wretched Indians were loaded with irons, and carried off to São Paulo.

To guard against these forays, the Indians of the Reductions were armed with European weapons, and disciplined; and scouts were always kept out during the summer, beating the country around, to a distance of fifty or sixty leagues even. The Mamelukes were repeatedly defeated by them; and missionary histories record in particular a battle which took place near the Reduction of Santa Cruz, when eight hundred Ma-

melukes and four thousand of their tributary Indians were utterly routed by the native converts, and for the most part exterminated. The gallant conduct of the Christian Indians on many other occasions is recorded; and to them is attributed the honour of the capture in 1680 of a strong Portuguese fort, on the spot afterwards occupied by the town of San Sacramento.

There is no doubt that, whether the system pursued by the Jesuits towards the Indians was on the whole for good or for evil, they were much beloved by them; and when they were expelled from the country, in 1767, by Charles III., their departure caused great grief to the people. It is reckoned that the Missions comprised upwards of a hundred thousand civilized Indians, who were ready to take arms in defence of their spiritual leaders; and it was only by their own earnest entreaties to their flocks that tranquillity was preserved; nor is it easy to find a parallel in history to the act of gigantic self-abnegation, so to speak, by which the Order renounced without a blow a dominion so vast, and seemingly so firmly founded, as that which they exercised in Paraguay.

The result showed, nevertheless, that however beneficial the sway of the Jesuits might have been to the Indian tribes, it had failed to make a people of them. The settlements fell into utter decay;\* Misiones be-

\* See Robertson's *Paraguay*, vol. ii. pp. 106 *et seq.* In *four years* from the expulsion of the Jesuits, the number of tame cattle in Misiones had fallen from 743,608, to 158,659! According to Mr. Robertson, by 1838 the population of the whole district was only 8000; it had been 100,000, as above stated.

came at last a huge desert ; the Chaco, which though unsubdued had been traversed wellnigh from end to end by adventurous missionaries, became a sealed land to the foot of the Christian. It is difficult even to conceive what became of the civilized Indians of the Reductions. The bulk of them probably migrated into Paraguay Proper, and there merged into the common stock of the native Guaranís ; others in like manner took refuge in Santa Fé and Corrientes. The great devastation of the country seems however to have taken place after the revolutions which we are about to notice, when the Brazilians, in a war which they carried on with Artigas, chief of the Banda Oriental,—the settled Indians, excited by Artigas to revolt against Paraguay,—the army of the Paraguayan Dictator Francia, on its retreat before the insurgents, and finally the troops of Artigas, completed the destruction of fifteen of the most flourishing towns belonging to the ancient Missions, and comprising all that were situate between the Uruguay and Paraná. These events appear to have taken place in 1817 and the following years.\*

The Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres (which was only detached from that of Peru in 1776) latterly comprehended the provinces of Tucuman, Upper Peru (now called Bolivia), Paraguay, and the Banda Oriental.

\* See Rengger and Longchamps' 'Reign of Dr. Joseph Gaspard Roderic de Francia in Paraguay' (London, 1827), p. 33, n.\* ; and Robertson, *u. s.*



General Beresford's brilliant *coup de main* at Buenos Ayres in 1806, and General Whitelocke's disastrous repulse of the following year, are events which belong rather to the history of Buenos Ayres than to that of Paraguay; although it is to be remarked that a considerable portion of the garrison which defended Monte Video against the English was composed of Paraguayan troops.

During the captivity of the Spanish Bourbons in France, and the occupation of the throne of Spain by Joseph Bonaparte, most of the Spanish colonies in the New World, as is well known, proclaimed themselves independent.

On the 25th of May, 1810, the movement commenced in Buenos Ayres, by the peaceful substitution, for the authority of the Viceroy, of a Junta or council, consisting chiefly of native Americans. The old Viceroy's name appeared in the list of the new Junta, which he was compelled to join; and the object of the new Government was stated to be the maintenance of the authority of Ferdinand VII., in whose favour Charles IV. had abdicated, and in whose name its decrees were issued. But the old Viceroy was soon shipped off to Old Spain. Out of this movement a war arose, between the native Americans who favoured the Junta and the Spaniards who would support a Viceroy.

The governing Junta of Buenos Ayres proceeded at once to take steps towards raising the other provinces of the Viceroyalty. Paraguay was applied to on the

27th of the same revolutionary month of May, to recognize the authority of the Buenos Ayrean Junta, and to send deputies, who should take part in its deliberations until the meeting of a general legislative congress.\*

The then Governor of Paraguay and Misiones, Brigadier Velasco, was a man of moderate rule, and enjoying the esteem of the people. He called together the *Cabildo*, or municipality of Assumption, which on the 26th of June decided that, the matter being one of extraordinary character and of the greatest importance to the whole province, it was necessary to call together a general assembly of the clergy, military officers, magistrates, corporations, men of letters, and landowners of the whole jurisdiction, and to submit it to their decision; and an answer to this effect was returned to the Buenos Ayrean delegate, Colonel Espinola, who seems to have seen in it such a threat that he took immediate flight. The assembly met on the 24th July, and resolved that fraternal relations should be kept up with the Junta of Buenos Ayres, without acknowledging its superiority; and that whilst awaiting ulterior decisions from Spain, all military steps should be taken to place the province in a state of defence.

\* The details here given, up to the nomination of the governing Junta in 1811, are mostly extracted from the first number of the 'Paraguay Independiente' (President Lopez's Gazette) for April 26th, 1845. The treaty of October 12, 1811, with Buenos Ayres, will be found in No. 2 of the same journal, for May 3, 1845.

The Buenos Ayreans now determined to enforce the authority of the Junta over all the district which had acknowledged the sway of the Viceroy. In pursuance of this resolve, General Belgrano was sent in October, 1810, with one thousand men, to depose the Governor of Paraguay, and compel the Paraguayans to acknowledge the Junta; but they resisted and thrashed their invaders at Paraguarí, a village about fifteen leagues from the capital, in January, 1811, and Belgrano was obliged to return.

The Paraguayans however imbibed revolutionary notions from their invaders, and the principal natives of the country resolved on being independent. On the 16th of May, 1811, a provisional government was established, consisting of Governor Velasco as President, Dr. José Gaspar de Francia and Don Juan Valeriano de Zevallos as assessors. But the leaven of jealousy between European and American soon showed itself between the members of the provisional government, and on the 9th of June the Governor was suddenly arrested.

The general assembly which had been called by the provisional government met on the 17th of June, and decreed, 1st, That the province of Paraguay should govern itself separately and without any intervention of Buenos Ayres; 2nd, That nevertheless relations of confederation, friendship, and harmony should be opened with Buenos Ayres, and that deputies might be sent to the general congress; 3rd, That

trade being restored, the revenue duties should be regulated, and the tobacco-farm put an end to; 4th, That in no case should the laws and decisions of the general Argentine Congress oblige the province of Paraguay, unless previously approved by its general Assembly. Independence of Buenos Ayres, and not of Spain, was thus the first object of revolutionized Paraguay.

A treaty of alliance on the above basis was concluded with Buenos Ayres on the 12th of October, 1811; and indeed it may be observed that it was not till 1816 that the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, assembled in congress at Tucuman, declared their separation from Spain.

The General Assembly of Paraguay had elected for their government a Junta consisting of a President (Don Fulgencio Yegros) and four assessors; one of these, acting as secretary, Don Joseph Gaspar Rodrigues de Francia, soon became the soul of the new government: from time to time, disgusted with the frivolity of his colleagues, he would retire to his country-house, whence he was speedily petitioned to return. In 1813 a new congress was summoned, and two consuls, Yegros and Francia, were appointed for one year. In 1814 Francia succeeded in getting himself nominated Dictator for three years, and in 1816 for life.

Meanwhile jealousies had sprung up between Buenos Ayres and Paraguay, which led eventually to that isolation of the latter country from which we have

seen it emerge in the last few years only. The Treaty of 1811 bound the two provinces not only "to preserve and cultivate a sincere, solid, and perpetual friendship," but also to mutual and efficacious help and co-operation "with all manner of succour, according as the circumstances of each should allow, whenever it should be demanded by the sacred end of annihilating and destroying any enemy who might attempt to oppose himself to the progress of their just cause and common liberty." Soon the Crown of Portugal, fearing for its Brazilian possessions, and alleging mutual rights on behalf of one of the members of the Royal family of Portugal, threatened at once with invasion the Banda Oriental, or left bank of the river Plate, and the frontiers of Paraguay. In the latter country it had correspondence with the ex-Governor, Velasco, or his partisans. Paraguay was the first to denounce to Buenos Ayres the designs of the Portuguese, and to ask for help in muskets and ammunition for a corps of one thousand men which it was about to raise. This was as early as October, 1811. In January, 1812, the Portuguese having begun hostilities in the Banda Oriental, Buenos Ayres urged Paraguay to send a thousand men to join the forces of the Buenos Ayrean General Artigas, promising in return to supply it with money and ammunition, and to send troops for its defence in case of attack.

But Paraguay was threatened on its immediate frontier; Buenos Ayres, attacked on the other side of

a huge river. The Paraguayan Government did not deem it prudent to part with its only soldiers on a distant expedition. It declined the request of the Buenos Ayreans, although several times repeated, urging its own peril, and alleging reasons which up to April, 1812, at least, Buenos Ayres admitted as valid. Meanwhile it furnished a few supplies in tobacco and *yerba* to Artigas ; and sent help to its next neighbour, Corrientes, against a Monte Videan squadron then ascending the Paraná. Nor were its allegations of peril illusory ; for the Portuguese forces of the province of Matogrosso took possession of one of its forts, Fort Bourbon (now Fort Olimpo). An armistice was concluded by Buenos Ayres with Portugal on the 9th of July, and ten days after it expressed its regrets to Paraguay on the news of the fall of Fort Bourbon ; but the question of the refusal by Paraguay of the auxiliary force of one thousand men, whether justifiable or not, remained as a bone of contention between the two allies from henceforth.\*

The coolness thus engendered soon broke out into open opposition. A shipment of Paraguayan produce on behalf of the Government having been sent down the river, the Paraguayan agents were maltreated by Buenos Ayrean officials, the ships taken by Monte Videan privateers within a league of the town of Santa Fé, without receiving any assistance, and when recaptured by a Buenos Ayrean ship-of-war, were retained

\* 'Paraguay Independiente,' No. 3, 10th May, 1845.

by their last captors. Paraguay complained; Buenos Ayres declined to do justice to its complaints, treated the seizure of the ships as a mere Admiralty question, and to crown all, in spite of the second article of the treaty of 1811, which enabled it to lay a low duty on Paraguayan *yerba* and tobacco, took upon itself to double the fixed duty, and persisted in the imposition, in spite of all remonstrances.

Together with these coercive measures, Buenos Ayres urged strongly upon Paraguay the necessity of sending deputies to the General Congress, both by letter, and latterly through the means of an Envoy Extraordinary; but the Paraguayan Congress of 1813 (the same which named Yegros and Francia Consuls) referred the proposal to the Executive, which declined for the present, in the name of the Congress, to send any deputies to Buenos Ayres. The same Congress proclaimed Paraguay a Republic, and assumed national arms and colours.\*

No immediate rupture however took place between the two countries. Buenos Ayres recognized successively both the Consulate, and afterwards the Dictatorship of Francia. In fixing the limits of Corrientes in 1814, it infringed on paper what the Paraguayans deemed their territorial rights; but it did so without communication with Paraguay, and suffered the Paraguayans to retain possession of what it claimed for Corrientes. On the restoration of the Spanish Bour-

\* 'Paraguay Independiente,' No. 6, May 31, 1845.

bons, and the news of expeditions preparing for the reconquest of America, a last appeal was made by Buenos Ayres to Paraguay, to send men for the common defence, in exchange for artillery and munitions of war. But the over-tax on Paraguayan produce was not removed, and Francia made no response to the appeal beyond adopting as his own a system of voluntary isolation, in place of that compulsory one with which the commercial policy of Buenos Ayres was threatening Paraguay: that in the course of his Dictatorship he visited the Argentines with penalties which might have been spared, is admitted by his successor.\*

Francia, indeed, on his accession to the supreme power, soon proved himself to be a most unscrupulous tyrant. He filled the prisons with the persons whom he suspected of being opposed to him, and torture, banishment, and death were distributed with no sparing hand. The old Spaniards were the principal objects of his suspicion and dislike, and he succeeded pretty nearly in exterminating them; the clergy also found no favour with him, and he arrogated to himself all the powers of a Pope. He almost annihilated the commerce of the country by his exclusive system, scarcely permitting any vessels to come up to or leave Assumption; the foreign merchants were detained against their will, or expelled from the country, as it suited the pleasure of the Dictator. Among those who were banished was Mr. Robertson, who has written

\* 'Paraguay Independiente,' No. 7, June 7, 1845.



an interesting book on Paraguay and Francia's rule. Mr. Robertson gives a most fearful account of his cruelties and oppression ; so very bitter indeed is he, that one cannot help thinking (as he himself seems to apprehend we may) "that he has delineated his character and depicted his actions with the acerbity of a disappointed man or the prejudice of an ill-used one." \*

As an instance of his method of proceeding, the case of M. Bonpland, the eminent French naturalist, may be mentioned. He had formed a settlement opposite to Paraguay, in the province of Corrientes, when, without any notice, Francia's soldiers massacred his servants, and made him prisoner. Francia detained him in Paraguay for many years, till at last, growing jealous of his prosperity, he sent him suddenly out of the country. "He did not," says Mr. Robertson, "quit Paraguay with a feeling of abhorrence of Francia, but with philosophic serenity, and only regretted that there was no chance of the Dictator's allowing him to return."

Francia depended much on the army for the maintenance of his power, and it was of course treated with great consideration. He was most particular that persons should salute him when he passed, and

\* Mr. Carlyle's severe notice of this book in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' No. 62, for July, 1843, is well known, the whole article being in fact a glorification of Francia, as the one true man "in a bewildered Guacho (*i. e.* Gaucho) world."

the soldiers were ordered to punish those who omitted to do so; it is even said that, as many of the young lads in that warm climate used to go about *in puris naturalibus*, Francia issued an edict which required every one of whatever age to wear some kind of head-dress, that they might have something to doff when he passed.

Indeed during the latter years of his life it is difficult to believe that something of insanity was not mixed up with Francia's tyrannical proceedings. In 1836, a murrain having appeared amongst the cattle, caused apparently by swarms of ticks (*garrapatos*), which reduced them to extreme emaciation and sometimes caused their death, the Dictator, under pretext of preserving the cattle on the State farms, gave orders to kill the herds of private individuals, in any number, where there should be a single head of cattle attacked by ticks. Thousands of animals were thus destroyed, even to the single yokes of oxen, the single cows of labouring men, who had no other fortune. In order to expedite the business, bands of soldiers, well provided with ammunition, were sent out, who shot down the condemned animals. "If there were not so many [living] witnesses of this extravagant freak," says the writer who relates it, "if I had not seen the original decree, it would not be possible for me to believe it."\*

\* 'El Paraguay, lo que Fué, lo que Es, y lo que Será, por un Estrangero que residió seis años en aquel país' (Rio de Janeiro, 1848; Asuncion, 1849). This work, published under the sanction of the Paraguayan Legation in Brazil, and understood to be written by M.

His iron-handed and exclusive despotism had however one good effect, viz. that of keeping Paraguay out of the wars in which all the neighbouring states were continually engaged; since his death the blockade of the river by Rosas has continued its isolation, and let us hope, now that the mighty Paraná is free to the commerce of nations, that the horrors of war will not come in with the blessings of commerce and civilization.

The suspension of foreign trade had indeed another useful result, that of turning the attention of the Paraguayans more to agriculture and industry. Already, it is related, at an early period of his government, Francia had produced a complete revolution in the system of rural economy in Paraguay, through a decree of the year 1820, by which, to make up for the ravages of locusts in that year, he had required the landowners to sow their land a second time. The harvest was most abundant, "to the surprise of the old farmers, who up to that time never dreamt of such a thing as a double crop in the same year;" and the produce of the country became thus considerably augmented, so that common necessities, which had been hitherto imported from Buenos Ayres and the adjacent provinces, were now grown at home.\* On the closing

Gelly, the head of the Legation, by origin a Frenchman, must be considered as official; and in justice to Messrs. Robertson, it must be said that it fully confirms, although in less heated language, the general effect of their statements as to Francia's tyranny.

\* Rengger and Longchamps, pp. 46-48.

of the frontiers, "rice, maize, the two sorts of yucca root, were cultivated upon a more extended scale, and with much greater diligence; and vegetables, which were hitherto unknown in Paraguay, began to cover the plains. The cultivation of cotton, which was formerly wholly received from Corrientes, now proceeded in such a way as that the home produce of that article entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. Horses and horned cattle were encouraged in the same way; in place of receiving cattle from Entre Rios, as was before the practice, the farmers of Paraguay had now enough to enable them to export. Up to this time the people of Paraguay made use of cottons only in the formation of a sort of light cloth, fit for shirts; necessity now compelled them to employ that article in the manufacture of all sorts of garments. The *ponchos*, a sort of cloak, together with horse-cloths made of wool, which were annually imported from abroad at a vast expense, were henceforth made at home. There used to be before no such thing as a dexterous workman in Paraguay. But the Dictator, by the number of the public works which he caused to be undertaken, gave a spring to industry: out of blacksmiths, shoemakers, and masons he created a race of whitesmiths, saddlers, and architects."\*

Francia died in his bed, suddenly, in September, 1840, at the age of eighty-five, after a virtual reign of twenty-nine years, and an absolute one of twenty-

\* Rengger and Longchamps, pp. 48-50.

six. Seven or eight hundred persons were in the prisons at the time of his death,—some who had been loaded with irons for twenty years without knowing the cause of their arrest ; and a list of fifty persons to be shot was found among his papers.

His death was kept secret for some hours ; meantime his factotum (or Actuary, as he was called) communicated with the four commandants of the regiments quartered in the town. These officers formed themselves into a junta, taking the actuary for secretary, but they soon sent him to prison, where he hung himself. A congress was summoned, consisting of five hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, in March, 1841, and two consuls were elected for three years, Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, a wealthy landowner and lawyer, and Don Mariano Roque Alonzo, an officer of long service. On them was imposed the duty of governing, under an oath to preserve and defend the independence and integrity of the Republic ; and into their hands the military resigned their power—an honourable contrast to other South American states. All political prisoners were at once set at liberty by the Consuls ; confiscated property, which was still in the hands of the Government, was restored to the owners, or, as respects land, the price of it was paid to them. A police was created ; a judicial establishment set on foot ; a college opened. Francia's lawless soldiers were disbanded, and 3000 men of more regular troops enrolled. Public worship had fallen

into such neglect, that at Francia's death there were not fifty priests in all the country, all old. Negotiations were opened with the Court of Rome to procure fresh clergymen, the cathedral was rebuilt, church foundations were put to rights. The importation of slaves was forbidden ; the issue of slaves from henceforth declared free. Roads were opened, bridges built, two canals cut, new towns formed, frontier fortresses constructed.

In 1844, at the conclusion of the consular term, the Congress agreed upon a constitution, and elected Lopez President of the Republic for ten years ; which office he now holds.

The policy of isolation was implicitly given up by the first congress held after Francia's death, when it directed its declaration of independence to be communicated to the surrounding Governments and to that of the Argentine Confederation. An Envoy was sent in December, 1843, to Buenos Ayres, to notify the resolutions of the Congress, and to request a recognition of the independence of the Republic. Rosas, the then dictator of Buenos Ayres, in a singular despatch, quite characteristic in its flowers of Gaucho euphuism, whilst expressing himself " penetrated with sentiments of the most delicate friendship and hearty goodwill towards the Paraguayan people," yet " impelled by considerations of the gravest transcendancy to liberty and independence," found himself " in the imperious duty of manifesting to His Excellency "

(President Lopez) "how much he felt the not being able to lend his acquiescence to the desires of that most excellent Government;" alleging "the very grave inconveniences which were offered by the independence of that country."\*

Whilst urging reasons in favour of its recognition as an independent power, Paraguay did not insist on this being done, but contented itself with expressing the hope that commercial relations might be carried on without obstacle. This Rosas professed himself disposed to accede to, subject to the exigencies of the war which he was then carrying on with Corrientes: he published a commercial tariff, seemingly favourable to Paraguay, but in fact confined the advantages of it to Argentine vessels, and finally took pretext of a commercial convention concluded between Paraguay and Corrientes, and which the former Government expressly invited him to join, to institute an absolute blockade of the river Paraná, which his tool, Oribe, in the Banda Oriental, soon extended to the Uruguay, the only other outlet of Paraguayan trade.

During Rosas's government, Paraguay thus remained isolated from the world by the iniquitous government of Rosas in the Argentine Confederation; he however never dared to invade it, and the Paraguayans were too wise to engage in warfare themselves; they preferred to remain shut up, as they were,

\* 'Paraguayo Independiente,' No. 8, June 14, 1845.

more or less absolutely from the outer world, and cultivate their lands in peace.

In order to make an appeal to the national spirit, the official Gazette, called 'El Paraguayo Independiente,' was published on the 26th of April, 1845, for the first time, and continued thenceforth weekly (with occasional supplements on other days) for one twelve-month, and occasionally from thenceforth, containing in its first numbers a history of the foundation of Paraguayan Independence, followed by that of the Argentine Confederation. In order to place the army on a respectable footing, volunteering was invited, and the appeal seems to have been well responded to. A decree establishing a National Guard, and binding all the citizens of the republic to take up arms for the service of the country, soon followed, together with a further decree for the organization of the army, the composition of which was fixed at four regiments of grenadiers (of 468 rank and file each, besides officers, non-commissioned officers, drum and fife); six of *chasseurs* (of 450 rank and file); four of cavalry (the same), and two of artillery (240 men). Lastly, a body of "auxiliary guards" was created, composed of all citizens who for want of fortune should not be included in the National Guard.

The existence of Paraguay as an independent state was moreover, although denied by Buenos Ayres, pretty well acknowledged throughout the rest of the world. Brazil had recognized the independence of



Paraguay at the time of proclaiming its own, and had named a resident diplomatic agent to that country as early as 1824; it repeated its acknowledgment in 1844, in spite of the protests of Rosas. Bolivia and Chili recognized it in 1853; Uruguay (Monte Video) in 1845. Great Britain sent an Envoy in 1842, with a view to concluding a treaty of commerce, which was however deemed premature by Paraguay; but friendly commercial relations existed between the subjects of Paraguay and those not only of Great Britain, but of France and the United States. The Court of Rome admitted the right of presentation to bishoprics when exercised by the Government of Paraguay,—a well-known attribute of sovereign power in the sphere of Romanism.

Paraguay in its turn, it must be observed, was beginning to manifest a liberality towards foreigners, the very reverse of the policy of Francia. Decrees on the naturalization of foreigners, on the enjoyment of patent rights, were followed by one\* which proclaimed as towards foreign nations the principle of an entire equality of rights and privileges between all, and authorized all foreigners to enter the ports of the republic and carry on trade there with entire liberty under the protection of the authorities, and free from all military service and requisitions and extraordinary taxes. It assured them from molestation on account of religion, provided they did not carry on any special

\* Published in the 'Paraguay Independiente' of November 29, 1845.

worship in public and paid respect to that of the State and its ministers. In case of rupture with any foreign nation, it guaranteed to its subjects resident within the republic freedom to remain and trade without disturbance: it gave to strangers the right freely to dispose of their property, either by will or other act, as well as to inherit property by intestacy, subject nevertheless to special succession duties.

At a later period (January 2nd, 1846) a simple and very fairly liberal Customs law was decreed, declaring free of import duty all machines and implements of agriculture, industry, navigation, art or science, not fabricated or not in general use in the republic, as well as the precious metals, and reducing all other import duties to twenty-five and twenty per cent. Export duties were reduced by the same occasion to six and ten per cent. *Yerba* however, and timber fit for naval purposes, were by another decree of the same date declared the property of the State, so that no private person could trade in *yerba*, or cut timber of the above description.\* The importance of a free and active trade for developing the resources of the country was moreover energetically pointed out by the Government to its subjects, in a really able and statesmanlike article of the official Gazette, on "the navigation of the Paraná and its confluent."†

On the 4th of December, 1845, finally, President Lo-

\* 'Paraguay Independiente,' January 17, 1846.

† *Ibid.*, December 13, 1845.

pez, alleging the complete prohibition of Paraguayan trade by Rosas and Oribe, and Rosas's solemn announcement that there was no means of good intelligence between the two countries but that of incorporating Paraguay in the Argentine Confederation, declared war upon Buenos Ayres, Corrientes being treated as a natural ally to Paraguay. A first column of the Paraguayan army, of about 5000 men, soon began its march towards the frontier, under the command of one of the sons of the President. The time seemed well chosen,—it was that of the combined English and French intervention in the River Plate, which the 'Paraguay Independiente' (dealing actually henceforth in "foreign intelligence" for the benefit of its readers) warmly supported. In the course of this intervention, Commanders Hotham and Tréhouart, having forced the Buenos Ayrean blockade at Obligado, ascended the Paraná-Paraguay (15th and 16th of January, 1846) ; the French war-steamer 'Fulton' reached Assumption itself, and being the first steamer ever yet seen in those inland waters, attracted crowds of visitors. Meanwhile Urquiza, then Rosas's lieutenant, had invaded Corrientes, and in a successful conflict, on the 4th of February, he took prisoner one of the Madariagas, the Correntine leaders. The prisoner was gained over and made a tool of by his captor, and a revolution in Corrientes deprived Paraguay of its ally ; it withdrew from this moment from open hostilities, and soon disbanded four-fifths of its army.

General Urquiza was forbidden to invade the Paraguayan territory. President Lopez by a decree declared that matters should stand on the same footing as before the declaration of war, *i. e.* that Paraguay should remain neuter as respected the disputes of the Argentines.

The United States now offered their mediation, to terminate the differences between Buenos Ayres and Paraguay. The latter country, whilst expressing the utmost willingness to treat, yet steadily refused to do so on any other footing than that of the recognition of its independence. The negotiation failed, and soon the Anglo-French intervention in the River Plate ceased also ; Paraguay remained in its insulated position, cut off by Rosas from the civilized world. Something of despair seems to have come over President Lopez ; he felt apparently that he had nothing to say to his so-called fellow-citizens. For nearly a whole year the publication of the 'Paraguay Independiente' was suspended : the 71st number came out on the 27th of February, 1847,—the 72nd only followed on the 12th of February, 1848. War was then again threatened by Buenos Ayres, and Paraguay officially treated as an Argentine province by Colonel Virasoro, a Correntine officer (afterwards Governor of Corrientes), the jurisdiction of Paraguay over any portion of the left bank of the Paraná being denied in the most offensive manner. To meet these pretensions, the question of the territorial rights of Paraguay in

Misiones was now treated by the Paraguayan Journal in that series of articles, which were afterwards reprinted in a collected form, under the title of “*Discussion de Limites Territoriales.*”\*

An important event of this period for Paraguay was the news of the recognition of its independence by the Emperor of Austria (in July, 1847), which Rosas did not fail again to protest against. Venezuela had in May of the same year been added to the States by which that independence had been acknowledged. The President meanwhile had made a year's tour through the country, and had amongst other things ordered the evacuation by the Correntine wood-cutters of the island of Apipé, near the right bank of the Paraná. The rights of citizenship were conferred, by a decree of the 7th of August, 1848, on the Indians of twenty-one *pueblos*, or townships. An army of 8000 men was set on foot, to prepare against the probabilities of war; and as a last appeal to the national spirit, a Congress was called in May, 1849, before which President Lopez laid a lengthy Message, containing a full detail of the external and internal events of the last five years, including among the latter (besides the laws already noticed as to patents, the rights of foreigners, etc.) the establishment of primary schools in every village of the country,—the adoption of the Spanish Code of Commerce of 1829,—the suppression of clerical fees and the substitution therefor

\* See Appendix B. as to Misiones.

of an allowance from the public treasury,—the suppression of burials in churches, and establishment of cemeteries,—the creation of a State monopoly of *yerba* to provide funds for public works,—and the abolition of the last remnants of the Jesuits' Communistic system among the Indians of Misiones : altogether, one may say, a very fair amount of business done, whether well or badly. The Commission of Congress gave its complete approval to the conduct of the President, and conferred upon him full authority to act as might seem to him fitting in all foreign questions.

“Foreign questions” meant in fact at this juncture, for Paraguay, the dispute with Corrientes as to Misiones ; and accordingly we find President Lopez, on the 10th of June, 1849, issuing a manifesto for the military occupation of so much of the territory between the Paraná and Uruguay as belonged to Paraguay during the government of Velasco. The details of this campaign will be found in one of the numbers of the President's Gazette.\* The Paraguayan army seems to have been at first commanded by a “foreign chief,” who was subsequently deposed by General Lopez, the commander-in-chief, mainly, it would seem, for having fomented revolution in Corrientes, by encouraging some Correntine refugees to set up a so-called provisional government. Two Paraguayan heroes appear to have been killed, and two to have been taken prisoners in the

\* ‘Paraguay Independiente,’ No. 85, October 13, 1849.

course of various skirmishes with Correntine soldiers or brigands ; and two Paraguayan officers were shot for having run away when in command of an advanced post. "A Paraguayan officer," says the Gazette, in the old Francia style, not here out of place, "must live persuaded that his wretched life will not be saved by flight." After this military promenade over fifty leagues of frontier, effected without meeting with any serious resistance, President Lopez seems to have considered that enough had been done for Paraguayan honour, and his minister Varela received instructions to write to the Buenos Ayrean Government, offering to treat on new bases,—for instance, that of deferring the question of Paraguayan independence till the meeting of the next General Congress of the Argentine Confederation (16th of October, 1849). Beyond an acknowledgment of its reception, Rosas's government at first gave no answer to this despatch, although succeeded on the part of Paraguay by a relaxation on one or two points of the retaliatory measures which it had been compelled to take against Buenos Ayrean trade. But at the session of the *Provincial* Representative Junta, composed of his creatures, Rosas had himself invested with full powers over all the funds and resources of the province, until he should have "rendered effective the reincorporation of the province of Paraguay with the Argentine Confederation" (March, 1850). President Lopez thus gained but little by his pacific move: a second mi-

litary promenade of Paraguayan troops on the left bank of the Paraná was the best retort which he could make to this act of defiance.

Other boundary questions were meanwhile arising with Brazil, whose province of Matogrosso borders on Paraguay. The so-called Sugar-loaf Island was occupied by Brazilian forces; the President of Matogrosso, with two war-launches and canoes, proceeded to reconnoitre the left bank of the Paraguay and the river Apa. The Paraguayan troops however, after vainly summoning the Brazilians to evacuate Sugar-loaf Island, expelled them by force after a conflict of three-quarters of an hour. The Brazilian Government instantly sent orders that matters should be left *in statu quo* until the boundary could be amicably settled.

It would have been indeed the height of folly in Brazil to enter into warfare with Paraguay at the very time when it was breaking with Buenos Ayres, and the Brazilian minister in that city was asking for his passports (September, 1850); accordingly we soon find Brazil entering into an alliance offensive and defensive with Paraguay, to last for six years.\*

Rosas's government however was itself tottering to its fall. A coolness had grown up between Rosas and the ablest of his Lieutenants, Urquiza, which broke out in May, 1851, into open revolt on the part of the latter. The truculent motto of the Argentine Confederation, "Death to the Savage Unitarians!" was

\* See 'Paraguay Independiente,' No. 116, for September 4, 1852.



exchanged for one scarcely less truculent in sound, but at all events less personal, "Death to the enemies of national organization!" And on the plea of Rosas's having gone out of his mind, Urquiza decreed in the name of the people of Entre Rios, his province, the resumption of their powers of territorial sovereignty, previously delegated to the Governor of Buenos Ayres. Entre Rios and Corrientes soon joined in forming a special commission, one of the first acts of which was to address to the President "of the Republic of Paraguay" (the independence of which was thus at least provisionally recognized) an Envoy entrusted to negotiate a treaty or convention, and to request aid in troops and ships against Rosas.

President Lopez's recollections of past intermeddling with the internal concerns of the provinces "below" (*de abajo*) were no doubt unfavourable. He must have remembered how, some years before, when Paraguayan troops had entered Corrientes, to co-operate with the Correntines against Rosas, the defection of the Madariagas had left the former in the lurch, and they had had to make the best of their way out of the province. He had before him an old enemy, the very chief by whom Joachim Madariaga had been taken prisoner and won over, and whose conduct towards Paraguay had hitherto been anything but friendly. He knew well that the Paraguayan troops were the only ones possessing any discipline in the upper basin of "the rivers;" and the somewhat unce-

remonious request for them seemed to show how much the disposal of such forces was coveted. Paraguay moreover could not help being flushed with some pride at the late expulsion of the Brazilians from Sugar-loaf Island, and the willingness of the Brazilian Government to hush up the rebuff with a convention. President Lopez received Urquiza's advances in the first instance with considerable coolness. "It was only," said the Government Gazette, "one enemy in place of another;" and by way of defiance, the next number of the 'Paraguayan Journal' recalled the proceedings of Urquiza with the Madariagas, and other events of the unlucky Corrientes campaign of 1846. These recriminations seem however to have been singularly ill-timed on the part of the illustrious journalist of Paraguay, for by October in the same year we find the 'Paraguay Independiente' announcing to its readers the conclusion of a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, Entre Rios, and Corrientes, having for special object the pacification of Banda Oriental. This reconciliation between Lopez and Urquiza must no doubt be attributed in great measure to the urgent endeavours of Brazil, whose Emperor had lately conferred on the President of Paraguay the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, and on his son General Lopez the rank of Commander in the same Order,—but partly also to the good sense of the Corrientes-Entre-Rios Commission, which in spite of Paraguayan re-

buffs had allowed ships to pass up the river, thus tempting Paraguay with a foretaste of the commercial blessings of a good understanding between "above" and "below." Before however any active steps had been taken by Paraguay for carrying out the alliance, its object had already been realized. Oribe's army had deserted him (November, 1851); Monte Video at last was free. In December Urquiza crossed with 29,645 men to the right bank of the Paraná; on the 3rd of February Rosas was overthrown. A few months afterwards the long-pending dispute as to the independence of Paraguay was formally settled by the accrediting of an Argentine Envoy (Dr. Derqui) to Assumption, by the conclusion of a treaty of alliance between the Argentine Confederation and the Republic of Paraguay (15th of July, 1852), and by the solemn recognition of Paraguayan sovereignty by the Envoy (17th July), followed of course by mutual cannon-firings, illuminations, fireworks, cathedral sermons, and the rest: the more ferocious half of the Paraguayan motto, "Independence or Death," was henceforth to be omitted, and the wearing of the national colours was no more to be obligatory.

It should be observed that the treaty between Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation was one more wisely moderate on the part of the former than favourable to its territorial greatness. Misiones,—the object of so long a struggle,—the text for so many learned disquisitions on the part of the President of

Paraguay,—was wholly given up, the Paraná being declared the boundary between the two States, and a secure frontier being thus obtained in place of an insecure one. The island of Apipé was likewise given up by Paraguay. Curiously enough, another clause of the treaty, allowing to Paraguay the sovereignty over both banks of the Paraguay river, gave rise to a protest on the part of Bolivia.

This was speedily followed by the recognition of Paraguayan independence by other Powers; and by the British Government, represented in the person of his Excellency Sir Charles Hotham, on the 4th of January, 1853. Sir Charles Hotham concluded also a treaty with the President, opening the navigation of the Paraguay to British ships up to Assumption,—not further, on account of the unsettled state of the boundaries between Paraguay and the states of Bolivia and Brazil.

This treaty (which will be found in the 'London Gazette' for November 4th, 1853) provides against the imposition by either country of any differential duty, or exceptional prohibition on the importation or exportation of any article being the growth, produce, or manufacture of the other; for the payment of national rates of tonnage, light or harbour dues, pilotage, salvage, and other local charges, within the dominions of either party as respects the vessels of the other; and of the national rates of import or export duties as respects the subjects or citizens of either;

for complete freedom of trade, subject to the national law ; full protection for person and property, free disposal of and succession to personal property ; exemption from compulsory military service, forced loans, etc. In case of rupture between the two contracting parties, the subjects of either trading or employed within the dominions of the other may either remain there without molestation, or have leisure to wind up and depart. Full liberty of conscience is assured to them, and British subjects have the liberty "to exercise in private and in their own dwellings, or within the dwellings or offices of Her Britannic Majesty's Consuls or Vice-consuls, their religious rites, services, and worship." The term of the treaty is six years from the exchange of ratifications, or seven if not put an end to by notice.

The same form of treaty, it was stated by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords (June 3, 1853), was agreed to by the Representatives of France, the United States, and Sardinia.

A fair promise seemed to have opened for Paraguayan trade. But the renewed disturbances of the Plate soon marred this prospect. It will have been seen in the course of the present work how soon the "magnanimous liberator" Urquiza found himself denounced by the Buenos Ayreans as a tyrant, in scarcely more measured language than that applied to Rosas himself ; how he withdrew once more to his own province of Entre Rios, leaving Buenos Ayres to itself.

The formation of the new Government was early notified to Paraguay, in the hope that Lopez would make common cause with the Buenos Ayreans against Urquiza. But the Government of Paraguay, whilst expressing much satisfaction at the choice of Alsina for Governor, and on the selection of his ministry (November 16, 1852), cautiously abstained from going further than assuring Buenos Ayres of "the invariable desire it entertained of preserving unimpaired the relations which happily subsisted, and ought to subsist, between communities united by the bonds of blood, religion, and neighbourhood." And now Buenos Ayres, refusing to recognize as legal any of Urquiza's acts, proceeded to deny the validity of his treaty with Paraguay; and Corrientes, always ready to levy black-mail on all trade within its reach, imposed a transit duty on Paraguayan imports and exports. To escape from the exactions of the so-called Riverine States, President Lopez, in sending his son Brigadier-General Lopez as minister from Paraguay to exchange the ratifications of the English treaty, commissioned him, it would seem, to propose the conclusion of a supplementary treaty, whereby the two States should bind themselves to insist on, to establish, and keep open to all flags, the navigation of the Lower Paraná.\* The proposal was one which England could hardly be expected to accept, and which was declined accord-

\* See in the 'Examiner' newspaper for January 7, 1854, the article "Republic of Paraguay."

ingly ; but it must always be a subject of regret that the reception of General Lopez and the Paraguayan mission in this country is said to have been such as to make these members of a rising nation, pre-eminent for life and energy among the republics of the New World, feel most deeply the ignorance and indifference of the "*nation boutiquière*" as respects all matters out of the pale of our official and commercial routine. And it is necessary to add, that the brilliant courtesy of which they were subsequently the object in France, offered in their minds a strong and painful contrast to English indifference and superciliousness.

In the absence of authentic records, it is best to close here this sketch of Paraguayan contemporary history. Newspaper reports have since spoken of differences between Paraguay and, first, the United States, whose commercial steamers were the first to ascend the waters of the Upper Paraná, but a brig of war from which was, we believe, beaten off by the Paraguayans; and next, Brazil, whose Chargé d'Affaires was dismissed by President Lopez. In the spring of 1855, however, it was stated that the Envoy Plenipotentiary of Brazil, being also Admiral of a Brazilian squadron which had ascended the rivers, had received the required satisfaction, and that a treaty of navigation, commerce, and territorial limitation had been concluded between Paraguay and Brazil, the ratifications to be exchanged within eight months. Later intelligence from Monte Video again (4th December,

1855) brought the rumour of a treaty between Brazil and Urquiza against Paraguay; and warlike stores were certainly being shipped in large quantities from Buenos Ayres for the “inland Japan.”

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The following Summary of Mr. Mansfield’s intended Lecture, drawn out by himself in a circular form, may here be inserted:—

#### MEMORANDA FOR LECTURE ON PARAGUAY.

##### SOUTH AMERICA.

###### *General Geography.*

Andes ; Amazon ; La Plata ; Paraná ; Uruguay ; Paraguay ; Pilcomayo ; Bermejo ; La Plata, one hundred and seventy miles wide at mouth.

*False names.*—Rio Jenero ; Rio Grande ; La Plata ; Monte Video ; Buenos Ayres.

###### *General History.*

	A.D.
In service of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain—	
Columbus discovers Hayti and Cuba . . . . .	1492
„ „ Jamaica . . . . .	1493
„ „ Coast of South America, Trinidad . . .	1498
In service of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, from Lisbon—	
Vasco de Gama sailed to India round the Cape of Good Hope	1497
Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, sent out for India, carried by currents to Brazil . . . . .	1499
Amerigo Vespucci, sent out to survey the country, published on account of it ; hence name.	

###### From Spain—

Juan Diaz de Solis, Grand Pilot of Castile, sent to continue



A.D.

the survey of the Brazilian coast, and to seek a south-	
west passage to East India . . . . .	1515
Discovers Rio Janeiro, January. . . . .	1516
Story of Portuguese going overland from Brazil to Paraná.	

## PARAGUAY PROPER.

*History.*

Fernando Magalhaens goes down to seek the South-west	
Passage, enters La Plata, finds it a river, proceeds south,	
and finds the Straits called after him . . . . .	1519
Sebastian Gabot ; went out to trade with the Moluccas, but	
enters La Plata . . . . .	1526
Mendoza's expedition . . . . .	1534
Foundation of Buenos Ayres ; soon after destroyed.	
Ayolas goes up the river and founds Assumption, 15th August	1537
Yralá selected Governor . . . . .	1538
Alvarez Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca sent out as Adelantado ;	
marched overland . . . . .	1540
Cabeza de Vaca sent home, and ultimately Yralá confirmed	
in Government by King ; died in . . . . .	1557
Buenos Ayres refounded, a colony from Assumption . . .	1580
Jesuits come to Tucuman, and thence to Assumption, now	
a bishopric . . . . .	1586
Jesuits expelled, July 22 . . . . .	1767
Buenos Ayres, first revolution . . . . .	1810

*Geography of Paraguay.*

Surrounded by rivers.—Pilcomayo ; Bermejo ; Cordillera of Maracaju ; Tebicuarí ; Salto Grande ; Itapúa ; situation of Assumption.

*Climate.**Productions.*

Tobacco. Cotton. Mines of Yerba. Caraguatá. Hides. Leather. Dyes. Indigo. Cochineal. Sugar. Whetstones. Grapes and Pine Apples.

*Inhabitants.*

Basques. Indians. Guaranís. Payaguás. Mbayas. Guaycurús. Tobas. Fair and dark. Women industrious.

*Languages.*

Guaraní. Guaraní-Paraguayan. Spanish (Government and richer people), spoken above Corrientes.

*Habits.*

Agricultural, quiet. On river, energetic. Market-place. Yerbá Maté. Gravity and gaiety.

*Costume.*

Tipoi. Sailenâ. Manta, without shoes. Plaid, or Poncho. Chiripa. Calzoncillos. Compare with Costume of Gauchos.

*Features.*

Docile, imitative. Only country on this side of South America with an industrious peasantry. Probably a great people, likely to become Protestant. Hitherto Government jealous.

*Commerce.*

Not likely to have immediate commerce with England. Steamers necessary. The [steamer] sent down from United States condemned at Pernambuco.

*Voyage up Paraná.*

Leave Buenos Ayres, September 2. Storms on the river. Chaco.

*Corrientes.**Ride to Assumption.**Residence.**Descent of River.*

## APPENDIX.

A. (pp. 181, 229.)

## THE HONEY-WASP.

“THE most remarkable entomological fact stated by this writer (Azara) is the existence in Brazil and Paraguay of a honey-gathering wasp! When the statement appeared, it was supposed by Latreille and others that, not being much versed in entomology, Azara had mistaken for an individual of the wasp family what was in reality one of the *Melipona* or *Trigonia* genus, common in South America. More recently however the researches of M. de St. Hilaire have confirmed the accuracy of the Spaniard; and it seems now an established fact that the insect, provincially named *Lécheguana*, belonging to the genus *Vespa* (*Polistes* of Latreille), produces honey of a very excellent kind, which it stores up in cells for use during the season of the repose of vegetable life, and which differs from that produced by the bees only in being wholly and completely soluble in alcohol, leaving no residue; whereas bee-honey, when sub-

jected to the same chemical process, deposits a crystallized saccharine matter. . . . The nest\* constructed by this insect is formed of the same materials, and is of similar architecture with that of the European Wasp, viz., of woody fibres reduced to a pulp of paste before being used, and is of a conical shape. The insect produces no wax.”—*The Naturalist's Library: Entomology—Bees*, pp. 295, 296.

The honey-wasp is also evidently referred to in the following extract from Dobrizhoffer's ‘Account of the Abipones,’ respecting Paraguayan honey:—“Throughout the whole of Paraguay you see none of those beehives the keeping of which is so troublesome in Europe, because the various species of bees deposit their excellent and copious honey either in hollow trees, in the caverns of the earth, or in the open plain, especially in those territories which enjoy a mild climate, and are near to flowery plains. Honey differs both in name and taste according to the different bees that produce it, and the different times and places in which it is produced. That which is concealed underground the Abipones call *Nahérek*. In some places it is rather acid, in others very sweet. A quantity sufficient to fill many jugs is often dug out of one case. That which is taken at the beginning of spring from the tops of shrubs or high grass is called by the Spaniards *Lechiguana*. The materials of which the cells of this honey consist are very like blotting-paper, and are often of such extent and circumference that you can hardly embrace them with both arms. The honeycombs

\* A figure of the nest is here referred to in the work now quoted from.

which certain wasps build in Europe are constructed in much the same way. The excellence of the Lechiguana honey you may ascribe to its being made of the first spring flowers; and if it remains untouched for some months, and escapes the eyes and hands of passers-by, it hardens of itself, like sugar, which it excels in sweetness; moreover it has no admixture of wax. Though various kinds of honey are found under the earth and in the plain, yet the principal storehouses of the bees are the hollow trunks of lofty trees. The Spaniards of St. Jago prefer to every other kind that found on the Cardones. With the Guaranís, and all just estimators, the first place is given to the *Eyrobaña*, the sweetest and most transparent of all honey, which, when poured into a glass, could not be distinguished from water. The same honey, if found on the fragrant wood of the tree *ybirapayé*, is then decidedly the best, and excels all other honey as the sun does the lesser stars."—*Dobrizhoffer, Account of the Abipones*, vol. i. pp. 419, 420.

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B. (pp. 239, 464.)

#### THE MISIONES.

The question of the right to the Misiones territory will be found treated of at length (from the Paraguayan point of view) in a pamphlet of large size, entitled 'Discusion de Limites territoriales y de la Independencia nacional del Paraguay, entre el Paraguay Independiente y la Gaceta de Buenos Ayres' (Assumption, 1848).

It appears that after the erection in 1620 of Buenos Ayres into a separate bishopric and government from that of Paraguay (which originally included the whole of the present Argentine Confederation and a large part of Bolivia), disputes arose as to the limits of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction between the two provinces. A compromise was directed to be entered into between the two bishops, which was drawn up in 1727, and which declared that the jurisdiction of the See of Paraguay extended, as well in political as in ecclesiastical matters (the whole Misiones territory, be it remembered, was under Jesuit rule), over the whole basin of the Paraná, and that of the See of Buenos Ayres over the whole basin of the Uruguay, such basin forming the division between the two sees; and that the districts of Candelaria, San Cosme, and Santa Ana, the subject matter of the then difference, were within the territory of Paraguay.

The division thus established assigned by far the greater portion (nineteen-twentieths) of the Misiones to Buenos Ayres. It subsisted till 1803, when the whole of the Misiones were erected into a separate government, independent both of Paraguay and Buenos Ayres, under Don Bernardo de Belasco, who in 1806 was appointed Governor of Paraguay, retaining Misiones. He was however the last of the Spanish governors; Buenos Ayres in 1810, and afterwards Paraguay, broke loose from Spain, and on the 12th of October, 1811, a treaty was concluded between the revolted provinces, indicating the intention to form a federal union, but reserving strictly for Paraguay its independence from the decrees of any general congress, unless confirmed by a general assembly

of its own inhabitants; leaving the boundaries of the province of Paraguay expressly as they were then, and charging the Government of that province with the keeping of the department of Candelaria.

Paraguay certainly from that time remained in possession of the disputed districts. But differences soon arose between Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation, which came to a head under the government of Rosas. These differences indeed at one time broke out into actual hostilities, but eventually subsided again into a war of words, carried on in messages of the Governor of Buenos Ayres to his sham Assembly, and in articles by each despot in his newspaper, the 'Gazette' of Buenos Ayres,—the 'Paraguayan Independent' of Assumption. Hence the "Discussion" above referred to.

In this controversy—carried on certainly with very fair ability on the Paraguayan side—as to the title to a wilderness, once peopled and fertile, it is curious to see the struggle of each Government in turn, although both alike the products of insurrection, to evolve for itself some basis of right, anterior to the mere fact of its existence. Paraguay, as we have seen, claims a portion of the Misiones as part of its territory as an independent Republic, on the ground that such portion was formerly annexed to it when a provincial government of a Spanish viceroyalty. Following, in fact, precisely the same line of argument, Buenos Ayres claims Paraguay itself as a necessary member of the Argentine Confederation, on the ground that the body politic forming the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, so far from falling to pieces with the fall of the Spanish rule, remained constituted as before, and

organized its own government without breaking the union or altering the cohesion between its various constituent members; and seeks to lay down the indissolubleness of an existing body politic as one of the maxims of American public law. Hereupon of course Paraguay declares that this is taking an effect for a cause, that the free and sovereign will of the different peoples is the only basis of American nationalities,—asks triumphantly how Buenos Ayres, a member of the existing body politic of the Spanish empire, could ever break that indissoluble union, etc.; not observing how any such sneer glances back at its own claim to a part of Misiones, as united to Paraguay under the Spanish rule.

In the year which followed this discussion (10th of June, 1849), the President of Paraguay published a manifesto for the military occupation of the Paraguayan territory between the Paraná and the Uruguay; and, on whatever founded, the Paraguayan title seems to have been admitted as a real one, since, as Mr. Mansfield's letters show, the formal cession of Misiones *by* Paraguay was actually about to take place in 1852, the independence of Paraguay having been previously officially recognized by Urquiza.

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## C. (p. 356.)

## THE GRAN CHACO.

“To the royal jurisdictions of Buenos Ayres and Rio de la Plata, of Tucuman and Assumption, must be added a region named Chaco. Its length is 300 leagues, its breadth 100. Tucuman, the region De las Charcas, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and the rivers De la Plata and Paraguay, surround Chaco; on both sides it is bounded by the mountains which stretch from Cordoba to the Peruvian silver mines at the cities of Lipes and Potosí, thence to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and lastly to the lake Mamoré, where they terminate. This territory, throughout its whole extent, enjoys a salubrious climate, and a rich, fertile soil. Here it gently swells into pleasant hillocks, there sinks into fertile valleys, affording rich pasturage to horses and cattle of all kinds. It is adorned with woods, and a variety of excellent trees. On the Peruvian side, stones and rocks that seem to threaten the skies, cover immense tracts of land. Towards the south it is utterly destitute of stones, pebbles, or sand, though you dig to the depth of fourteen feet. Incredible multitudes of strange beasts, birds, amphibious animals, and fishes present themselves to the eye. Besides lakes and rivulets, the ground is watered by noble rivers, which overflow the banks and inundate the sloping plains to a great extent. The most considerable stream in Chaco is the Rio Grande, or Bermejo, which has its source in the Peruvian mountains, and is increased by the accession of many rivers, till it shortly becomes

navigable for small ships. It flows down in a very deep channel, with the most rapid course; washes the cities of Guadalcazar and Concepcion, long since devastated by the savages, and at about thirty leagues' distance from thence mingles its waters with the Paraguay, a little before its junction with the Paraná. The waters of the Rio Grande, which abound in fish, are pronounced by authors to be salubrious, especially to those who labour under a difficulty of urine, or any disease of the bladder. The second place to this river is occupied by the Pilcomayo, which also flows from the Peruvian mountains. The distance between it and the Rio Grande is reckoned at thirty leagues; it is not navigable at all times nor in all places. Nearly eighty leagues from its junction with the Paraguay, it splits into two arms, forming an island of as many leagues in length. The first of these rivers, which flows into the Paraguay, within sight of Assumption, is called by the Guaranís Aaraguaay, or the wise river; possibly because the greatest sagacity is requisite to effect its navigation. The whole island is annually flooded, so that both branches of the river coalescing into one channel, it must be attributed to fortune rather than to skill, if any pilot pass over the opposing shallows and the meanders of its waters in safety. The other area, which retains the name of Pilcomayo, unites with the Paraguay at about the distance of nine leagues to the south of Assumption. The waters of the Pilcomayo are, for the most part, extremely foul. The Rio Salado derives its origin from the mountains of salt. In sundry places it changes both its channel and its name. At first it is called Rio Arias, presently Rio Passage, and

afterwards, in the neighbourhood of the castle de Val Buena, Rio Salado. Beyond the city of Santa Fé it assumes the name of Coronda, and finally, under this name, loses itself in the mighty waters of the Paraná. For a length of way its waters are not only sweet, but very famous for their salubrity, which however tributary lakes and rivers corrupt with such filth and saltiness, that, for the space of many leagues, the very beasts refuse to touch it.

“It may be worth while to notice the origin of its saltiness. The neighbouring plains abound in the shrub *vidriera*, the ashes of which reduced to a calx are employed in the making of glass. The *vidriera* resembles the juniper; the berries are small and cylindrical, green, nearly transparent, and joined one with another, being in place both of boughs and leaves; if I remember rightly, it bears no fruit. The rain falling upon these shrubs contracts a saltiness, and, flowing down the country, communicates it to the lakes and streams, which enter rivers sweet at their source, and miserably taint them. The palm-tree (*Caranday*) under which saltpetre is produced has the same effect as the *vidriera*. But though the waters of the Rio Salado be salt, they are pellucid, and in the deepest parts the excellent fish, with which this river abounds, are perceptible at the bottom. Its channel is deep, and contained within narrow though lofty and precipitous banks, through which it quietly flows, unnavigable except near Santa Fé. Between the Salado and Dulce flows the rivulet Turugon, which, being girt with woods, even in the driest weather affords plentiful and sweet waters to the traveller, and is neither interrupted

by shallows nor tainted with salt. It is not far distant from the little Indian town Salabina. The Rio Dulce, which is the Nile of the territory of St. Jago, after proceeding a little southerly, overflows its banks, and is finally received by the Lake of Gourds (Laguna de los Porrongos) between Cordoba and Santa Fé. Not many leagues distant is the White Lake (Laguna Blanca), where the Indians and Spaniards affirm that howlings, as of bulls, are heard in the dead of night. The rivers and streams of lesser water which belong to Chaco, are the Centa, the Ocloyas, the Jujuy, the Sinancas, the Rio Negro, the Rio Verde, the Atopenhra Lauate, the Rio Rey or Ychimaye, the Malabrigo or Neboque Latél, the Inespin or Naraheguem, the Eleya, etc. : who shall number them all, when they are almost innumerable, and often unnamed ? Most of these, after a long drought, become almost dry, a no uncommon occurrence in Chaco. You may often travel many leagues where not even a bird could discover a drop of water. On the other hand, when the sky is prodigal of its hoard, the brooks seem rivers, and the rivers seas, whole plains being inundated. During many journeys of many weeks, when we had to contend with water, mud, and deep marshes, there was not often a palm of dry land where we could rest at night. The Spanish soldiers who were with me sometimes ascended high trees, and perching there, like birds, enjoyed some portion of rest during the night ; several of them lighted a fire there to heat their water. But the calamity was far more intolerable when we had to ride, without resting, day or night, for many leagues, under a burning sun, before we reached a situation where we

could obtain water for ourselves and our horses. At other places you might traverse immense plains without seeing a twig to light a fire with. Wherever you turn, you meet with an army of gnats, serpents, and noxious insects, besides lions, tigers, and other formidable wild beasts.

“ This is the face of the province called Chaco ; which the Spanish soldiers look upon as a theatre of misery, and the savages as their Palestine and Elysium. Hither the Indians fled, when the Spaniards first laid the yoke on the inhabitants of Peru. To escape the dreadful hands, nay the very sight of the Europeans, they betook themselves to the coverts of Chaco ; for there they had mountains for observatories, trackless woods for fortifications, rivers and marshes for ditches, and plantations of fruit-trees for storehouses ; and there a numerous population still eludes the attempts of the Spaniards. It appears very probable that these lurking-places in Chaco were tenanted by indigenous tribes, prior to the arrival of the Spaniards ; and if so, it is indubitable that the new arrivals joined themselves to the natives, in the hope of security.

“ Several tribes formerly existed in Chaco, but of these the names alone or very slender relics remain.”—*Dobrizhoffer's Account of the Abipones*, vol. i. pp. 118–124.

[Dobrizhoffer, to whose pages we have before referred, was a Styrian priest of the last century (1717–1791) who was employed in the missions of Paraguay, and, returning to his native country after the expulsion of his Order, published in 1781 an account of the Abipones, an eques-

trian tribe, among whom he had resided for seven years. The original work is written in Latin ; the English translation, from which the extracts given in this volume are drawn, was published by Murray in 1812, in three volumes, 8vo. A work specially treating of the Chaco was published at Buenos Ayres in 1833, and reprinted at Montevideo in 1850 : ‘ Noticias Historicas y Descriptivas sobre el gran pais del Chaco y Rio Bermejo, con observaciones relativas a un plan de Navegacion y Colonizacion que se propone per Jose Arenales, Teniente-Coronel de Artilleria, y Ingeniero encargado del departamento topografico de Buenos Aires.’]

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D. (p. 367.)

PARAGUAYAN WOODS.

(FROM NOTES BY W. G. OUSELEY, ESQ., MARCH 1853.)

1. *Morosimwo*, used for furniture, and very good for building ships ; the tree-trunk not attaining more than twelve to sixteen feet in height ; two feet diameter. “ The Paraguay mahogany, best furniture-wood of the country. Two sorts, yellow and red.” (C. B. M.)

2. *Algarrobo*, used in ship-building ; same size as last.

3. *Tataneo*, similar to last in use and size.

4. *Laurel*, similar to No. 2.

5. *Cedro*, used for doors and furniture for decks of ships ; large enough to make planks, twelve or twenty yards long ; diameter three to five feet.

6. *Biraro*, used for ship-decks, beams, or rafters for houses, cart-wheels, etc. Size as No. 5.

7. *Lapacho*, a solid wood, used for knee-timber, etc., in ship-building, for house-beams; same length as No. 5, but not so great diameter.

8. *Cedronar*, similar to No. 5.

9. *Peterevi* (Petarewŭ?), used for masts of ships; sixty feet high without a branch.

10. *Urundeŭ*, used for beams of houses, pillars, and in ship-building; very durable, sixty feet in length; three feet diameter at thirty feet from ground.

11. *Urundeŭ Pará*, used for furniture and beams; smaller than No. 10.

12. *Tapariba Gwazu*, for beams; size as No. 7.

13. *Tatayuwá* ("Tatajuvá"), for furniture, rafters, etc. Somewhat smaller than No. 7.

14. *Quebracho blanco, y colorado*, used for rafters and sugar-presses, very solid; height thirty to thirty-six feet; diameter two feet.

15. *Timbo*, very large and thick; used for making canoes; forty to sixty feet in height, seven feet in diameter; very light, but not porous.

16. *Gwayacan*, use and size as No. 14.

17. *Gwayavi*, used for furniture, rafters, carts, etc., twenty-four to thirty-five feet high, eighteen inches diameter.

18. *Quirandi* ("Kirandi"), for furniture and ships; thirty-five feet high, two feet diameter; beautiful yellow colour ("fine grain"),

19. *Palo de rosa*, furniture, etc.; thirty-six feet high, two feet diameter.

20. *Palo santo*, same as No. 19.
  21. *Espína de Corona*, furniture, etc.; twenty-five feet high, two feet diameter.
  22. *Tatayuva guazu*, similar to No. 13 in use and size.
  23. *Cupay*, for furniture or rafters; rather smaller than No. 5; yields the Balsam of Copaiba.
  24. *Palo blanco*, rafters and furniture; size as last.
  25. *Lapacho crespo*, as No. 7.
  26. *Nazare*, furniture; size as No. 20.
  27. *Curupay*, use and size as No. 10.
  28. *Curupayna*, ditto, ditto.
  29. *Inciense amarillo*, furniture or rafters; yields the perfume gum (incense); size as No. 7.
  30. *Inciense colorado*, furniture or rafters; rather smaller than last.
  31. *Inciense blanco*.
  32. *Timbo colorado*.
  33. *Ibira pepe*.
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### E. (p. 372.)

#### THE CATARACT OF THE PARANA.

“I must now speak of the cataract of this river, which is called by the Spaniards *El Salto Grande*, and occurs about the 24th degree of latitude and 35th degree of longitude, near the ruined city of Guayra. I myself never saw it; I shall therefore describe this prodigy of nature in the words of Father Diego Rançonie, a Fleming, who



gave a most accurate description of it in the name of the Jesuit Father Nicolas Duran, then Provincial of Paraguay, in the 'Annals of Paraguay,' dated Rome, in the year 1626. 'Amongst all the things,' says he, 'capable of exciting admiration in these provinces, this Cataract easily obtains the first place; and indeed I know not whether the whole terraqueous globe contains anything more wonderful. The river precipitates itself, with the utmost violence, down an immensely high rock, twelve leagues in descent, and dashes, in its downward course, against huge rocks of horrible form, from which the waters, being reverberated, leap up to a great height; and as the channel is in many places intersected, on account of the exceeding roughness of the rocks, the waters are separated into various paths, and then meet together again, causing stupendous whirlpools. In other places also, the waters, leaping down, rush into the rocks themselves, and are concealed from the view; then, after having remained hidden for some time, again break forth, as if they had sprung from various fountains, and swallow up vast masses of rocks. Lastly, so great is the violence of the waters in the descent of the stream, that, during the whole course of twelve leagues, they are covered by a perpetual foam, which, reflecting the rays of the sun, dazzles the eyes of beholders with its brightness. Also the sound of the water, falling down and dashing against the rocks, may easily be heard at four leagues' distance. This rough descent being ended, the water seems inclined to rest on the bottom, in smooth ground; for it often stagnates there by day, but almost every hour a loud noise arises, from some hidden cause, and the water

leaps up to the height of many cubits. Fish of immense size are seen there, and Father Antonio Ruiz de Montoya, then Missionary of the Guaraní nation, in Guayra, declares that he saw a fish as big as an ox, swimming on the river, with only half his body above water. Nor is this incredible; for when I visited the Guaraní Reductions' (he means the new colonies of Indians), 'they wrote me word that an Indian had been swallowed by a river-fish of this kind, and afterwards ejected whole on to the bank.'"—*Dobrizhoffer, Account of the Abipones*, vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

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## F. (p. 378.)

### THE PAYAGUAS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

"Besides the equestrian savages, who is ignorant of the calamities brought upon the province by the barbarous Payaguas? These atrocious pirates, infesting the rivers Paraguay and Paraná, had for many years been in the habit of intercepting Spanish vessels freighted with wares for the port of Buenos Ayres, or conveying them thence, and of massacring the crews. At length Raphael de la Moneda, the royal Governor, repressed the audacity of these pirates, and, after repeated successful excursions along the river, obliged them to crave a peace, of which their living quietly on the shore of the Paraguay within sight of the city of Assumption was a principal condition. For many years they have kept to the

convention; but no persuasions of the bishops, the governors, or the priests could ever prevail upon them to embrace our religion. They are tall, and extremely muscular. The frightful appearance which nature has given them they increase with adscititious ornaments. In the under lip, which is perforated, they fix a long tube, sometimes of wood, sometimes of shining copper, reaching down to the breast. To the flap of one of their ears they tie the wing of a huge vulture. Their hair is stained with a purple juice, or with the blood of oxen. On their neck, their arms, and the calves of their legs, they wear strings of beads. They paint the whole body from head to foot with a variety of colours. The females, of every age, are decently covered with woollen garments woven by themselves. The males think themselves handsomely arrayed if they be elegantly painted; and formerly frequented both their own settlement, and the Spanish city and houses, in a state of complete nakedness; which being considered offensive to Christian decency by the Governor Raphael de la Moneda, he provided that a quantity of coarse cotton should be distributed amongst the adult savages, with this edict, that if any of them thenceforth entered the city naked, he should be punished at the pillory in the market-place with fifty strokes."—*Dobrizhoffer, Account of the Abipones*, vol. i. pp. 114, 115.

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## G. (p. 380.)

*"A few Payagwá Words, and some Account of the Payagwás,"* by CHARLES BLACHFORD MANSFIELD, Esq., M.A., *Clare Hall, Cambridge; with Remarks* by ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.D.

A short list of Payagwá words, collected by Mr. Mansfield, supplies the text for a few words of comment. Mr. Mansfield's communication is as follows:—

"The Payagwá words are written in Ellis's Phonetic character.\*

Brother . . .	<i>Yagowq̃.</i>	Hand . . .	<i>Sumahyq̃.</i>
Child . . . .	<i>Duqwat̃.</i>	Foot . . . .	<i>Sewó.</i>
Father . . .	<i>Eralgwq̃.</i>	Finger . . .	<i>Igutsán.</i>
Girl . . . . .	<i>Lugawára.</i>	Face . . . .	<i>Igwegógra.</i>
Mother . . .	<i>Yoh̃ssq̃.</i>	Leg . . . . .	<i>Yehega'.</i>
Sister . . . .	<i>Yagobé'ra.</i>	Bow (for	
Wife . . . .	<i>Elmhírq̃.</i>	shooting) <i>Sowó.</i>	
God . . . . .	<i>Haacu'm.</i>	Truth . . .	<i>Sqc.</i>
Water . . .	<i>Waaác.</i>	Pretty . . .	<i>Laq̃q̃.</i>
Bread . . .	<i>Asyq̃.</i>	Ugly . . . .	<i>Tlak.</i>

One . . *Pegaq̃.* Two . . *Seraca'.* Four . . *Pegás.*

"I have lost the word for 'three.'"

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\*  $\epsilon$   $\epsilon$   $A$   $a$   $q$   $\omega$   $u$   $a^a$   $u$   $\epsilon$   $g$   $q^b$   $T$   
eel fail alms no fool man full now child think.

b, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, w, y, z.  
be, do, for, go, he, edge, king, let, me, no, pie, roar, so, to, vie, we, yet, zed.

\* Strictly as *a* in German *Mann*.

<sup>b</sup> As Romaic  $\gamma$ , rather stronger than *g* in German *prediger*.

“The Payagwás, like other South-American Indians, have no numeral of their own higher than four. As specimens of the way in which they adopt foreign words, take these:—They say, for ‘five’ *Sincodá*, and ‘six’ *Saissu’lea*. These, of course, are the Spanish ‘*cinco*’ and ‘*séis*,’ with appendages.

“The only word in this list which has the least resemblance to the Gwaraní language, which surrounds the Payagwás, or rather bounds them on one side, while the river bounds them on the other, is the word for ‘one.’ The Gwarani word is *Petaé*. This is obviously the same word as the Payagwá equivalent.

“I do not pretend that these Payagwá words are spelt exactly right. I believe I have given the symbols for the distinct letters, to which the several sounds approximate; but the pronunciation of these savages is so very thick, accompanied with a sort of thrapatattle in the throat, that it is not very easy to hear it into articulation, still less to represent it.

“For instance, I am not quite sure that an ‘L’ would not represent the first letter of the word for ‘*child*’ as well as ‘D.’ I find that I had taken down the word for ‘Boy,’ from one man, as ‘*Luqwát*.’ I have no doubt this was the same word, but my other impressions were in favour of ‘L.’

“I see, in Dobrizhoffer’s ‘Account of the Abipones’ (English translation, 1822, vol. ii. p. 160),—a people not of Paraguay, in its modern sense, but of the Chaco on the opposite side of the great barrier—the Paraguay-Paraná,—that ‘*Laetařat*’ is the word for a ‘son,’ with special phonetics about the letter ř. I leave it to others

to determine whether or no the two words are cognate; I suppose they are."

Short as is the list of Payagua words, it is of importance, inasmuch as it is the only one known. In this fact lies the justification of the attention bestowed upon it.

The present writer can lay before the Society little beyond the notice of the Payagua language in the Mithridates, as a kind of complement to the vocabulary under notice. This (founded on the statements of Hervas and Azara) is to the effect, that when the Spaniards conquered the country drained by the Rio Plata, the Payagua were a powerful population occupant of the banks of the Paraguay, and formidable for their fluviate piracy. They fell into two divisions,—one fixed about  $21^{\circ} 5'$ , the other about  $25^{\circ} 17'$  S. lat. A portion of the Mbaya nation now occupies the more southern of the localities. Of these Payaguas the native name was *Cadigue*; the others calling themselves *Magach*. The collective name for the two was *Nayagua*. Afterwards the northern branch was known to the Spaniards as *Sarigue*, *Zarague*, or *Zaraguye*, the southern as *Tacumbu*.

Until A.D. 1740 they were independent and formidable. In that year, however, the *Tacumbu* fixed themselves at Assumption, where, A.D. 1790, they were joined by the *Sarigues*. A somewhat full notice of their manners and warfare may be found in Southey's History of Brazil.

The chief language with which the Payagua is coterminous is the Guarani; and the termination *-agua* (as in *Omagua*, etc.) shows that it is to the Guarani language that the name belongs. It is, *probably*, strange to the

Payaguas themselves—if not now, originally. From the Guarani however, the Payagua has always been separated. The present vocabulary confirms this separation.

As has been already stated, it is the first of its kind; the Mithridates giving us no list of words at all, but only the following specimen of composition, with an Italian translation:—

“1. Yam clacegui leuachi colemi kidoga nahea y ölgu nidogo; canaza hanauadake colemi panauki; ham sahalda kealeo iduteaëa da canaza vaha acoda hichamja keanolha, danedis dà canaza vaha acoda yam kidoga hichamja keanolha, yam valga.

“2. Chagada y ölgu didodegue, semelagas colemi kidoga leuachi, ham ligui teaea y ëhoü leuachi acoda lolgu idogu: yamne.

“3. Chadaga nedis kidoga leuachi codogu, yam sebau leuachi idoga keai mai yadan, satan ilguibi tagalinikini.”

*Italian translation.*

“1. Mi dolgo moltissimo de' miei peccati da tutto mio cuore sopra tutte cose abominabili, solamente per tuo puro amore non guardando altra cosa, e non guardando altra cosa il dolore del mio cuore, mio signore.

“2. Succedese io avessi un dolore somigliante al dolore de' santi e come per tuo amore rompevasi loro il-cuore per commessi sbagli.

“3. Succedese ancora, che come essi si pentirono, io ancora mi pentissi di aver sbagliato per non ritornare a peccare.”

Adelung remarks, that the translation being free there is but little to be made out of the texts, and he contents

himself with the following indications, viz. that *leuachi kidoga* = *feel pain*; *ueaea* = *heart*; *canaza*—*hanauaki* = *abominable things*; *canaza vaha*—*keanolha* = *not seeing anything else*; *yam* = *I or mine*; *valgas* = *master or lord*.

Such are our *data*. It is hardly possible for any addition to them to be other than valuable; indeed the fact of the Payagua being still spoken in Assumption, is one to which attention should be directed.

If we ask about the languages more immediately in geographical contact with the Payagua, we shall find that the displacement for the parts on the Paraguay river has been so great as to make the reconstruction of the original *situs* of the different tongues of the district a matter of difficulty. Nevertheless, it is with the other tongues of the neighbourhood that the Payagua should most especially be compared.

Of these,—

*a.* The *Guarani* is, most probably, comparatively recent, intrusive, and, to all appearances, belonging to a different class.

*b.* The next nearest tongues are those of the Chaco; all allied, more or less closely, to the Abiponian. These are the Mbaya, or Guaycuru, in immediate contact with the *Northern* Payagua, and, after them, the Mataguayos. More distant still lie the tribes of the Central Chaco, the Abiponians proper, and furthest, on the frontier of the Araucarian or Chileno area, the Tobo and Mbocobi. This in a western and north-western direction.

*c.* Eastward lie the tribes of south-western Brazil, eminently obscure, Cayapos, etc. Until we get to the Puris, Botocudos, etc., we get no vocabularies here.



Now, as the Guarani are intrusive, it is in the more distant rather than the nearer languages that the Payagua affinities are to be sought. Yet here our *data* are insufficient. All that can be said about the present list is, that—

1. The word for *foot* is like the Abiponian word for *hand*,—*isih*.

2. The word for *water* is a common radical in many South American languages.

3. The personal or possessive pronoun, for the first person (*I* or *my*), is the same in Payagua and in Abiponian; as may be seen in Adelung's remarks on the specimen compared with Dobrizhoffer, where *Aym'm*=*I*.

For a single word this is important.

The writer concludes with remarking, that any future additions to our Payagua *data* should be compared with the Chaco class of tongues in the first, and with the South Brazilian (Botocudo, Puri, etc.) in the second instance.

The following additional details as to the Payaguás were given by Mr. Mansfield in a letter to the Secretary of the Society.\*

“The Payagwás are very queer fellows. They are a kind of fixed Gipsies, in their relation to the other inhabitants. They live in little settlements, rows of huts, chiefly, I believe, on the eastern shore of the river Paraguay. They have two little lots of huts on the edge of the river, close to—you may say *in*—the town of Asuncion. Two or three years ago, a number of Payagwás, having been detected holding treacherous intercourse

\* Already quoted in the Preface to this work.

with the hostile tribes of the Chaco, on the other side of the Paraguay, were removed bodily—more than three hundred of them—by orders of the President of the republic, to the borders of the river Caänyavé, in the interior of the country, where they were formed into a settlement. They are utterly barbarous and uncivilized; their language is entirely distinct from Gwaraní; at least, no one but a very clever philologist could ever find out any connection between these two tongues. It is a very harsh noise, when spoken, full of clucks and clicks.

“The Payagwás are permitted, in consideration of some services which they performed some time or other for the Spaniards, in their early wars with the other Indians, to live undisturbed in Paraguay. They are the only wild Indians seen in the civilized part of that country. There is deadly feud between the wild Indians who lord it over the western bank of the Paraguay, and all on the eastern bank, Payagwá, Gwaraní, and Spaniard. The Payagwás are an aquatic set; very skilful in shooting fish with bows and arrows, and in paddling. They earn a scanty living by canoe-work, and by selling little knick-knacks which they make, and make both ends meet by petty thieving. They are a miserable-looking set; I never knew man from woman at first sight. I have no means of estimating their numbers, for I do not know how many settlements they have. I suppose there are about a hundred of them in Asuncion. Among these are one or two fine, well-built, men. They wear almost no clothing,—I suppose none except what the Paraguayan authorities compel them to wear. Their usual dress is a shirt of dirty coarse cloth, reaching about halfway be-

tween the hip and the knee, with a hole for the head, and one for each arm. They lounge about in an independent sort of way, bringing their bows and arrows and baskets for sale. When I was there, the influx of foreigners, of whom three steamerfuls came up after my arrival, caused a demand for their productions as 'curiosities,' so of course they got them up in a good slop style, just to sell. They have beautiful little hands, and work very neatly with their fingers. They wear little bits of cane through the lobes of their ears, with prettily engraved patterns on them. I think they do not tattoo themselves at all. They tie up their hair in a bunch at the top of the head, and shave the sides thereof over the ears. They come to be christened as soon as they are going to die. I was told that a Frenchman who was there while I was, took a portrait of one in a camera by photography, and that the other Payagwás put their friend to death for it. I got their words from the fellows who used to come into our house to sell things. They can speak a little Spanish (and Gwaraní of course), and I would make one fellow repeat over and over his Payagwá word, for a Spanish one I put to him, till I had heard it into an articulate sound, and then wrote it down; and then I made another do the same another day, to check the first, and so on. I meant to have got a real vocabulary from them; but my attention was chiefly taken up with Gwaraní and Spanish, both of which I had to learn; but I came away before I had made much progress in the former, to which the latter was my key.

"De Angelis says, in a note in his 'Coleccion de Docu-

mentos relativos a la Historia del Rio de la Plata' (vol. i. p. 64, of Index to 'Argentina'), that the name of the Payagwás is derived from the Gwaraní words *paí*, 'to hang,' and *aguáa*, 'an oar,' meaning, to wit, that they, aquatic creatures, 'live fastened to their oars.'"—*From Transactions of the Philological Society*, Nov. 10, 1854.

THE END.

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